The Saturday Evening
POST
September 10, 1960 – 15¢

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

My Vagabond Days

By ART LINKLETTER

C E THOMPSON
529 W ROLER DR
WHITTIER CALIF

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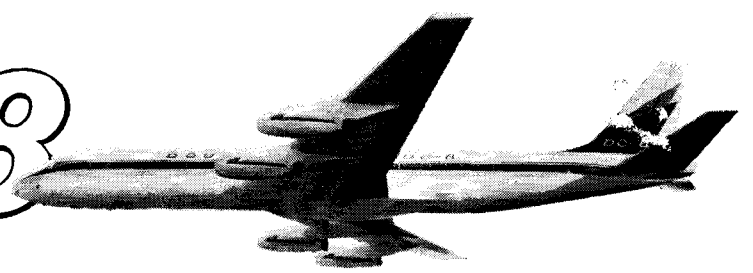

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A public statement concerning Metrecal, a new concept of weight control

Several months ago, Metrecal™ was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products. Many people have since learned of this product by word-of-mouth. To emphasize the role of the physician in problems of weight control and to provide accurate information on Metrecal, Mead Johnson & Company is publishing this factual report.

In September of 1959, a new product—Metrecal—was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective weight control agent. It is not a panacea.

Metrecal is a complete food in powder form which is mixed with water to make beverage meals. It is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. *Metrecal contains no drugs.*

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used indefinitely for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight on a properly devised Metrecal program simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And Metrecal users are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the Metrecal diet. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

One-half pound of Metrecal powder (a frequently specified day's supply) provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration. Metrecal is available in all drugstores.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Stealing? Let's say the young man is *rescuing* a chunk of that superstrawberry cake. The poor cake was growing more stale by the minute, being ignored by a bunch of grownups who don't know what's good; so the Jones gang voted to go to its rescue. But how? Masks and six-shooters? Kid stuff. A commando raid? Too risky. Invention F. Jones (left), the brains of the mob, decided the answer was a custom-built cake stealer—which really works, according to artist Thornton Utz, who made one. Let's hope the hosts of this shindig, John and Necessity Jones (Necessity being the mother of Invention), don't spoil the fun. Missile-age parents should encourage scientific achievement; and we would encourage these parents to say, "Well, if that doesn't take the cake!"

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

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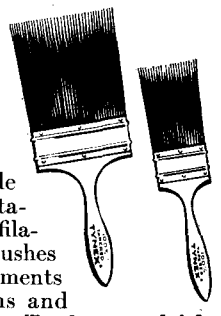

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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Star Detroit Tiger outfielder, Al Kaline

What **Al Kaline**

found out about good eating places

"I'd guess I eat several hundred meals away from home every year," says Detroit Tiger star Al Kaline, "so naturally I've learned to size up eating places.

"One of the signs I usually go by," says Al, "is Heinz Ketchup. When I spot that familiar Heinz bottle on the table, I feel sure the food, the service and everything else will be good."

P.S. *Wherever you see richer, thicker Heinz Ketchup served, you can be pretty certain the accent is on quality. No other ketchup tastes like Heinz, because Heinz is the very finest quality money can buy.*

When you eat out, always look for

"THE SIGN OF GOOD EATING"

Letters

The ABC's of Charm

Dear Sirs:

It is immediately obvious from the beginning that the author of THEY TRIED TO TEACH ME CHARM [by Gwen Gibson, with Paul F. Healy, Aug. 6] objects to any form of self-improvement. She not only criticizes "remembering to smile with the eyes" . . . but she seems to be against the charm-school theory that "no woman is dressed without hat, gloves, girdle and a smile," poking particular fun at the girdle requirement.

DOROTHY REESE
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

What a horrible prospect these charm schools seem to be promoting—women, each with eyebrows shaved off and new ones painted on, each with identical mouth shapes superimposed on their faces and natural lipline be damned, wearing the same type clothing, skirts the same length, walking the same walk, talking the same inanities. Ugh! . . .

My sympathies are with the poor man who unsuspectingly marries one of these,

facing the grotesque sight each morning of a naked-faced, browless feminine caricature. Double ugh!

LOUISE A. GULICK
Bellville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I took the 100-hour basic course . . . and I feel it benefited me greatly.

True, that certain special inner glow cannot be taught or bought, but how can a woman attain it unless she is confident of her appearance and ability to project a pleasing personality? . . . Miss Gibson attended the various schools with a belligerent "I'm-from-Missouri-so-you'll-have-to-show-me" attitude. No wonder she flunked the course.

BEVERLEY POWELL
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

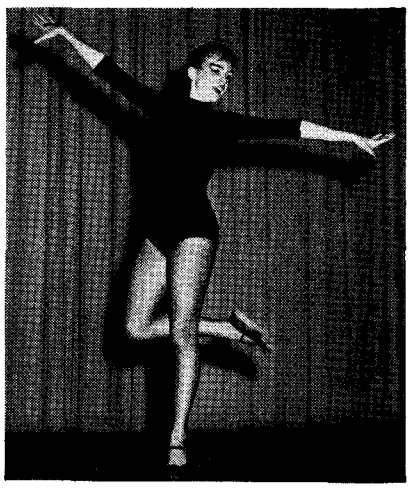
Your article was a real thrill. I thought Miss Gibson handled the telling in an honest and forthright manner. . . .

This year I was fortunate to have one of my students, Linda Bement, win the title of Miss Universe in the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant. Although I received national recognition for this, most of my work has been with women who want the normal things out of life.

RUTH TOLMAN
Ruth Tolman, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

A short time ago I became the luckiest girl in the whole world. . . . I have been named Miss Teen of 1960. . . . Before this title became my very own, I had been going to [charm school] for practically two years. . . . They brought to me the miracle of becoming a young lady. I have



Teen queen: Sweet fourteen.

learned not only to glow outwardly but to carry that little secret glow inside too. . . .

I wish every girl in the United States could have the same opportunity as I have had. They would soon see that . . . becoming a real young lady and a real woman is the most wonderful part of their growing up.

CONNY E. VAN DYKE
Oak Park, Mich.

"Scoutrage"

Dear Sirs:

I, a true Canadian, find it very disgusting that the cover on your magazine of July 23 shows Boy Scouts from fifteen countries, but no Canadian.

R. SMALL
Edmonton, Alberta

Dear Sirs:

You go far afield to India, Japan, etc., but omit the nation next door. Evidently Canadians do not count with you except as paid subscribers. . . . You Americans wonder why more and more Canadians are becoming antagonistic to the U.S.A. It is these little pinpricks that do it, adding up to one big hurt.

MIRIAM REGENSTREIF
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

I was very much disappointed by your artist's ridiculing our country and our Boy Scouts by picturing that [Netherlands Scout] in wooden shoes. . . . It was bad taste and not funny at all.

H. MARTENS
Lisse, Netherlands

Dear Sirs:

You have a Scottish Scout [with the flag of the] United Kingdom. This Scout represents Scotland only and should be holding the flag of Scotland. . . . Let the English hold their own flag.

ANGUS MCDONALD
Sacramento, Calif.

All for the Love of a Lady

Dear Sirs:

The article on the woodcock, THE LOVE LIFE OF A SHY BIRD, by George Heinold [July 23] was interesting. But

(Continued on Page 6)

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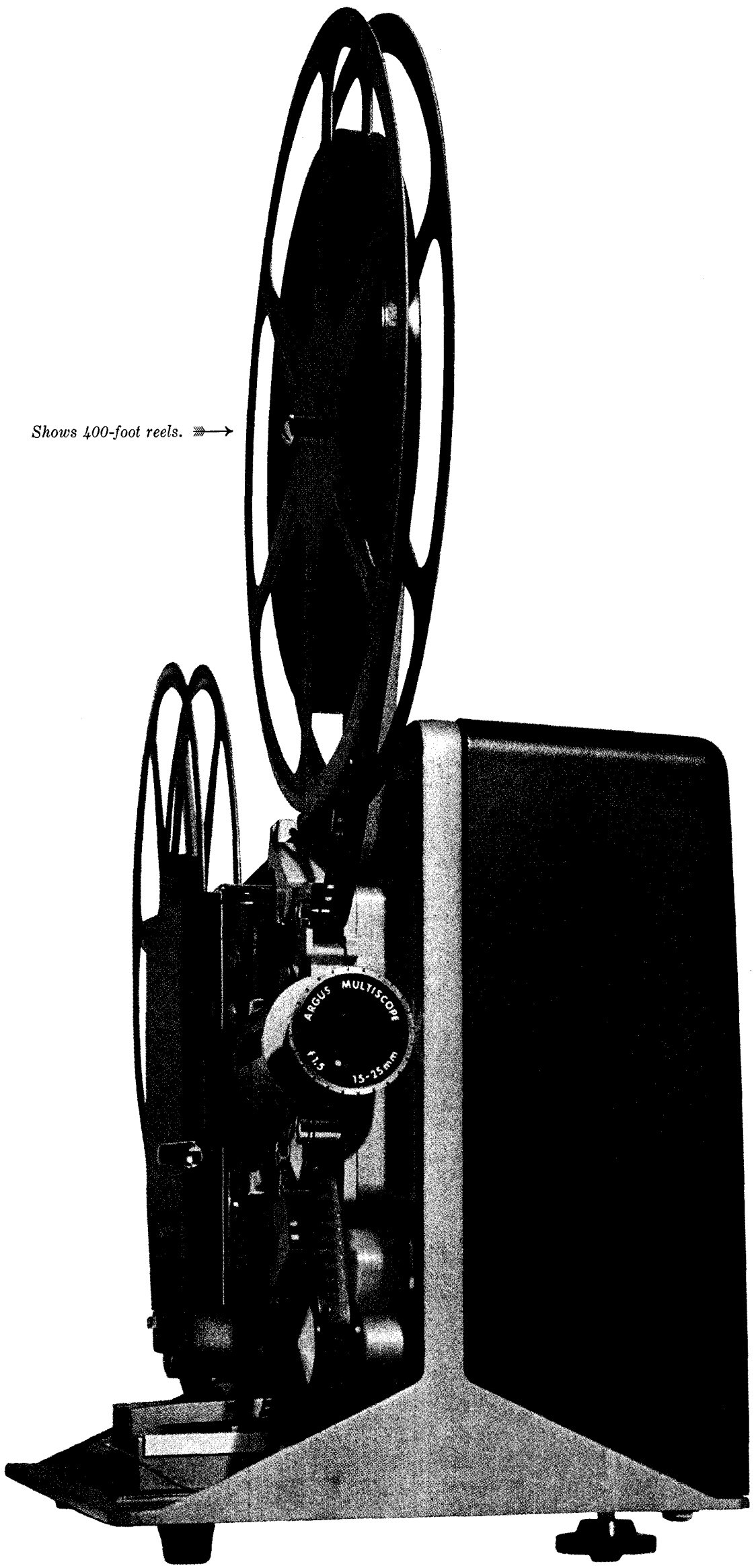
Shows 400-foot reels. ⟶



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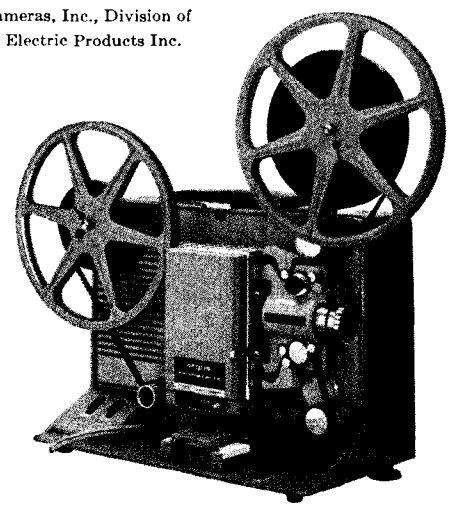

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CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY CONOLITE DIVISION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

the subtitle: "If a man had to go through what this crazy little bird does to win his ladylove, he wouldn't." Oh, wouldn't he!

It so happened the day before *The Post* arrived I witnessed one of the craziest exhibitions by a human male trying

to attract the attentions of a certain young lady (not myself). His capers, antics and expressions, I think, would put the woodcock to shame. . . . So when you say "If a man had to go through . . ." etc., etc., I'm telling you he would and he does.

SARAH ROTSLER
Camarillo, Calif.

"Symbol" or Fact?

Dear Sirs:

When Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr writes in THE RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS OF OUR NATION [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, July 23] that "most modern Biblical scholars take it for granted that Christ's resurrection was not a public event in the same sense as the crucifixion, but rather a spiritual experience of his disciples, a symbol of the early Christian faith," he is guilty of factual error. I refer not to his theological interpretation but to his statistics.

He would have been more accurate had he written "most modern *liberal Protestant* Biblical scholars. . . ." Catholic and Orthodox (and many Protestant) Biblical scholars (no small segment of the scholarly community) interpret the Resurrection of Christ quite differently.

SIGMUND W. WOJTOWICZ
Bayonne, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ was as much a historic and "public" event as the Crucifixion. If it weren't for the bodily, factual resurrection of our Lord, there would be no basis whatsoever for Christian faith. . . . Over 500 people saw and talked with and handled the *physical* Christ after His Resurrection.

BARBARA DAN
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If Doctor Niebuhr is, as you suggest, a leading interpreter of Protestantism, the question is who is going to interpret Doctor Niebuhr?

SAM JUSTICE
Yonkers, N.Y.

The Cowboy's Silent Steed

Dear Sirs:

No one, not even Richard Boone, "roars to work in the Rolls-Royce which John Wayne gave him" or any other Rolls-Royce as stated by Lee Edson [TV's REBELLIOUS COWBOY, Aug. 6]. As the silent Rolls-Royce cannot roar in self-defense, permit me to roar my objections.

ROSALIE C. DROGMUND
Oakland, Calif.

● *Boone got his Rolls just as the article went to press. The name of the car was changed in the text but the "roar"—pertaining to his old car, an Aston-Martin—remained.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I wish to point out a mistake. The article quoted Richard Boone as having said, "The Nimzo-Indian defense does have its pitfalls, professor," in one scene of *Have Gun, Will Travel*. Aaron Nimzowitsch, for whom the chess defense is named, was not born yet. . . .

I saw that episode, and I think the statement by Boone was "Those complicated defenses do have their drawbacks, professor."

WILLIAM PERRY
Detroit, Mich.

● *Reader Perry has a good memory. The author quoted the script, not knowing that during the actual shooting the error was spotted by Boone's stand-in, Stewart East, and the Nimzo-Indian reference eliminated.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I never dreamed the writers of *Have Gun, Will Travel* expected the public to take the stories seriously. I always thought they were written with tongue in cheek, a sort of sarcastic satire on believable Westerns. They only make me laugh they are so ridiculous.

MRS. E. L. ABERNATHY
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Certain questions always came into my youthful mind as I watched the inane movie Westerns of yesterday. These questions never crop up during the *Have Gun* series. . . .

Paladin is stylish and really clean only at headquarters in San Francisco. On the trail he gets properly grimy, so grimy that he occasionally washes during a lull.

Paladin is not ashamed to be seen eating or drinking and relaxing at headquarters or on the job. At his hotel or at the home of a grateful client, the food is always exquisite and is genteelly savored by him. On the prairie it's rabbit stew prepared by an Indian who has a way with herbs. Every day is ladies' day with Paladin. He is amorous by nature. Horses are just a means of conveyance, and he favors none as a pet.

F. RAINES
New Providence, N.J.

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Reading across pages, then down:

4–Craine Studio. • 19–New York Daily News. • 20–New York Daily News; United Press International; New York Daily News; United Press International. • 21–Two from United Press International; Harry Saltzman; John Bickel. • 22, 23–Bernard D'Andrea. • 24–George Burns. • 25–George Burns; U. S. Army; George Burns. 26, 27–Noel Sickles. • 28–Kinsey Studio; from Art Linkletter. • 29–Globe; Gene Lester. • 30–Dick Stone. • 32–Univ. of Illinois Athletic Assoc. • 33–James F. Laughead; Univ. of Notre Dame; Univ. of Arkansas; Univ. of Illinois Athletic Assoc.; Georgia Tech.; Syracuse Univ.; Texas Tech.; Purdue Univ.; Texas Christian Univ.; Univ. of Washington; Univ. of Southern California. • 34, 35–Frank Ross. • 36–Two by Ollie Atkins; U. S. Air Force. • 37–Lynn Buckham. • 38, 39–Robert Jones. • 42–Ken Riley. 106–Larry Keighley; Ollie Atkins; Roger D. Musson; 2nd Lt. Stanley Haransky.

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Tell Your Mother!

Shinola gives you a "Once-a-Week" Shoe Shine that lasts 7 days!

There's nothing like Shinola for *all* the family's shoes! With Shinola you shine once—the shine stays on. It's water-resistant, color-fast, fortified with Durashine. Just "re-buff" away water spots, dirt, scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds. Your shine comes gleaming back.

So put your family's best foot forward! Shine up for school with the once-a-week shoe shine that lasts 7 days!

Shine up for school with...

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The "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine that lasts 7 days!

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Only Electricity Provides Flameless Clothes Drying

One thing most women seem to sense instantly is that flameless electric clothes drying is so safe for the whole family. Women know, too, how clean and modern it is. And may we remind you that no fumes cling to clothing dried with electricity. We truly believe that once you install a flameless electric clothes dryer in your home you'll feel both proud and practical. So see your electric appliance dealer today.

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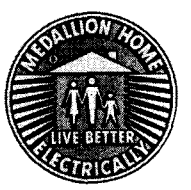

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Flameless electric clothes drying is so safe

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Editorial

The Post is for NIXON

As in past Presidential-election years, *The Saturday Evening Post* plans to give its readers balanced coverage of the campaign in articles and pictures.

This year, as in several previous campaigns, we have offered the space of one article each to the Democratic and Republican National Committees. The offer has been accepted, and the two articles—THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS and THE CASE FOR THE REPUBLICANS—are being written by respected spokesmen for the two major parties. Our two ablest political writers, Washington Editor Beverly Smith Jr. and Contributing Editor Stewart Alsop, will travel with Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon and write about the candidates in action. And as he did in 1956, Norman Rockwell has painted the portraits of the two Presidential candidates; they are already in the shop and are, we think, splendid, warmly human likenesses of these able, vigorous young men. They will appear on two consecutive covers of *The Post* later in the campaign.

Yet, as always, *The Post* reserves the right to stand up and be counted—to speak its piece on candidates and issues. This we do on our editorial page. And in this year of 1960, we choose to support Richard M. Nixon for the Presidency and Henry Cabot Lodge for the office of Vice President. We believe that these two men are better qualified than Senators Kennedy and Johnson to lead us in the anxious years ahead.

It is easy to become cynical about Presidential elections. Sometimes all the talk about "greatness" seems to be in inverse ratio to the amount of that quality discernible in the chosen candidates. The platforms, offered as courageous declarations of principle, too often have come to be collections of doubtfully redeemable promises scraped together to appease the more insistent pressure groups. The issues, the charges and countercharges, the supposedly clever coups, even the "images" of the candidates themselves—to use an overused Madison Avenue word—tend to merge into a confusing sameness. What the election is really about becomes obscure to millions of voters, and even intelligent citizens reach the conclusion that "it doesn't make any difference anyway."

Nevertheless, despite all the false scents and diversions, elections do decide things. The first election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, for example, climaxed a campaign during which the Democratic orators predicted few of the extraordinary changes that Roosevelt's election brought about. The people "wanted out" of the depression, but they also got the New Deal. Despite the useful reforms that have come to stay, the New Deal philosophy inaugurated the neosocialist welfare state and bred an unhealthy hostility toward our private-enterprise economy. One of its by-products was the political philosophy that to win an election you must offer everything to everybody and be all things to all men. There is still too much of this kind of campaign thinking and strategy—on both sides of the political fence.

All the same, the election of 1960 will decide momentous matters. Perhaps never before in our history has it been so important that we choose the right men.

For one thing, this year's election will determine the temper of this country's response to the threat of world domination by the Communist conspiracy. If that conspiracy should succeed, we can say good-by to civil rights, farm programs, freedom to choose jobs, union membership, free enterprise and everything else that a lot of us hold dear. In short, without stiff resistance to Communist threats, as well as to Communist blandishments and seductions, most of the items in the platforms of both parties could easily become academic.

It is on this issue, more than on all the others put together, that we base our belief that Vice President Nixon should be our next President. Nixon, we are convinced, has the maturity, the experience and, above all, the toughness—and we use the word in its better sense—to stand up to, and not to be bluffed by, the frenzied hate campaigns of the Red dictators in Moscow and Peking and all the little Castros who echo their mouthings against this beloved country of ours.

This is an era of youth, and perhaps that is good, but there is also something to be said for maturity and experience. Kennedy and Nixon are both young in years as our national statesmen go, and the difference in their ages is not great—only four years and a few months. Yet, to us, Nixon seems to have a far deeper degree of maturity than his rival—more than can be accounted for by the fact that he is forty-seven, and Senator Kennedy forty-three. The circumstance of Nixon's humble beginnings, the fact that he had to make his own way as a boy and young man, may have had something to do with this; but probably the greater factor is that for eight years he has sat high in the councils of government, that he has had a part in hundreds of critical decisions, that he has traveled to many of the troubled spots of this earth and has had to face up, on his own, to the same kind of problems which would confront him as President. He does have a streak of iron in him, a toughness, that is needed in times like these.

Senator Kennedy is a highly skilled young politician who certainly has proved that he has what it takes to win elections. He has a real genius for organizing and getting things done on the political front. He is handsome and agreeable, with considerably more personal charm than the Republican candidate possesses. On the other hand, his record as a United States senator, the highest office he has held, certainly has been no better than routine. Indeed, even people who follow national affairs very closely find it difficult to remember any outstanding achievement which can be credited to Jack Kennedy as a senator. Unquestionably he is an intelligent young man, and if the voters send him to the White House, he may make an able President. Maybe. We prefer Dick Nixon, who has had the experience, who has elevated the Vice Presidency to a new level of power and dignity, who is already a world figure of considerable importance and who, above everything else, has demonstrated his understanding of the Communist threat to our very existence as a free nation.

In subsequent editorials prior to the election we shall have something to say about other issues and other qualities of the candidates. Some of the planks in the two platforms demand comment, particularly the pie-in-the-sky Democratic platform, which promises more of everything for everybody, probably without raising taxes—a neat trick if you can bring it to pass. The Republican platform is somewhat more realistic, although still on the side of political expediency, as most platforms always have been.

The paramount issue of the campaign, of course—aside from the two men themselves—is defense, and we shall have more to say about that in future issues. For now, however, we wish to say that we resent deeply the shameful Democratic charge that the United States of America has become a second-class power—a charge that was reiterated over and over at the Los Angeles convention, for all the listening world to hear. The charge is untrue. There are, of course, deficiencies in our military establishment, and *The Post* has published many articles during the past eight years urging the shoring up of the weak spots. Russia is ahead of us in space exploration and intercontinental missiles, and that, we are quick to agree, should not have happened. On the other hand, we are ahead of the Soviet in nuclear submarines and the remarkable Polaris missile, which could well turn out to be a more effective weapon than Russia's intercontinental rockets.

In any event, we have one of the most powerful defense establishments ever seen on this earth, and we are not a second-class power. Moreover, there is every evidence that Vice President Nixon is just as eager to do anything necessary to keep us abreast of Russia as is Senator Kennedy. With Nixon in the White House, we can be sure that defense will be under constant scrutiny, and we can also be sure that with his turn of mind, his toughness, there will not be a negotiated Munich to humiliate us.

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THE "BREATHLESS" INGREDIENT: IT CHANGED AMERICA'S DRINKING HABITS

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

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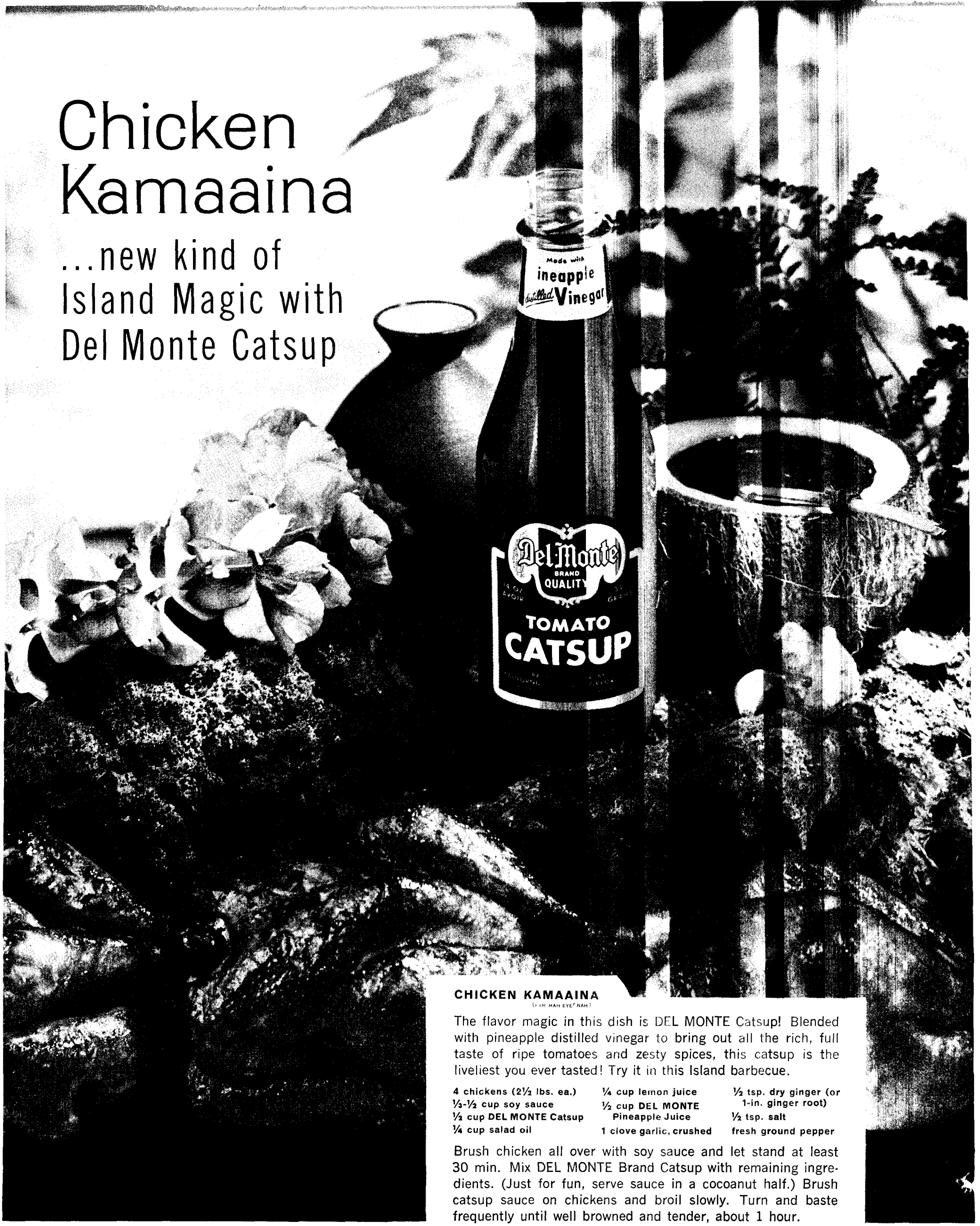
Chicken Kamaaina

...new kind of Island Magic with Del Monte Catsup



CHICKEN KAMAAINA
(CHEE MAH EYE' NAH)

The flavor magic in this dish is DEL MONTE Catsup! Blended with pineapple distilled vinegar to bring out all the rich, full taste of ripe tomatoes and zesty spices, this catsup is the liveliest you ever tasted! Try it in this Island barbecue.

- 4 chickens (2½ lbs. ea.)
- ⅓-½ cup soy sauce
- ½ cup DEL MONTE Catsup
- ¼ cup salad oil
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ½ cup DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ½ tsp. dry ginger (or 1-in. ginger root)
- ½ tsp. salt
- fresh ground pepper

Brush chicken all over with soy sauce and let stand at least 30 min. Mix DEL MONTE Brand Catsup with remaining ingredients. (Just for fun, serve sauce in a cocoanut half.) Brush catsup sauce on chickens and broil slowly. Turn and baste frequently until well browned and tender, about 1 hour.

Pineapple vinegar makes DEL MONTE® CATSUP the liveliest you ever tasted!

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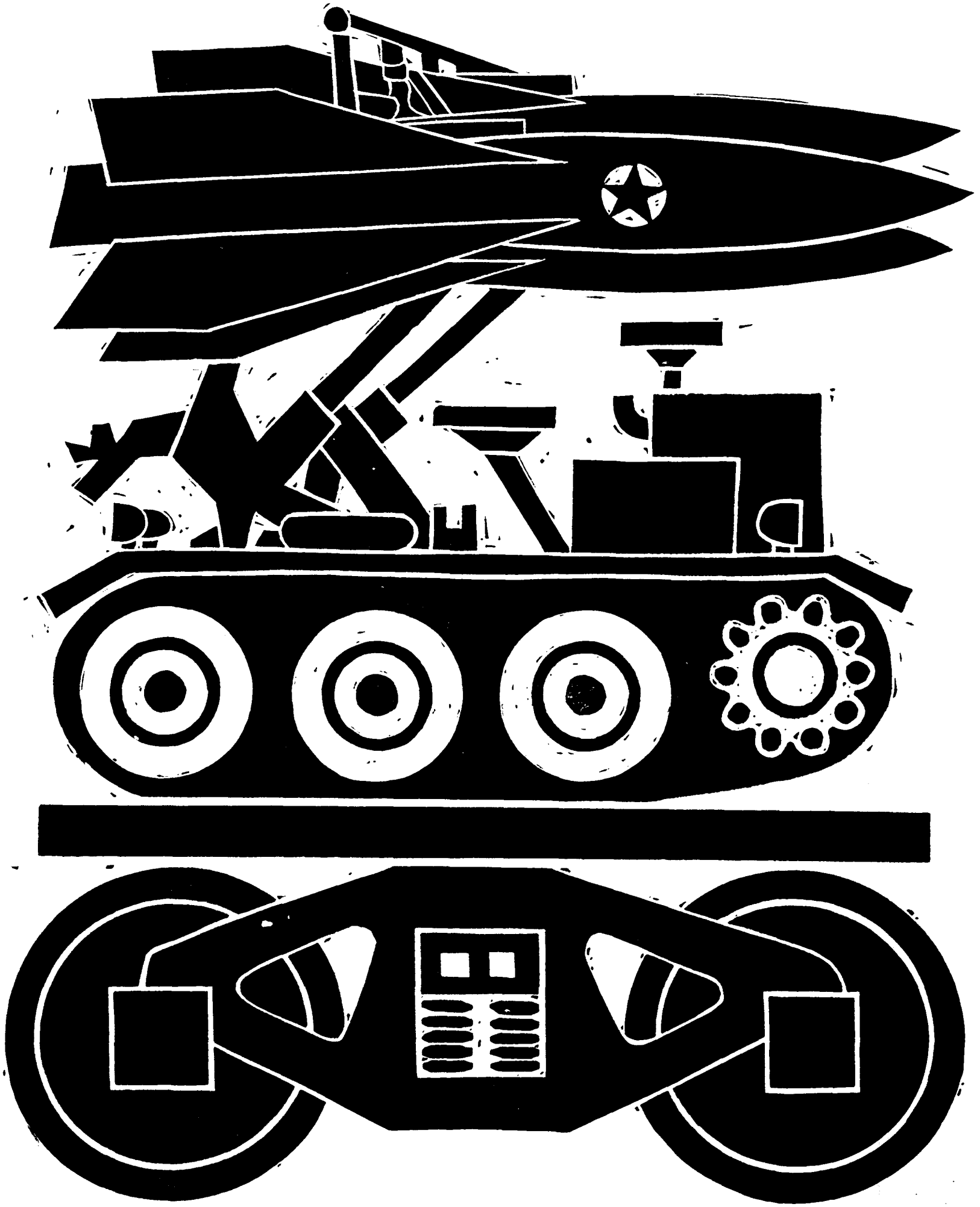

in any future national emergency, the principal burden of transportation will fall upon the railroads (in World War II, 90% of all military freight moved by rail).

In everyone's interest, public policy should give the railroads the opportunity to compete with other forms of transportation on a fair and equal basis.
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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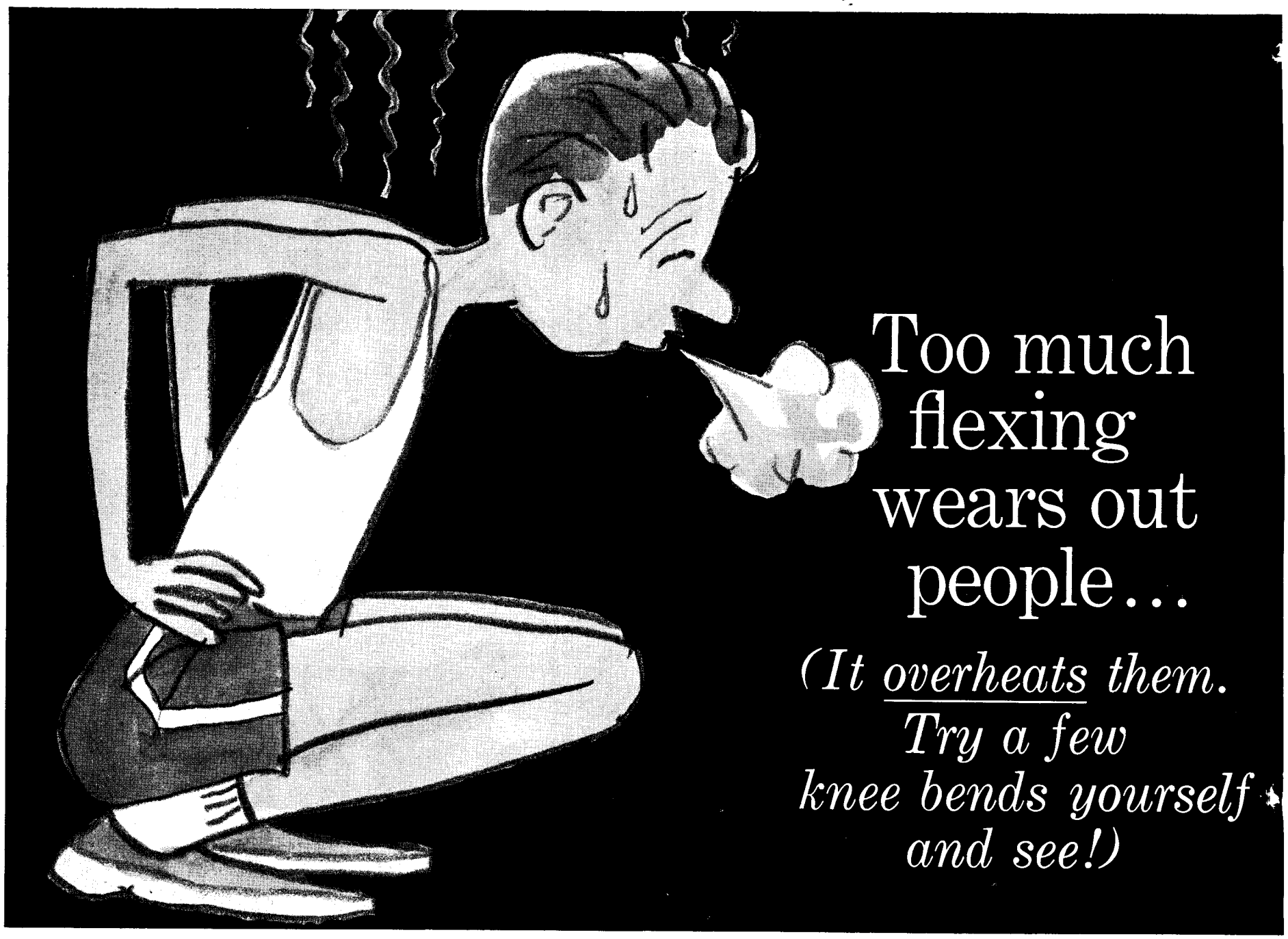

U.S. Royal solves the flexing problem

THE TIRE THAT

Built lower and wider, this revolutionary new tire flexes less, runs cool, holds heat below the danger zone.

YOUR TIRES actually do about 700 up-and-down "knee bends" a mile as they roll under the enormous weight of your car. That's a lot of "exercise," and it builds up heat that really tortures tires, weakens rubber and fabric, increases blow-out danger.

But U. S. Royal drastically reduces the danger of tire failure with a revolutionary new tire – "Low Profile." The air pressure is the same as in

PIONEERED BY U. S. RUBBER AS THE ANSWER TO GREATER TIRE

U.S. ROYAL *LOW PROFILE**

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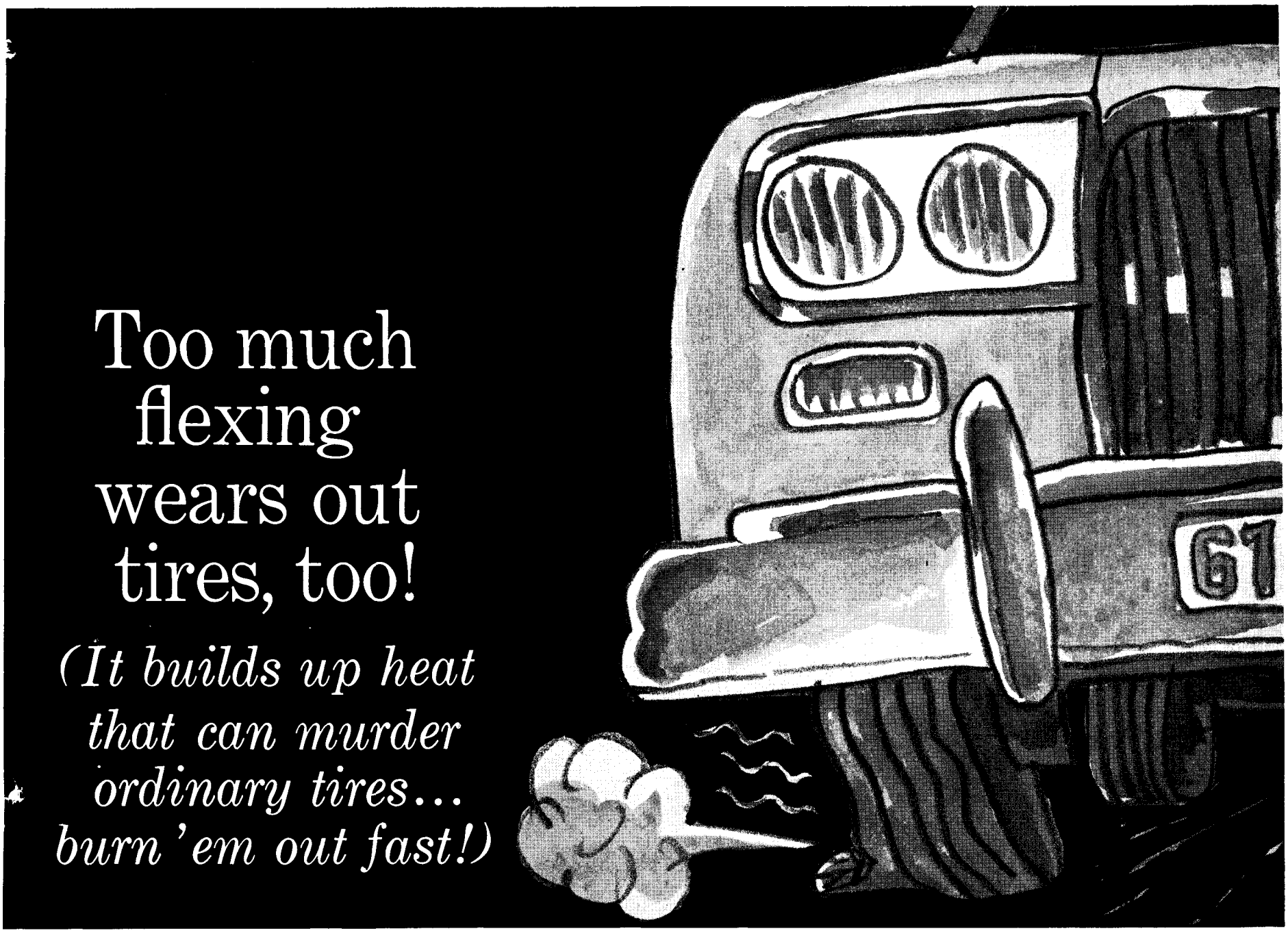


with the new *Low Profile** tire...

DOESN'T GET TIRED

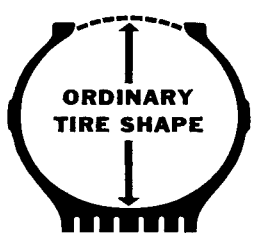
ordinary tires, but U. S. Royal "Low Profile" tires are *lower* and *wider* to flex less, run cooler, keep you safer, wear longer.

Other tires just don't give you such thorough protection against high-speed failure and heat blowouts. Yet U. S. Royal "Low Profile" tires cost you no more than ordinary tires. They're available for every make and model car – at your U. S. Royal Dealer.

SAFETY AND LONGER WEAR

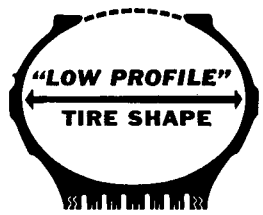
TIRES

SAME AIR PRESSURE... BUT LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE!



ORDINARY TIRE SHAPE FLEXES EXCESSIVELY. Thermometer tests prove that too much flexing pushes the temperature of ordinary tires well above the crucial 240° F. danger point.

***"LOW PROFILE"* TIRE SHAPE FLEXES LESS,** keeps temperature below the destructive danger zone.



**"Low Profile" is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire.*

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

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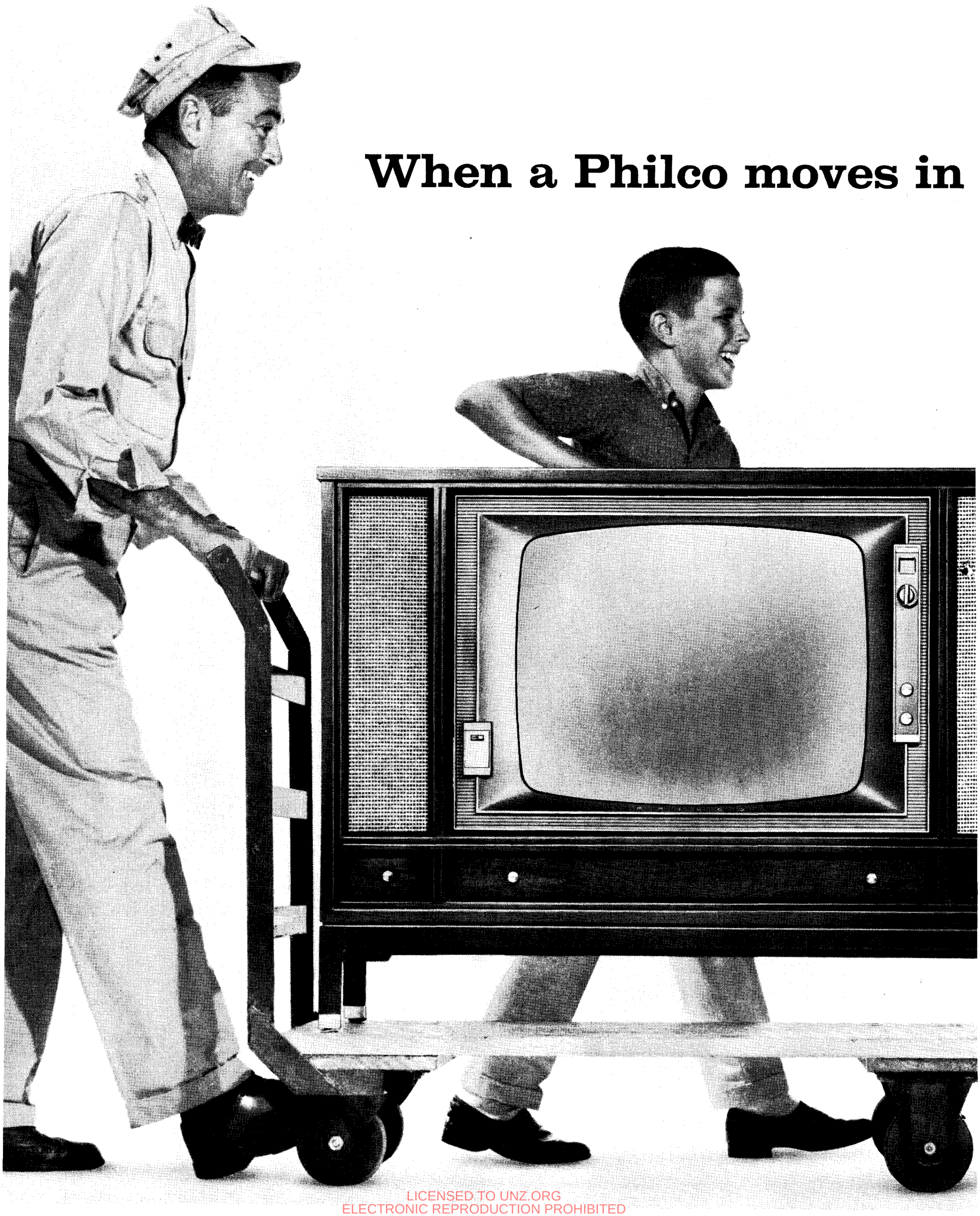
When a Philco moves in



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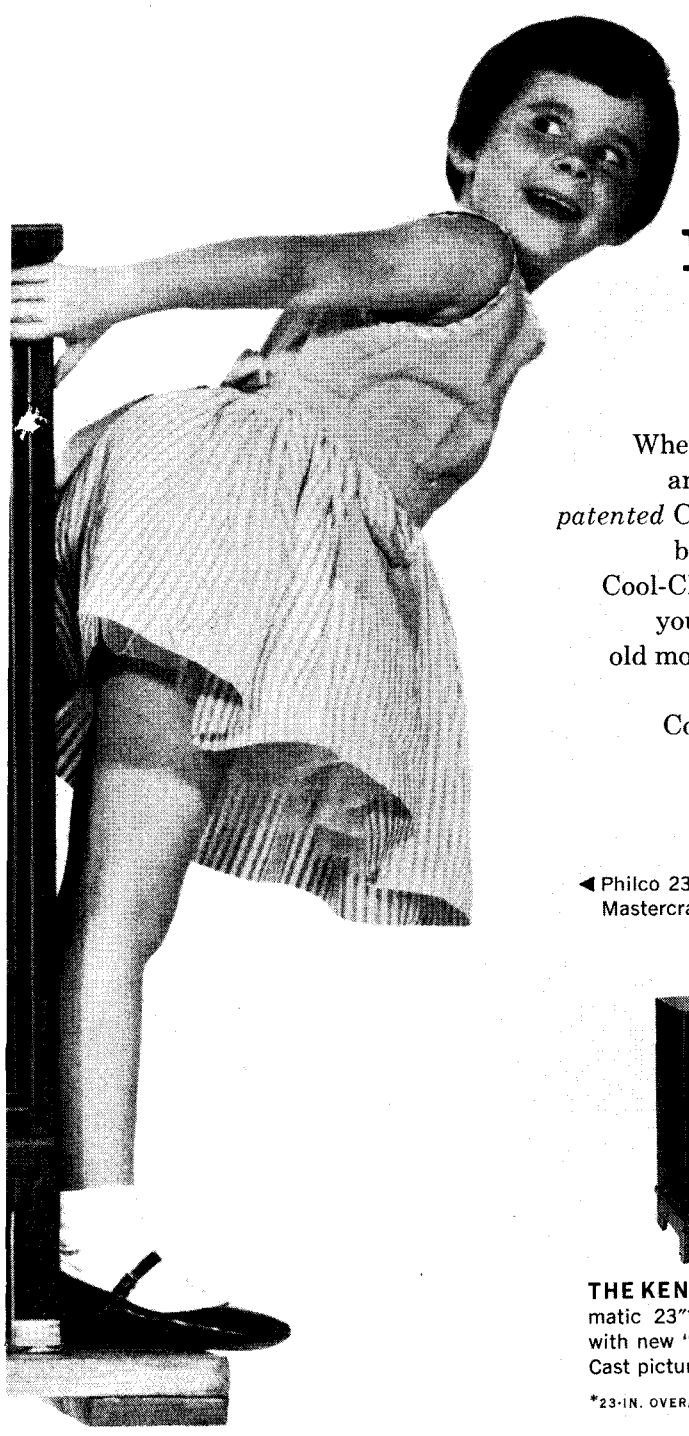
.. your TV troubles move out!

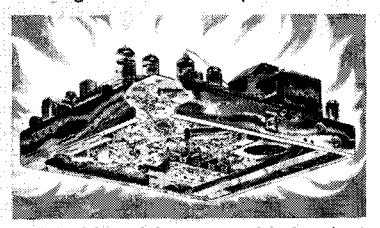


Philco Cool-Chassis beats the heat . . . major cause of all TV breakdowns!

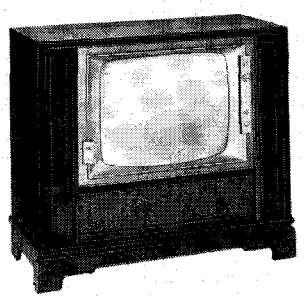
When your family says hello to a new Philco, you say good-bye to annoying breakdowns and costly TV repair bills! Philco TV has *patented* Cool-Chassis construction. That means it runs cooler, performs better and lasts longer. And wait till you see the picture! Philco Cool-Chassis TV has an amazing Automatic Picture Pilot that keeps your picture on the beam through live show, taped show or even old movies. It checks and perfects the picture 15,750 times a second! Styling? Models to blend with every décor—from fresh, new Compacts to the stunning new Miss America Series rendered in authentic hardwood Mastercraft cabinetry. Prices? Philco Cool-Chassis TV sets cost no more than *ordinary* television! See them at your Philco dealer's now.

◀ Philco 23"* "Miss America" traditional 4828M in genuine mahogany Mastercraft cabinetry. Available with Directa Remote Control.

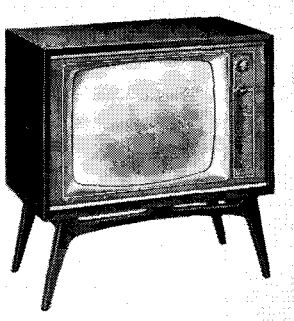
Philco Cool-Chassis. No parts underneath, no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. "Air-Flo" mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Non-conducting Perma-Circuit® panels.



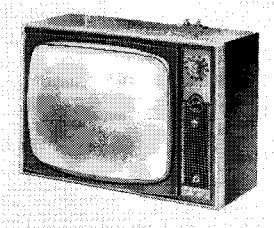
Old-fashioned heat-trap TV. Stacked components multiply heat intensity. Parts mounted underneath generate heat which is trapped by oven-type, upside-down chassis.



THE KENILWORTH. Model 4818. Dramatic 23"* console in traditional finish with new "Big Picture Look." Golden Die-Cast picture frame. Twin 6" speakers.



THE AVALON. Model 4808. Stunning 23"* horizontal console. Twin speakers. All-front tuning with illuminated channel selector. Finish matches walnut furniture.



COMPACT 19. Model 3704. Fashion-fresh, space-saving new cabinet design. New 19"† rectangular picture tube. Compacts available in 6 decorator colors.

*23-IN. OVERALL DIAGONAL MEASUREMENT. 262 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA

†19-IN. OVERALL DIAGONAL MEASUREMENT. 172 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA

PHILCO®

Famous for Quality the World Over

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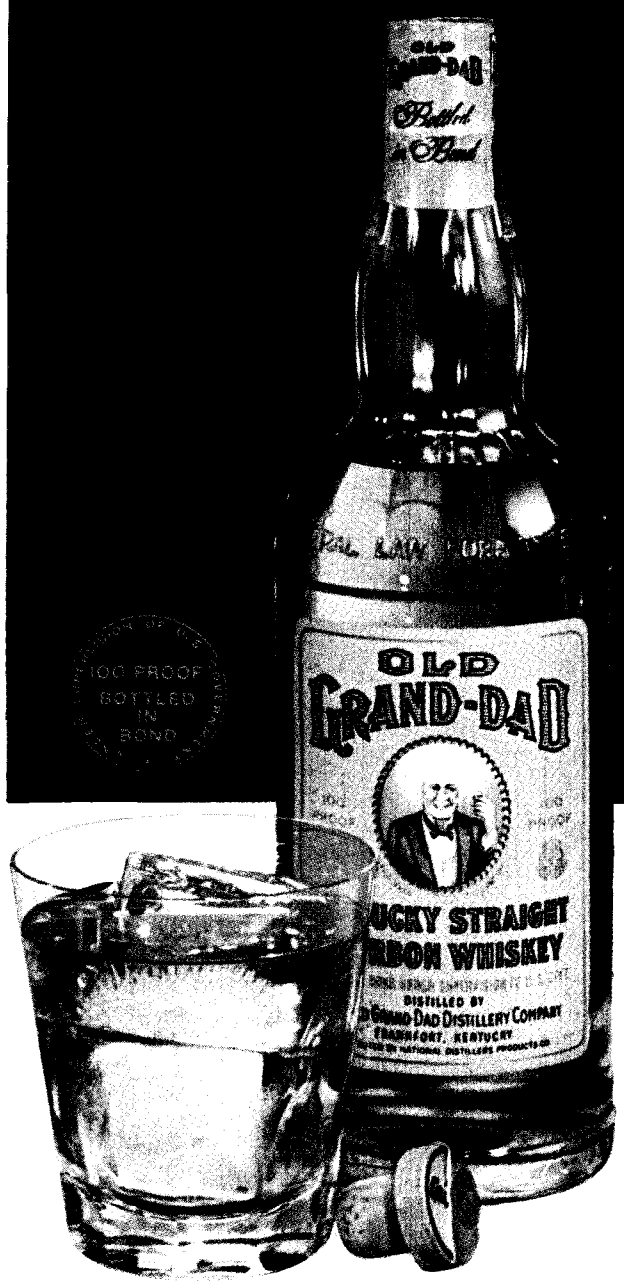
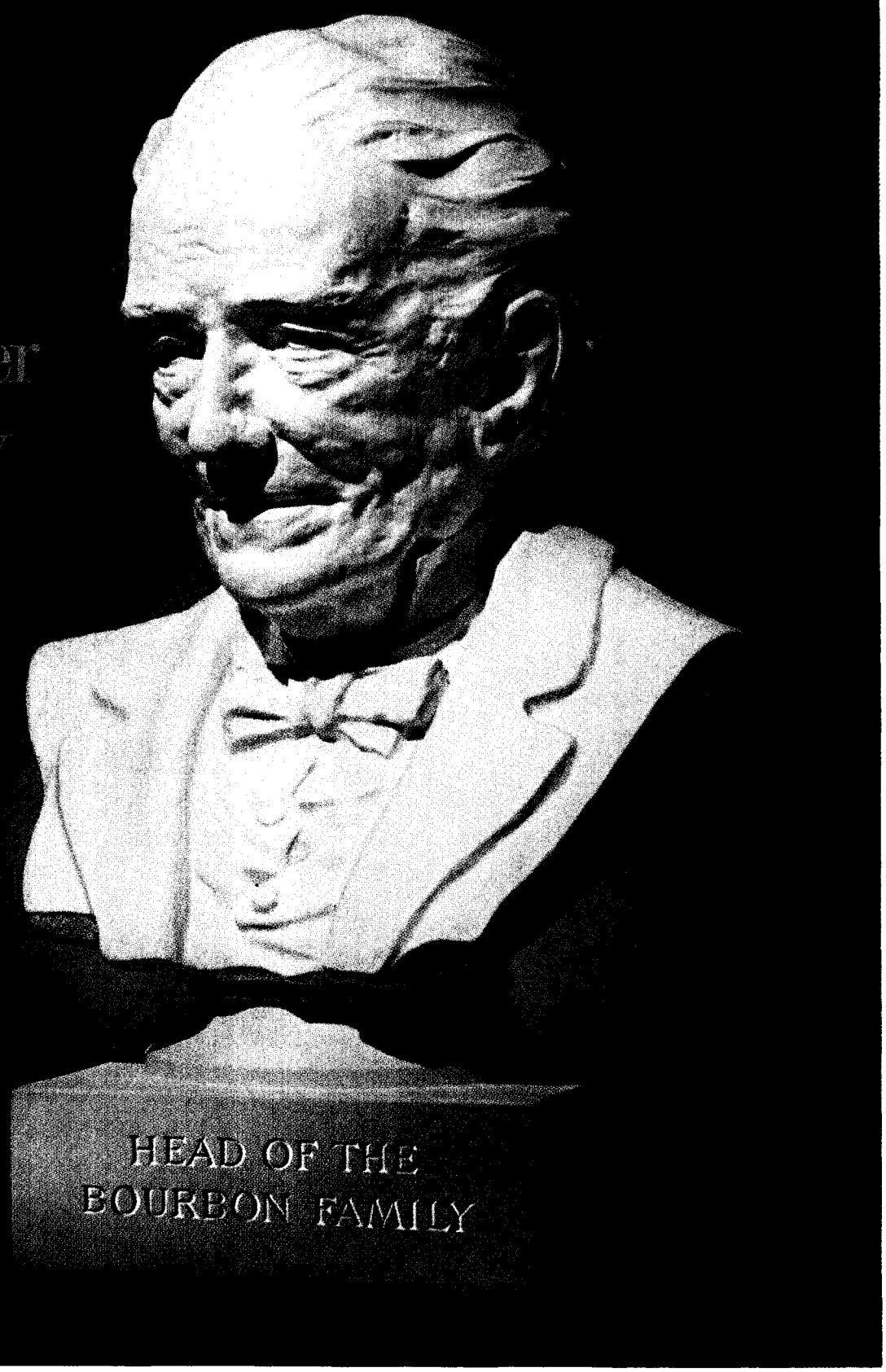
100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND

Featured member of any company





HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

To those who truly enjoy 100 proof bonded Kentucky bourbon, there is no substitute for Old Grand-Dad. As this belief is so widely held, it is only simple wisdom to serve the "Head of the Bourbon Family" to all your friends. *The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Ky.*

Old Grand-Dad

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

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DETECTIVE DIVISION
CIRCULAR No. 11
SEPTEMBER 17, 1930

POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK

BE SURE TO FILE
THIS CIRCULAR
FOR REFERENCE

Police Authorities are Requested to Post this Circular for the Information of Police Officers and File a Copy of it for Future Reference.

$5,000.00 REWARD

The CITY of NEW YORK offers $5,000 reward to any person or persons furnishing this Department with information resulting in locating Joseph Force Crater

Any information should be forwarded to the Detective Division of the Police Department of the City of New York, 240 Centre Street, Phone Spring 3100.

JOSEPH FORCE CRATER
JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT, STATE OF NEW YORK

DESCRIPTION—Born in the United States—Age, 41 years; height, 6 feet; weight, 185 pounds; mixed grey hair, originally dark brown, thin at top, parted in middle "slicked" down; complexion, medium dark, considerably tanned; brown eyes; false teeth, upper and lower jaw, good physical and mental condition at time of disappearance. Tip of right index finger somewhat mutilated, due to having been recently crushed.

Wore brown sack coat and trousers, narrow green stripe, no vest; either a Panama or soft brown hat worn at rakish angle, size 6⅝, unusual size for his height and weight. Clothes made by Vroom. Affected colored shirts, size 14 collar, probably bow tie. Wore tortoise-shell glasses for reading. Yellow gold Masonic ring, somewhat worn; may be wearing a yellow gold, square-shaped wrist watch with leather strap.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
Police Commissioner

Phone Spring 3100.

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Ben Franklin

What Happened to Judge Crater?

By JACK ALEXANDER

Thirty years ago a New York judge and "ladies' man" entered a taxi in midtown Manhattan. He hasn't been seen since. A *Post* editor reports on the most notorious missing-person case of our century.

The evening was tropically hot and sticky, as summer evenings in Manhattan can sometimes get, but it didn't seem to oppress the tall, nattily dressed man walking west on 45th Street from Times Square. He moved along briskly, as was his custom, with head and shoulders held high and his feet darting out in rapid and, for a long-legged man, incongruously short steps. He was wearing pearl-gray spats, and his suit was a well-tailored, double-breasted number, brown with thin stripes of green. His hat, a pristine Panama, was cocked at a sporty angle. The most commanding item of his haberdashery was his collar, an old-fashioned detachable choker of starched linen. It was higher than the rampart

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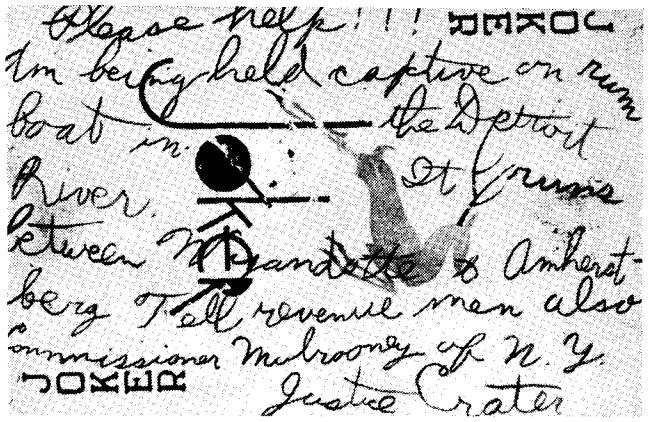

Please help!!! SOS
I'm being held captive on rum
boat in the Detroit
River. St Cyrus
between Windsor & Amherst-
berg Tell revenue men also
Commissioner Mulrooney of N.Y.
JOKER Justice Crater

The hunt for the errant judge grew into a national craze. The N. Y. Missing Persons Bureau was flooded with many false leads such as the above—scrawled on the face of a playing card—and the note shown below.

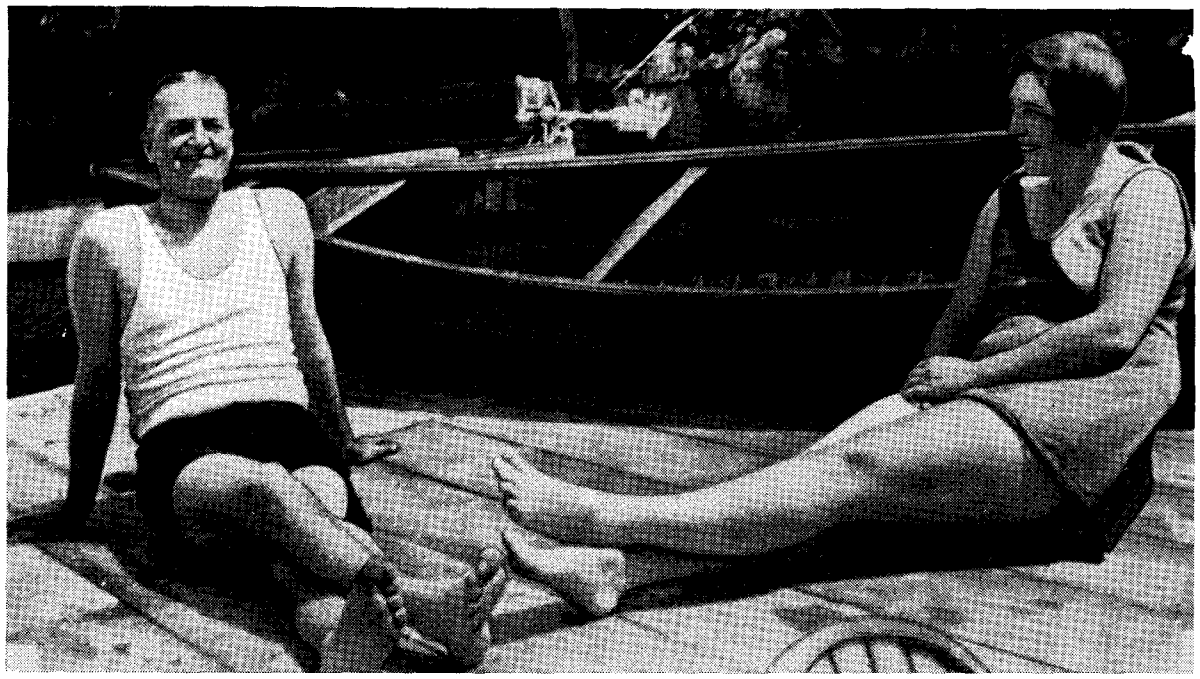
Dear Sir,
Joe Crater is dead. No use looking for him. He was buried about Aug. 22nd after being in the water for 2 weeks.
As no identification was made, he was buried as an unidentified pauper 95 miles from N.Y.
Sorry I can't tell you where it is — but it's true.
"S" "S"

In 1936 prospector "Lucky" Blackiet said that he had seen the judge. But his story was just another bum steer.

model made famous by President Hoover, but, with a knack Mr. Hoover never quite acquired, it was worn with complete self-assurance.

The quick-stepping man was headed for Billy Haas's restaurant, a currently popular chophouse located at 332 West 45th Street, just beyond Eighth Avenue. Whether he knew it or not—and the point has been debated ever since—he was also headed for oblivion.

It was a few minutes before eight as the man crossed Eighth Avenue. The date was August 6, 1930, a Wednesday. The man was a high-ranking Tammany legal light named Joseph Force Crater. He was forty-one years old, and four months earlier he had been appointed to finish the unexpired term of a State Supreme Court justice who had retired. The appointment had been made by Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a man who seemed to be going places himself. Justice Crater had been promised Tammany's support in the forth-



August 3, 1930: Judge Crater and his wife, Stella, at their summer estate in Maine, just three days before he disappeared.

coming November election, when he was to run for a full fourteen-year term.

Crater had it just about made. From boyhood his dominating ambition had been to become a judge, and he had worked wholeheartedly to attain it. A fastidious man, he had not balked at performing the sweatier chores that came his way. He had pride and vanity and, at times, more than a touch of arrogance; but he could subordinate all to play deferential courtier to a politician for whom he might have a secret contempt but whose influence might be useful in advancing his fortunes.

Withal, he was no hack clubhouse lawyer. Rather, he was learned in the law and skilled in interpreting its intricacies. He wrote facile briefs for less-gifted attorneys, and his only courtroom appearances were in the appellate courts. Crater was in his element in arguing an appeal. Clad in cutaway and striped formal trousers—he was a very clothes-happy man—he spoke quietly, logically and as briefly as possible. Up to the time he got the judgeship he had for years been a popular lecturer in the law schools of Fordham and New York universities. To many of his associates it seemed possible that he might eventually land on the Supreme Court of the United States.

At about eight o'clock Crater entered the chophouse, intending to dine quickly and get to the Belasco Theatre by curtain time. The play at the Belasco was *Dancing Partner*, a spicy Hungarian confection whose tryout he had seen in Atlantic City. His theatrical ticket broker had promised to leave a single ticket for him at the box office.

Crater had scarcely checked his hat at the restaurant when he was hailed by a friend, William Klein, who was attorney for the Shubert brothers. Klein was having dinner with a Shubert show girl, named Sally Lou Ritz, and invited Crater to join them.

Crater accepted. He had a deep affection for the theater and he loved to talk show business. The food was good, the conversation was good, and (as Klein was to tell the police later) Crater was in excellent spirits. Before anyone realized it, it was ten minutes after nine. Crater got up to salvage what he could of *Dancing Partner*, and the others decided to leave too.

The trio chatted for a few minutes on the sidewalk. Then Justice Crater hailed a taxicab and got in. Klein and Miss Ritz watched it depart westward—45th being a westbound street—before they turned and walked east toward the Shubert office.

In the thirty years which have elapsed since the friends parted outside the chophouse, hundreds of persons have reported having seen Justice Crater, but not one such claim has been convincingly authenticated. The police were to scan mountains of the trip sheets which the law requires taxi drivers to keep, without finding any record of this particular ride. The driver has never seen fit to come forward. Neither Klein nor Miss Ritz got a clear look at his face; nor could either remember the color of the cab.

The single ticket to *Dancing Partner* was picked up by a man—by Crater, probably, since only a few persons knew it was there—but the box-office clerk couldn't recall what he looked like. Joseph Force Crater, who had been on the bench scarcely long enough to wrinkle his black judicial robe, had disappeared as thoroughly as if he had been swept off the planet with a broom. It was to become a case of a thousand and one clues and a thousand and one disappointments; a case of continuing frustration for the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department and of gnawing uncertainty for Crater's wife, Stella, and for those connected with him by blood.

His sister, Margaret, believes that he was murdered, possibly by a felon who, as he was being taken to Sing Sing for a long term, shouted that he would "get" Crater when he got out of prison. This incident was related to Margaret by her brother, Joseph, during the earliest days of his career, when he practiced criminal law briefly.

A brother of the judge, Montague Crater, is still cautiously optimistic. For a good many years Montague traveled as a bill collector and claim adjuster, covering the seamier residential sections and the skid rows of towns along both seaboards and in the northern tier of states. In all that time he kept looking for Joe, bearing in mind a good identifying mark—the Greek initials of his college fraternity, Sigma

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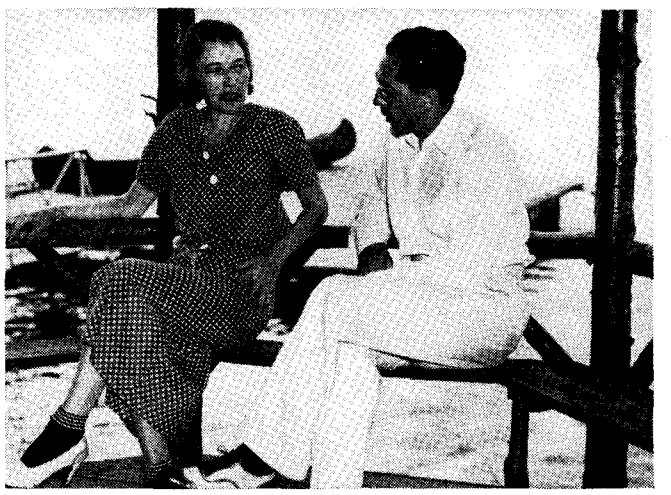
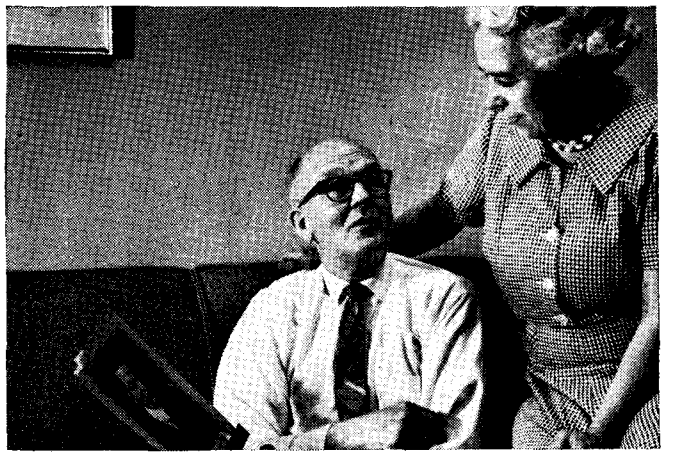
The police investigation revealed that Crater had been on more than cordial terms with a number of chorus girls, and less glamorous women such as Vivian Gordon (above), a "madam" later killed by gangland assassins.



Crater's friend Simon Rifkind (above with Mrs. Crater) at first withheld the news of the judge's disappearance.

William Klein, friend and fellow lawyer, had dinner with Crater in Manhattan just before the judge vanished.



Crater's brother, Montague, has never given up hope. Whenever he travels he finds himself still looking.

Chi, tattooed on his left arm. Montague's present job is Juvenile Court probation officer in Snohomish County, Washington. He doesn't travel a great deal now, but when he does he finds himself still looking.

The missing man's father died in 1940, a bewildered and broken man. His mother, Lelia Montague Crater, survived until 1951, convinced to the end that her son still lived. Her last years were spent in Hershey, Pennsylvania, with her daughter, Margaret, whose married name is Mrs. George Henry. Mrs. Henry did not share her mother's belief that Joe would return.

"We would go into the matter every day," Mrs. Henry said a few weeks ago, "and argue the pros and cons by the hour, until we realized that we were repeating ourselves. When she died I was holding her hand, and I remember that when she stopped breathing I said to myself, 'Now at last she knows.'"

If Joe Crater is alive, he is seventy-one years old. He was born in 1889 into an Easton, Pennsylvania, clan of German lineage. The family was ruled by his grandfather, J. F. (Pa) Crater, a produce merchant, who was reputed to be worth $500,000. In the German feudal tradition he lived close to his warehouse, and his four sons, who worked in the family business had their homes nearby. This compact arrangement enabled Pa Crater to dominate not only his sons' lives but those of their children.

Pa Crater died around the turn of the century, but the harsh regimentation did not end with him. His son Frank continued it in his branch of the clan. Frank's only daughter, Margaret, was submissive, but his three boys rebelled.

Douglass became an adventurer and during the First World War flew as a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Force. In 1922 a tire blew out as he was speeding along a highway near Trenton, New Jersey, in a Paige sports roadster. The roadster struck several trees and Douglass was killed.

Montague, the youngest of Frank Crater's children, ran away and joined the marines, after being busted out of two prep schools. In his adult years he developed a hunger for academic learning, winning at the age of fifty a degree in sociology from the University of Washington.

Joe Crater, the eldest of the children, was early recognized as an intellectual prodigy and perhaps for this reason escaped some of his father's disciplinary harshness. He was graduated first in his high-school class and won a full scholarship to Lafayette College. In 1910, when he emerged from Lafayette with a bachelor-of-arts degree, his family's finances were in bad shape.

By tutoring and by the grace of student loans, he got his (Continued on Page 44)

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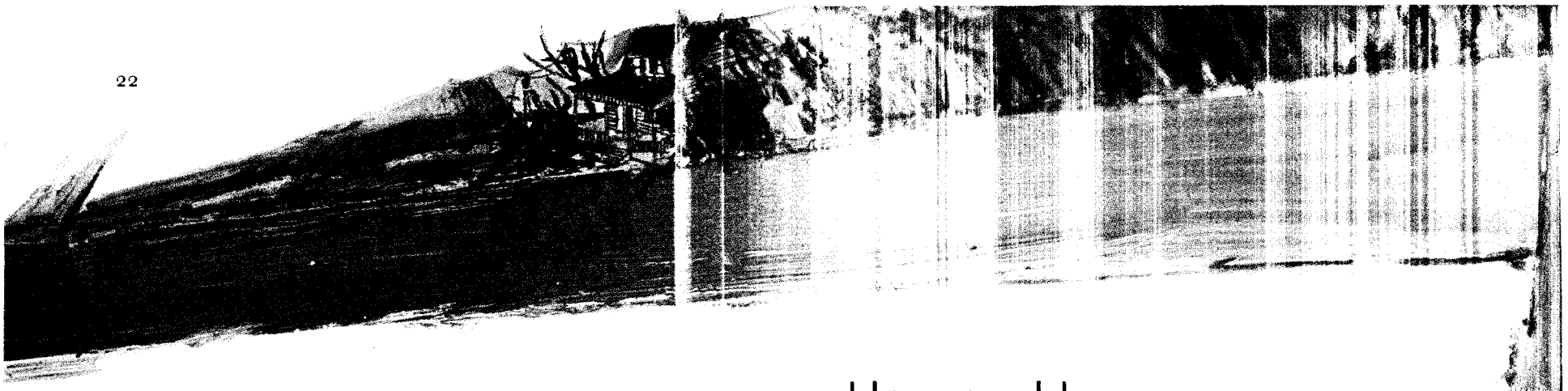
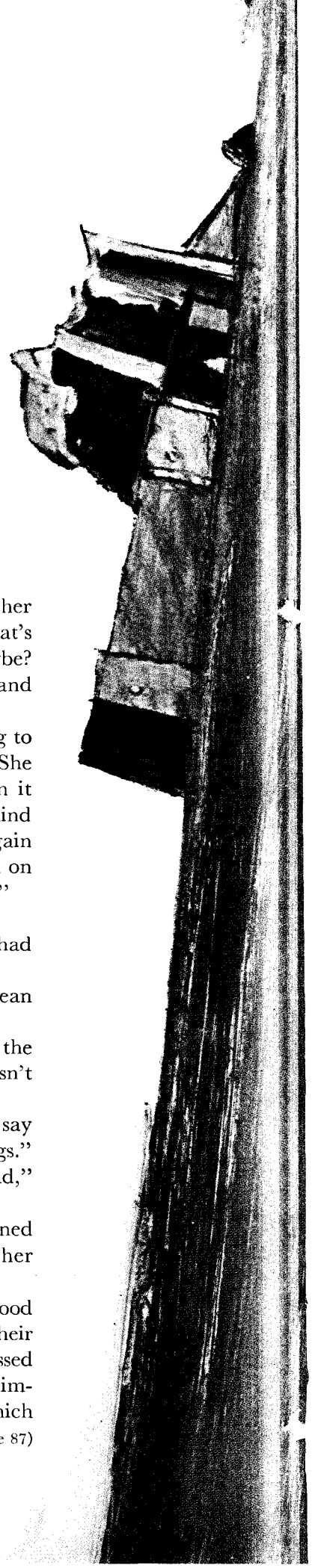


THE LAST TWO

How could they possibly know what had happened to the rest of the world?

By ROBERT MURPHY



Finally the morning came when the man who had been writing daily on the porch of the little cabin for the past seven weeks stepped out on the porch and saw the first crimson branch on the maple between the cabin and the little lake. He looked at it for a moment and walked back to the screen door. "Evie!" he called through the screen. "Evie! Fall's come. We'll pack up and go after breakfast."

He turned away from the door and walked over to his writing table and began to get things together. Unless there was wind or a storm he never bothered to take anything in; he just covered the typewriter and stuffed his pencils, reference books and papers into the table drawer. He was a college professor, or rather, an associate professor, lanky and still young, poorly paid, cheerful in a casual way. He was writing a book about economics, but occasionally took time off to write a science-fiction story for the paperbacks; he was fond of saying, with a slow grin, that both his enterprises came under the same heading.

When he had stuffed his loose papers into a big Manila envelope, he made a disorderly pile of the envelope, the reference books and the typewriter and took them all into the house. His wife, a tall, pretty girl with dark hair, was putting his breakfast on the table. She was barefooted and, like him, had shorts and a T shirt on; the costume looked considerably better on her, and to show his appreciation of it, the man sneaked across the room and pinched her.

"Ow!" she said, and straightened up so quickly that she almost spilled the coffee, and turned. "Oh, darling," she said. "Don't pinch me this morning." And then suddenly she kissed him.

He took her shoulders in his hands and held her off a little way. "Not this morning?" he asked. "What's with this morning? Because we're moving, maybe? On account of fall's here and we're going back and be galley slaves?"

"No," she said. "My dearest ——" She was going to tell him something, and then changed her mind. She gave him a long, searching look with something in it that he couldn't decipher, and smiled. "I don't mind going back," she said, "even if I have to wear shoes again and go to faculty teas. We can't live out of cans and on what berries we can pick in this rural slum forever."

"We can't?"

"No, we can't. Don't you realize that we haven't had an egg for nearly three weeks?"

"Has it been that long?" he asked. "Do you mean that old Jenkins hasn't been here for all that time?"

Old Jenkins was a farmer from somewhere down the road, who had been bringing them eggs. "He hasn't been here for nearly a month," she said.

"Good Lord. Maybe he's dead. Why didn't you say something? We could have gone out and got some eggs."

"I didn't want to go out any more than you did," she said.

"You don't sound very bright," he said, and grinned at her. "You sound like Thoreau, or some other screwball."

She grinned back at him happily, and they stood quietly for a long moment; then they both put their hands behind their backs, leaned forward and kissed very gently. It was a sort of parting salute to the improbable, Arcadian life they were leaving, during which they had seen no one but old (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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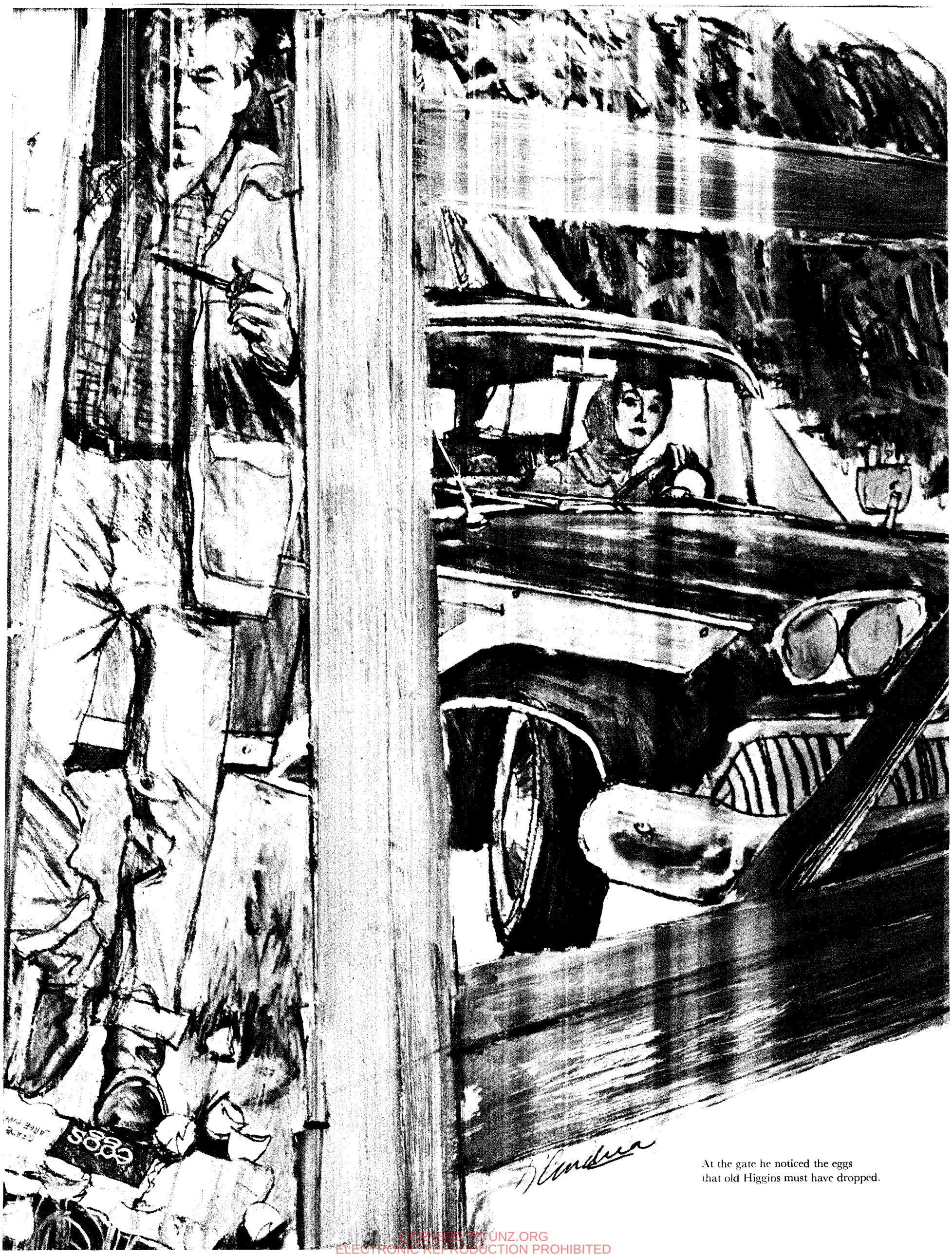

At the gate he noticed the eggs
that old Higgins must have dropped.

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Main entrance to the city under the ice. When Camp Century is completed it will boast the first hot showers ever installed inside a glacier.

Life Inside a Glacier

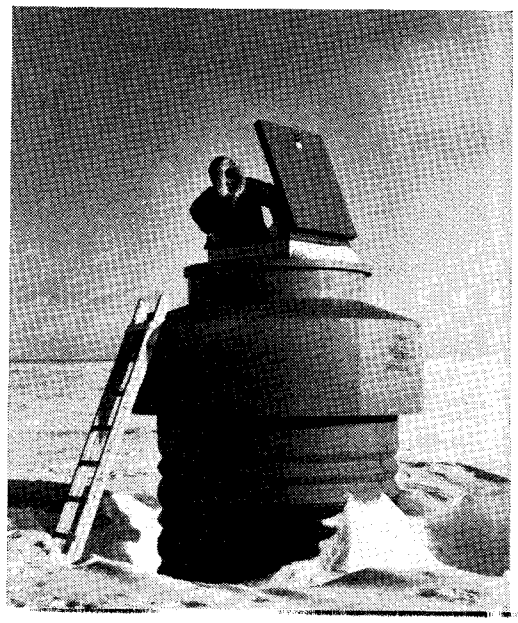
Battling the world's worst weather, Army engineers are carving out an amazing hidden city and vital defense base under the Greenland icecap.

By Walter Wager

Capt. Thomas C. Evans of the United States Army is the commanding officer of Camp Century, the most extraordinary military base in the world. It is entirely buried within the ancient Greenland ice-cap—more than 715,000 square miles of snow and glacier ice. Some 138 miles east of the sprawling American air base at Thule, Evans's command consists of twenty-one incredible tunnels—including a paved "Main Street" 1100 feet long, twenty-six feet wide and twenty-eight feet high—that conceal twenty-eight prefabri-

Camp Century conference: From left, Capt. Thomas C. Evans, camp commander; Col. John H. Kerkering, chief of Polar Research and Development; and Capt. James Barnett, in charge of installing the nuclear reactor.

Emergency hatches such as this one provide the only means of escape if cave-ins block tunnel exits.



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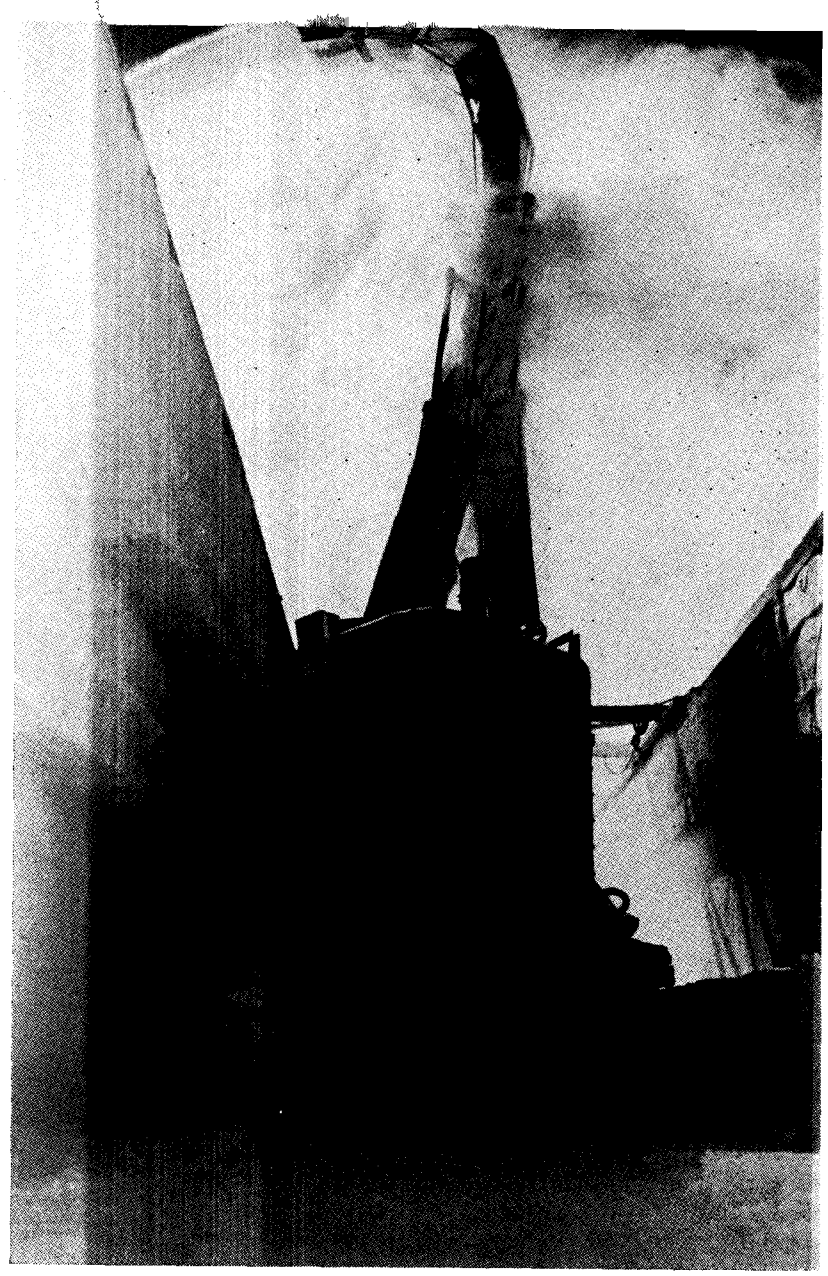
This heavily reinforced room will house a nuclear reactor. The Army decided in favor of atomic power to avoid the enormous cost and difficulty of transporting fuel oil across the icecap.



Scooping out the main tunnel: A "snow miller" dug this trench, which was then covered with corrugated-iron arches and snow.

cated plywood buildings. A portable nuclear reactor is now being installed to generate electricity to light, warm and power the strange outpost. By early September an automatic laundry, a gymnasium, hot showers, flush toilets, a garage, a library and a hospital with an X-ray unit and an operating room will be in use.

Evans's man-made caves comprise the first working model of an ingenious new type of United States Army subsnow base. Camp Century is purely a research base, designed to permit year-round studies of weather and snow in a highly strategic area where freezing storms have previously limited research to the five months between May first and October first. In the future, lessons learned at Camp Century could be applied to other regions of the arctic if the need ever arose to build additional early-warning or air-defense facilities at locations where extensive operation is now impossible.

If such is the case, thank the Army Corps of Engineers. Soft-spoken Tom Evans, who comes from Grundy Center, Iowa, and his 122 dedicated men are engineers from the Polar Research and Development Center (PRDC) of Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Their fabulous caves were planned by the center, which drew generously on the know-how of civilian scientists of the Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment (SIPRE) of Wilmette, Illinois, and the skilled technicians of the Engineer Research and Development Laboratories (ERDL) at Belvoir. All three are top-notch engineer outfits with years of practical experience in the arctic.

Evans's rugged construction gang and supporting Polar Research units have been stubbornly battling the worst weather in the world since May 12, 1959. On that date, the youthful captain and his boss, Col. John H. Kerkering, a West Point graduate who runs the whole PRDC, placed four red flags in the snow to mark the base's limits. They prayed as Capt. Daniel F. Byrne, Catholic chaplain, blessed their unusual project.

They have needed divine assistance. The savage weather and the desolate icecap are deadly enemies. Among the obstacles they face are temperatures of fifty degrees below zero and sudden storms blasting across the glacier at 110 miles an hour. Also there are blitz fogs that come from nowhere and weird white-outs of shimmering snow crystals that abruptly chop visibility from three miles to three feet.

Work on the Camp Century shafts began soon after Evans and nineteen men set up a temporary surface camp of arched, insulated, plastic-covered (Continued on Page 60)

Religious services are held by chaplains flown in from Camp Tuto, 138 miles away on the edge of the Greenland icecap. Below, the Rev. Daniel F. Byrne holds a Monday-afternoon Mass for Camp Century workers.

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ride a horse

Only one person could handle the killer stallion—a boy with the reputation of a coward.

By STEWART TOLAND

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

In the lonely places of lonely men, where beast and element and life and death are the only kin and neighbor, man sees how small he is against this earth. It takes more for him to live—and less for him to die—than for most creatures. He has not the free gifts of wisdom and strength and clothing and acceptance as the beasts have. He is supreme only in hands and tongue—and conceit.

And this was a lonely place, this Texas, and not too long from its taming. Men still looked at men hard, and they measured in this way—man was the prey of the elements, and beasts were the prey of men, and men were the prey of men. For this was the hunters' day when nothing belonged to itself, but only to the strong. The weak, the coward, the fool, the innocent would all find death a quick and kinder place.

Perhaps that explained Ollie Yalden and his son Chess, why they thought of death. Only this time the prey wanted to choose the hunter.

That was the West. And strangely, the East had a similar thinking about the world

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belonging to the strong. But the strong was gold. Five thousand dollars in gold would buy anything. And so a man came out of the East with a bag of gold to buy a legend.

He got off the train with the gold in his hands, a leather round bag with a drawstring and a golden dollar sign painted big on its belly. To his left there was a guard with a rifle, and to his right a guard with a shotgun, and in front of him there was an artist come to kneel and sketch his picture so the periodicals back East could print just how it was. And he was a fine sketch of a man, with a black beaver hat and a gold watch chain and a smile from here to there. And after the artist made the picture of the train and the smoke and him standing beside it, he walked to the depot and nailed up a poster.

And everyone who had come to watch the train go by went to read the poster. They gathered round, and the artist drew that—the boots, the slouch hats, the bandannas, the gun belts, the flat, horse-sitting bottoms with the sweat line plain on their legs. It was sure enough a picture of the West squinting in the sun and reading.

REWARD! 5000 DOLLARS GOLD!

WANTED ALIVE

The wild horse known as Gateado.

Or sometimes The Ghost. Or sometimes The North Wind. The horse they say is faster than the wind and stronger than the mountains and clever as God and fierce as hell. The gold-colored horse with a tail that drags four inches along the ground and a mane to his knees, and a stripe down his back as thin and dark as hate.

Five thousand in gold will be paid by the undersigned for this horse unharmed, or not harmed beyond healing and with a rope on his neck and a rope on each leg—horse and ropes all stoutly secured in my freight wagon. PHINEAS T. BARNUM

And then a team of eight horses came down the street. This great red-and-yellow freight wagon with iron bars came to stop beside the bag of gold. And the guards put the gold in the chest bolted to the wagon bed and they climbed to the wagon top. The artist sat beside them, and the man in the beaver hat sat with the driver, and he turned to the crowd and said, "Which way is it to the wild-horse range?"

But there wasn't anyone left to answer. There was just a cloud of dust blowing from the south, and he sat there and smiled on it like he'd known it all along.

And the driver said, "Gateado's range is some three hundred miles to the south. It's lonely country of thorn and rock and shadows. That's why the horse hasn't been caught before. It's been tried, you know. Some day he isn't a horse, but only another shadow in the shadows he hides in. For five years men have hunted him."

"For five thousand dollars?"

And the driver said, "No," and headed the team south.

It was sunset and the time of the wild horses. The (Continued on Page 52)

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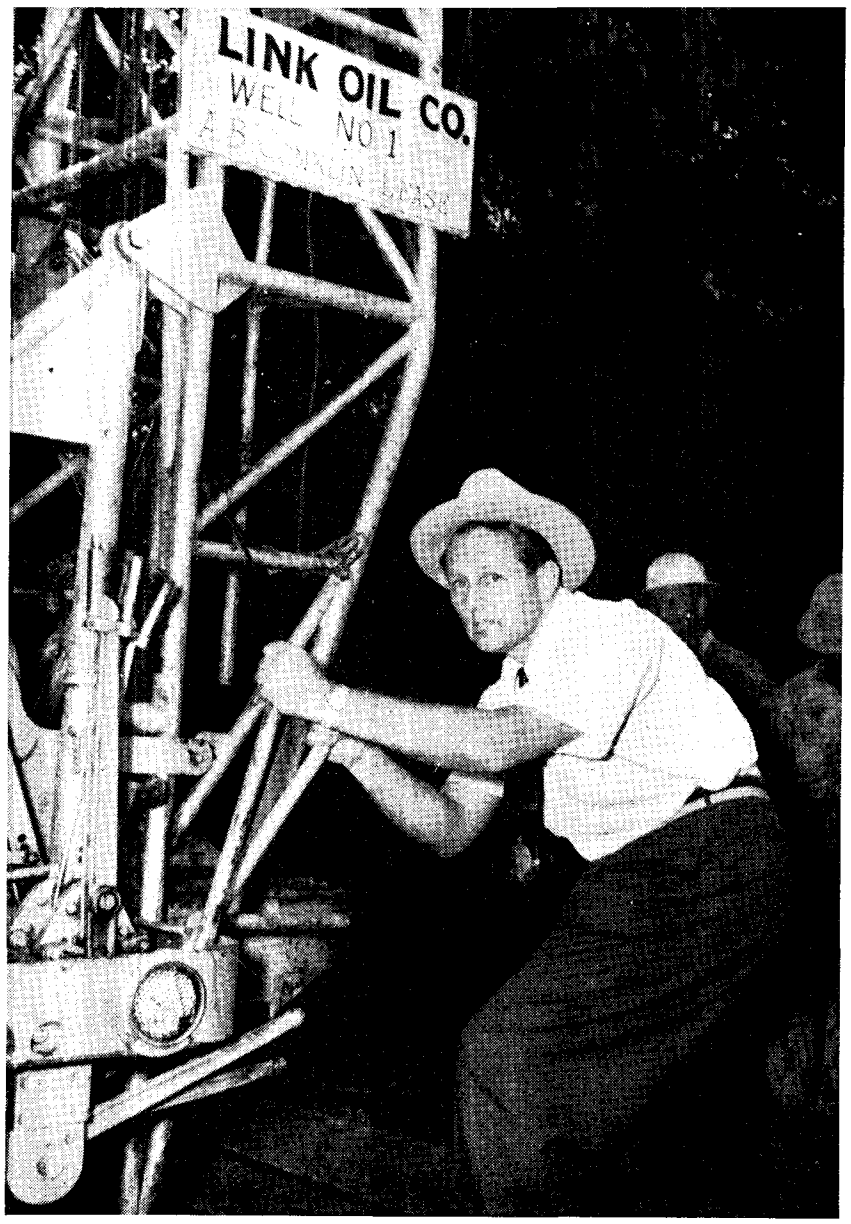

1954: Art became an oilman with this Texas well—his first. He now owns interests in 85 wells, but laments, "Some of them wouldn't yield enough to oil my lawn mower."

Confessions of a Happy Man

PART THREE

By ART LINKLETTER
as told to Dean Jennings

Linkletter's life changed when he discovered the shocking truth about his real parents. To think things out, the 16-year-old boy went "on the bum."

MY VAGABOND DAYS

At 17, he was a deck hand on the *American Legion*. In one adventurous year, he traveled 21,000 miles.

There is nothing like a Hollywood *première* to separate the sheep from the goats.

One balmy evening many summers ago, my wife Lois and I were driving to Beverly Hills for one of these public shearings, and with us were Edgar Bergen and his pretty wife, Frances. As I slowed the car in front of the theater, we were engulfed by a swarm of autograph collectors, and I heard a shrill voice crying, "Hey, there's Edgar Bergen!"

Bergen expertly and happily signed half a dozen pads, and then one of the signature chasers stuck his head through the open front window, looked at me and said, "Hey, are you anybody?"

"No," I said. "I'm Mr. Bergen's chauffeur."

Bergen snickered and accused me of using a quip that was old when Charlie McCarthy still had sap running through him. But I went into the theater, hardly bleeding at all, and mumbling to myself about the ephemeral nature of fame. I was thinking that even a nobody is somebody and, had I been as lethal with the sharp ad lib as my press agents claim, I might have squelched the inquiring fan. I should have said, "My name is Art Linkletter, and I'll be glad to get your television set repaired." Or perhaps I simply should have said my name was Linkletter and let him figure out the mystery himself.

I related this incident recently to a dinner companion, Harry S. Truman—one of the most charming persons I've ever met—and, with one of his favorite stories, he straightened me out not only on the subject of fame but on the proper attitude toward your admirers. He was visiting in San Francisco, it seems, and had been invited to dine at a private home in Piedmont, some fifteen miles across the bay. It was evening when he crossed the San Francisco Bay Bridge to Piedmont and, not being familiar with the various freeway exits, he was soon lost in the hills. Driving along a dark street, he decided to ask directions and stopped and rang the doorbell at a house with a porch light on.

A burly man puffing on a pipe came to the door and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned! You look just like that old s.o.b. Harry Truman."

"I *am* that old s.o.b. Harry Truman," the ex-President said with a smile.

The stunned householder eventually recovered long enough to mumble an apology, and I am sure that if Mr. Truman were running for office tomorrow, this man would be voting for him. The moral seems to be: Give your right

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Lois and Art Linkletter at a New Year's Eve ball. "Lois doesn't go out with strange boys," her mother told Art in 1934 when he first asked for a date.

name even when it hurts, because you might make a friend.

The world of entertainment was as remote to me as our Catalina Island—and on a foggy day you can't see Catalina at all—when I was graduated from San Diego High School in June, 1929. I had been living in San Diego for ten years or more, and my travels had been limited mostly to summertime trips to the nearby Y.M.C.A. camp. I had vague ambitions to be a teacher, and had planned to attend San Diego State, but like many another youngster, I suffered from an acute case of the wanderlust.

Judging by their biographies, most of my contemporaries in show business had stage ambitions early in their teens, or their talents cropped out while they were still in short pants. Theatrical agents—or ten percenters, as we call them—were signing them to contracts almost before they learned to write. Some of them still can't write. But no one was pursuing me, not even the girl next door. Matter of fact, there was no girl next door. Had there been such a girl, I would have been pursuing her.

(Continued on Page 64)

Art with starlets on Vine Street in Hollywood. Nineteen years ago, he stood near this corner and decided that he was washed up in the "magic town." He came back and now earns $200,000 a year.

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"I don't care whether you fall on your face or blow the decision in fifteen rounds. Just work *with* us, not against us," he said.

It was either take a dive or have his family mauled by goons.

Champion's Choice

By WILLIAM FAY

Outside of Calhoun's Health Casino, where the summer rain came down like silver dollars, there were eighty cars and a chartered bus parked in puddles that were widening to ponds. A canvas banner, lashed to the wide veranda, said, JOIE BATES TRAINS HERE DAILY. ADMISSION, $1.50; STATE AND FED. TAXES INC.

"Joie's workin' four rounds," Calhoun explained to a late-arriving customer. "Two with Sonny Halpern and two with what's-his-name, a boy from Cleveland. We hadda move it all indoors."

"Is this the last time he'll box before the fight?"

"The last time," Calhoun said, "unless the rain don't let up by Monday and the fight should get postponed."

"How does he look?" the man asked then. "Is he in shape?"

"He's the champion," said Calhoun, a little starchily. "Why wouldn't he be in shape?"

He let the man in and closed the door against the rain. Scratching the great bulk of himself through a vintaged cardigan sweater, he began to count the dollars-and-a-half.

Joie Bates, the welterweight champion, sat on a rubbing table in his small dressing room, reading a letter with large and sentimental interest. He was turning the pages in his bandaged hands when Lou Dolan came in. Mr. Dolan, a handler of fighters, was a stork-thin man with a milky complexion and roving but honest eyes.

"I never heard that many guys speakin' Spanish in this part of the country before," Dolan said. "A whole busload of them came in. It's like in L.A., or back in the Bronx."

"H'm'm," Joie said, his thoughts with the letter.

Dolan had Joie's protective helmet clamped under one cadaverously skinny arm and he was fussing with the laces of the big training gloves that Joie was about to wear.

"That must be some letter," he said.

Joie nodded. "She's got a great sense of humor."

"Who?" Dolan said.

"My wife."

Beyond the window the rain kept coming down on the nice Middle Western landscape. You couldn't see the outdoor arena, fifty yards away, because the fog off the lake had closed in around it.

"What do you mean, you got a letter from your wife?" Dolan demanded. (Continued on Page 75)

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WHY DO THEY MISBEHAVE?

A boys'-school headmaster believes the younger generation's easy manners and garish vocabulary are a reflection of pressures other generations never had to face. Hence such phenomena as the kids' bizarre haircuts, clothes and music.

By EDWARD T. HALL

Our youths now love luxury. They have bad manners, contempt for authority, disrespect for older people. Children nowadays are tyrants. They no longer rise when their elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble their food and tyrannize their teachers." This remark sounds like the beginning (or end) of a letter to a metropolitan newspaper or the lament of an old-fashioned parent of the twentieth century. In fact, it was made by Socrates in the fifth century before Christ—the Golden Age of the Greek culture, which is part of our noblest heritage.

As a schoolmaster I hear a great many people commenting on the younger generation: that the young are less responsible than they used to be; that they lack a sense of values; that they lack taste and restraint. Are these comments any more valid now than they were in Socrates' time? I am inclined to think not, and I also believe that the teen-ager of today has to face problems which Socrates and his pupils were spared.

Certainly I am just as disgusted as any parent when I read news stories about the teen-agers' worship of a discredited disc jockey; or about another group of teen-agers in Connecticut who have taken over a church for purposes of holding what seems to be called a "jazz mass." Nor am I any more pleased than you with "bop talk"—"daddy-o," "way out," "strictly from Squaresville," and all the rest of the lazy, offensive lingo which somehow percolates, like a poisonous bubble of air, from the lowest depths of the juvenile personnel pool until it touches our own children. But none of this is really important: it is a surface symbol, an outward and visible sign of no greater abhorrence than "Oh, you kid" or "twenty-three skiddoo," which some few of us may faintly remember from our own youth. If it offends us to hear a "nice girl" talking about "cool cats," let's not forget that we were once inclined to refer to a desirable person or idea as "the cat's pajamas."

I have suggested that the easy manners, curious taste in clothes, haircuts, music and night clubs, and garish vocabulary of some modern youth is "an outward and visible sign." It is a sign, I think, of pressures—pressures to which most of us were not subjected. These boys and girls frankly have a good deal more to put up with than we did. They—particularly the type of children with whom you and I deal—have an astounding amount of pressure put upon them, and it is a wonder that adolescent psychiatry is not even more prevalent than it is.

In the first place, they have *us*. We are Authority—parents, teachers, elder brothers. At a certain age, psychiatrists tell us, the "hostility urge" reaches its climax. And, since this happens to be just about the same age at which certain other drives reach *their* climax, we know enough to expect trouble when Junior can't have the car tonight or when Sister is told that she may not go unchaperoned to a party. "Oh, mother, everybody else does it." A few weeks ago a mother told me that she was taking her family away from their community because she could no longer stand her children's unfavorable comparison of her "strictness" with the "liberalism" of other parents. "I am tired," she said, "of being Old Lady Scrooge."

This good lady had laid down some perfectly sound rules of conduct,

(Continued on Page 74)

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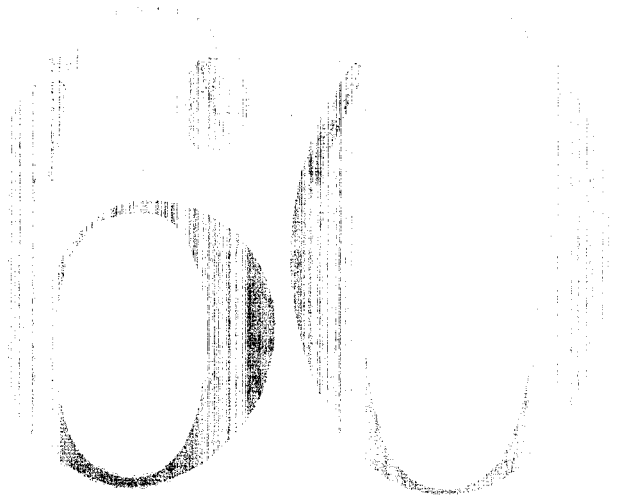
pigskin preview



The *Post*'s 21st annual prediction for the coming season, with an expert's choice of the top teams and the best players.

By FRED RUSSELL

In 1960 college football will remain unchallenged as the sport that goes through the most frequent changes, not only in rules but also in style of play. This year's fashions in football offense will make spectators as well as participants acutely aware of the width of the playing field. The swing to spread formations, with the use of flankers and other deployment, will force the defense to patrol the full 160 feet from side line to side line as never before. Today's tactics place increasing importance on speed and agility.

The continued opening up of the attack, along with such recent liberalizing steps as the two-point option after touchdowns (1958) and the widening of the goal posts (1959), should make 1960 one of the scoringest years of all time. In the field-goal department alone, last season's record production of 192 by the 110 major-college teams probably will be doubled, owing to intensified training of skilled place kickers.

A new rule permitting free substitution of one player at any time between downs means that a team can always have its best place kicker available—or its best passer, best punter, best punt returner, or whatever other specialist fits the situation.

On most teams the offensive quarterback seldom, if ever, will play on defense. "At Maryland," says coach Tom Nugent, "our defensive quarterback will automatically run into the game every time we lose the ball and leave just as soon as we get the ball." Coach Bobby Dobbs of Tulsa plans to remove his center whenever his team loses the ball and send in as a linebacker "the best defensive boy we have who can't make the first team." Some coaches may develop complete defensive backfield units, substituting a single player after each down.

It also is possible now for a college coach to call every play by shuttling messengers back and forth, as some of the pro coaches do, but few are expected to take on this added responsibility.

In any event, the "wild card" individual substitutions, plus the multiple entries that are permitted twice each quarter, will cause the busiest in-and-out traffic since the days of the full two-platoon system. If a faculty man should be seen seated on the side lines next to the head coach, he might be a professor of accounting double-checking the substitutions.

Despite the headaches, many coaches agree with Charles (Rip) Engle of Penn State, who says, "It's the best sub rule football has ever had. We can use specialists, but we also must continue to put a premium on the all-round player and coach a boy to develop his weaknesses into strengths."

The boy with the potential to be a whole player, not a half player, is still the top prize in football recruiting—or, as the Ivy League more gently terms it, the "enrollment program." The Ivy League offers no athletic scholarships as such. Every other major conference except the Big Ten openly provides free tuition, room, board, books and laundry to athletes. The Big Ten since 1957 has had a rule putting financial assistance to players on a basis of actual need. However, this policy is meeting such opposition that it may be eliminated. Big Ten coaches claim they are losing too many athletes of their area to the "free ride" schools, one even citing this as the reason for Wisconsin's 44–8 drubbing by Washington in the 1960 Rose Bowl game.

On the other hand, sentiment is building up in the Big Ten and elsewhere for certain other types of restrictive legislation, including a national letter-of-intent rule, to prohibit a prospect who has already signed up for a grant-in-aid at one school from switching over and receiving aid at any other school. Also gaining support is the idea of setting minimum standards on college-board entrance exams for athletes who are to get scholarship assistance. And there is growing opposition to "red shirting"—the device of holding a sopho-

Illinois halfback Johnny Counts rounding end against Purdue last fall. Final score: 7–7. The Illini are the Big Ten favorites this year.

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pigskin preview's TOP TWENTY TEAMS OF 1960

1	SYRACUSE	11	CLEMSON
2	ILLINOIS	12	ARKANSAS
3	MISSISSIPPI	13	WYOMING
4	TEXAS	14	NOTRE DAME
5	MICHIGAN STATE	15	AUBURN
6	OKLAHOMA	16	IOWA
7	T.C.U.	17	PITTSBURGH
8	WASHINGTON	18	GEORGIA TECH
9	ALABAMA	19	OHIO STATE
10	S. CALIFORNIA	20	KANSAS

more out of competition so that he can return for three more years of varsity eligibility.

In another Big Ten intramural row, the annual designation of a conference representative to play in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day has been ended. However, a member school on an individual basis may still accept a bid to meet the champion of the West Coast's new Big Five (Athletic Association of Western Universities). The money received—approximately $425,000, less expenses—would be divided as in the past, with two shares going to the participating school, one to each other conference member and one to the commissioner's office. While attendance at Big Ten universities has been increasing, so have their expenses. Their combined athletic budgets now exceed $10,000,000, and they need all the money they can get.

Extra income from bowl games and television, already shared by many colleges, has been the chief motive in the sanctioning of additional postseason games around the country. Following the 1959 inaugurals of the Liberty Bowl in Philadelphia and the Bluebonnet Bowl in Houston, New York City now enters the picture with the Gotham Bowl this year. The promoters have set their first game for Yankee Stadium on December tenth, hoping that the early date may influence Notre Dame to lift its long ban on postseason play. As an independent institution, Notre Dame would not have to share its TV and bowl game booty.

An annual football "world series" bringing together six major conference champions and two top independent teams in an elimination play-off for the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship is being advocated by Stu Holcomb, Northwestern University athletic director.

Joe Kuharich, Notre Dame coach, insists he too is serious in proposing that colleges play nine or ten games in the spring as well as in the fall. "We would draw the fans," he says. "Look at the crowds that come now to informal spring games against alumni teams. Football stadiums cost millions of dollars and are used only five or six times a year. Boys love to play; they merely endure practice. Instead of having them put in twenty days of spring practice—the limit—let's cut the practicing to ten days and let them play nine or ten games."

Maybe Joe's idea offers just what a football previewer needs—a trial run in the spring. Then he could go about this September business of ranking the teams and players as a bona fide second guesser.

REGIONAL TOP TEAMS AND STARS ARE LISTED BEGINNING ON PAGE 71

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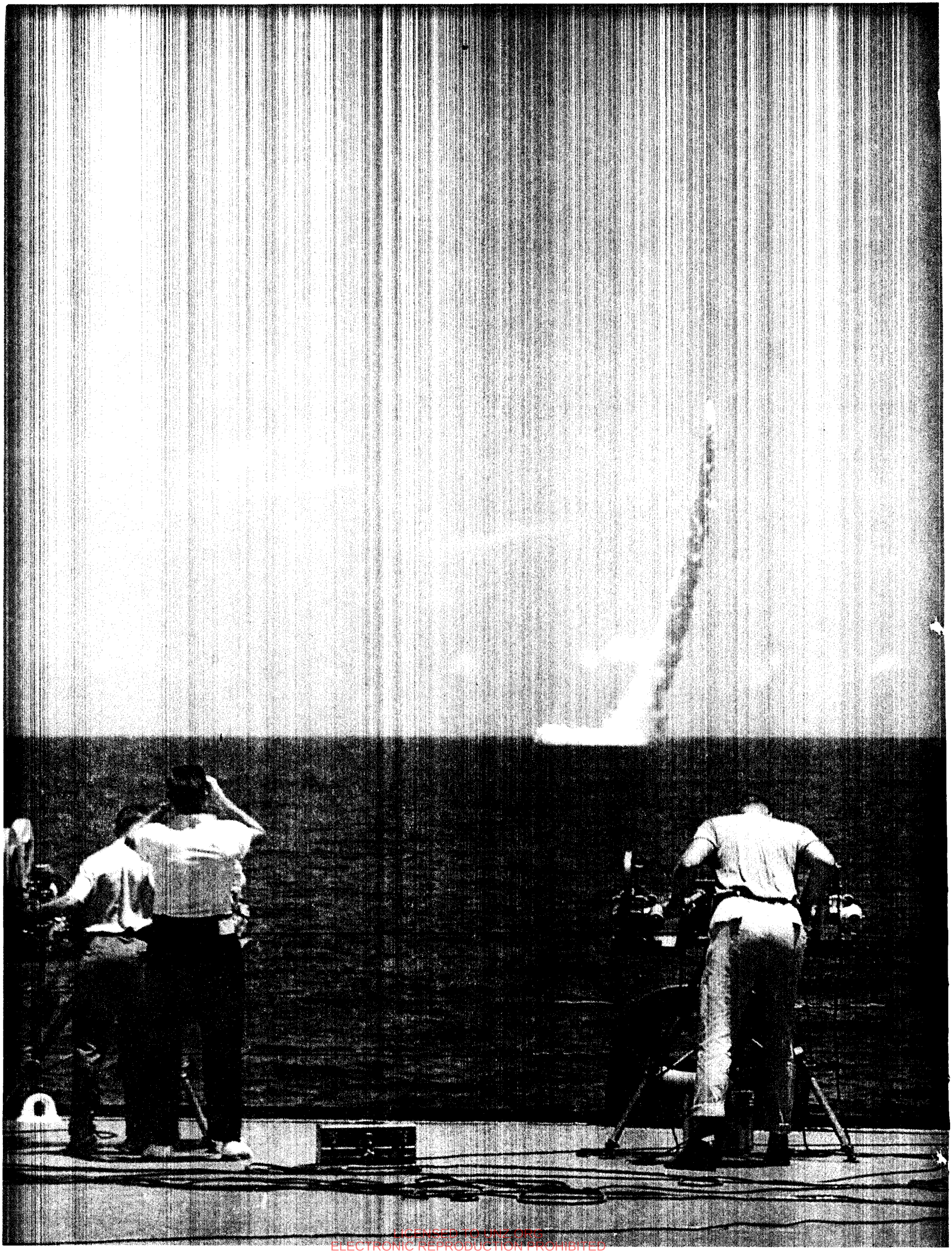
pigskin preview's ALL-AMERICAN TEAM



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The Face of AMERICA

MOMENT IN HISTORY

At 12:39 P.M. last July twentieth a new era in the grim evolution of warfare began. For the first time, a ballistic missile took off from a wholly mobile, far-ranging, swiftly disappearing launching site—a submerged submarine. Thus the mighty Polaris came to fulfillment. Here it arcs gracefully as it turns east toward a target 1150 miles downrange from Cape Canaveral, Florida. Aboard a nearby observation ship, official photographers train high-speed movie cameras on the rocket to gather engineering data. Fourteen minutes later the suspense was over. Tracking stations downrange reported the shot a complete success; and from beneath the sea, Cmdr. James B. Osborn, skipper of the submerged missile sub *George Washington*, sent the following message to President Eisenhower: "Polaris—from out of the deep to target. Perfect." Three and a half years ago Polaris was a drawing-board dream. Five years hence, the Navy plans to have forty-five of the atomic-missile subs in operation. Each individual ship, with sixteen nuclear-tipped missiles, will pack more destructive power than all the bombs dropped by both sides in World War II. Such a fleet could be the deterrent force to prevent World War III from ever starting. ● Photograph by Frank Ross

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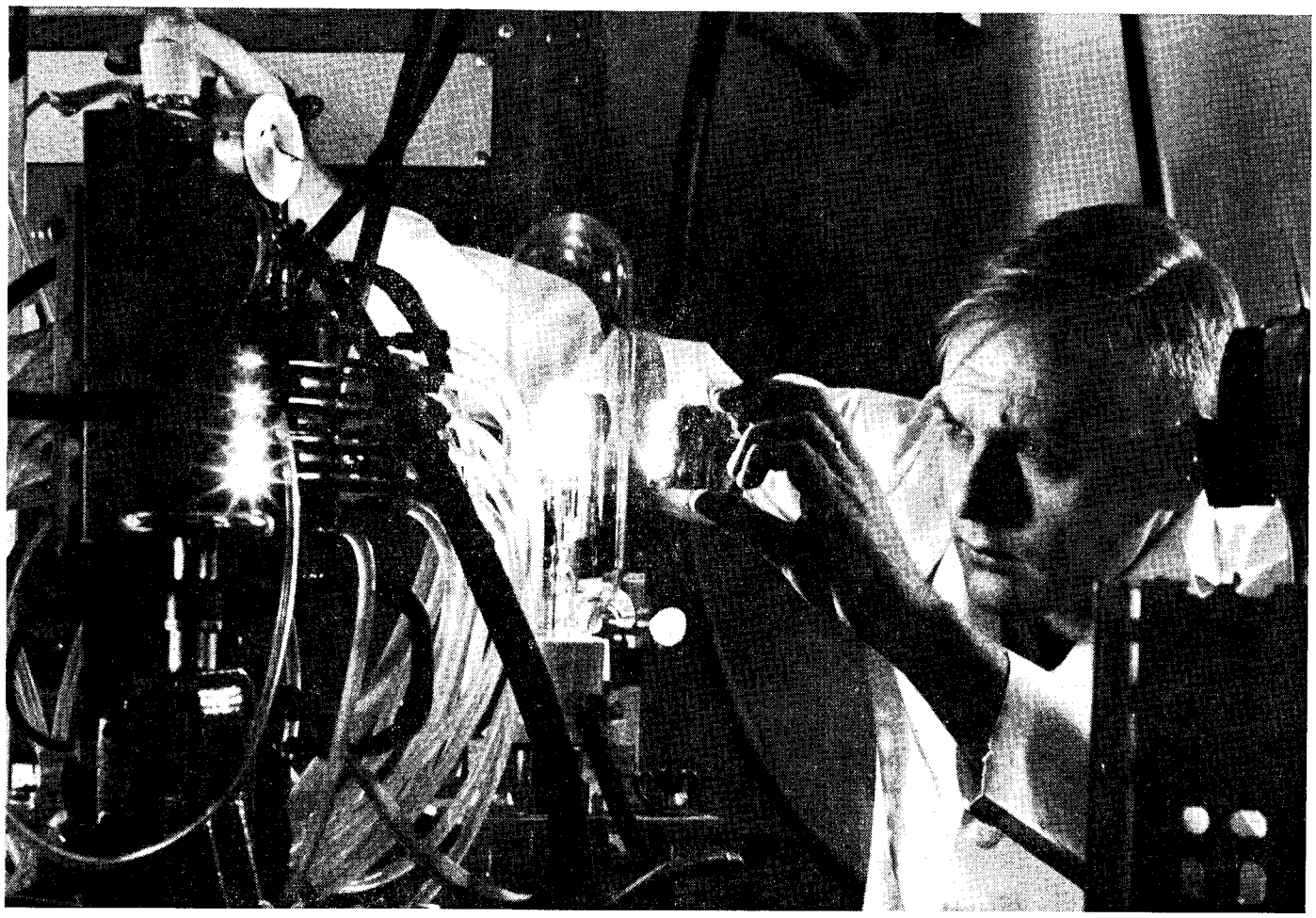
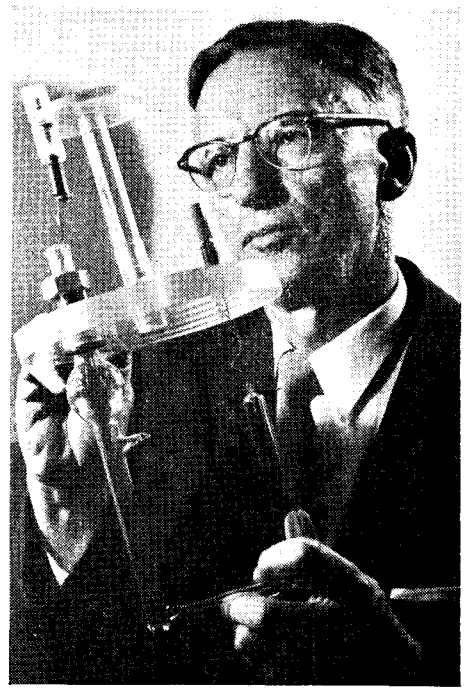


Left: NBS physicist, Peter Henriksen, measures temperatures up to 15,000 degrees Centigrade with an Argon plasma arc.



Dr. Allen Astin, director of the NBS, holding the Krypton 86 lamp, proposed international standard device for measuring length.

The Measurement Pinch

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr., Washington Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*

Space-age technology has put fantastic new demands on the National Bureau of Standards. How, for example, do you measure a tenth of a millionth of an inch?

Ever since the first Sputnik there has been much concern about the science-technology race between Russia and the United States. We worry about "the missile gap"; we compare performances of the huge space rockets. But possibly we are neglecting some of the fine points on which the race may turn. It was Ben Franklin, scientist and statesman, who said, "A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost."

This was brought home to me not long ago by a chance conversation with a man I sat next to at lunch. He told me he was a "quality-control engineer." When I asked what that meant, he explained that he worked for one of the big companies making missiles. His job was to check on the quality and precision of various missile parts manufactured by subcontractors.

"Tell me," I said, "why have the Russians been able to make more ICBM's, with heavier warheads, than we have? Why were they able to hit the moon with one satellite and photograph the back of the moon with another? Where's our weakness?"

"The Russians have their strengths and weaknesses," he said. "So have we. The chief American weakness which I know about is that we can't measure well enough."

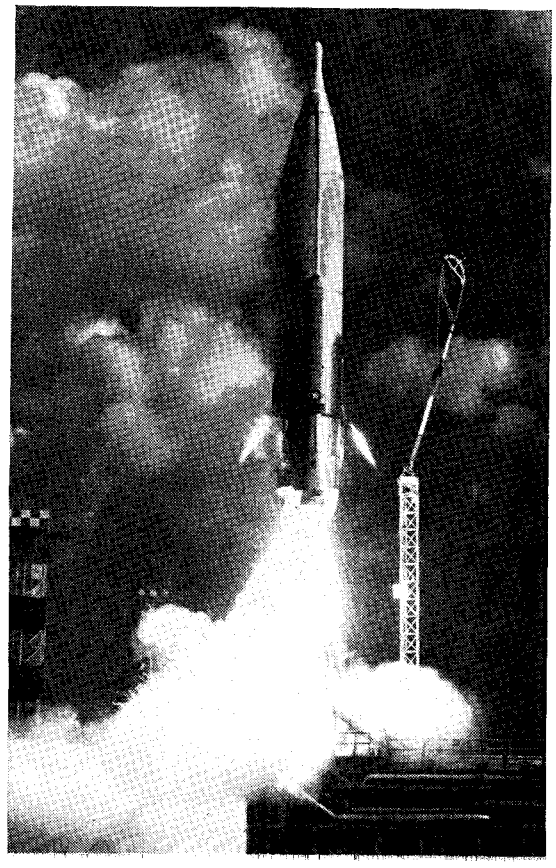
"Anybody can measure," I said.

"Can you measure a millionth of an inch?" he asked. "That's real small. The average human hair is three thousandths of an inch thick. Split one hair into three thousand equal strands. Then each strand will be a millionth of an inch thick. But nowadays we have to measure more precisely than that. For example, an error of a millionth of an inch in the bore hole of a guidance gyroscope can cause a space shot to miss the moon by a thousand miles or so."

"Uh-huh," I commented sagely.

"Actually," he continued, "we are doing pretty well in dimension measurement. The National Bureau of Standards can now check gauge blocks to an accuracy of a tenth of a millionth of an inch. But the Russians may be ahead of us, I hear, in measuring high temperatures—say up to 15,000 degrees Centigrade and above. This can be important in studying the combustion of new missile fuels. Another thing—the Russians are getting rocket thrusts two or three times (Continued on Page 102)

Behind-the-scenes research by the bureau aided in the development of rare materials and components used in this Air Force Atlas (below) and other ICBM's.



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LITTLE MISS HOLDOUT

By MARIAN PEHOWSKI

Until now she'd missed the boat as far as marriage was concerned. On purpose.

Almost as long as I could remember, the three most interesting letters in the alphabet were *M-R-S,* used together and in that order—but not by me, unfortunately.

For a single girl, I certainly saw enough weddings, especially at this time of year. I developed what the assistant managing editor called a chronic Lohen-grin from beaming back at brides and fell into a sort of nuptial lock step even going from my corner of the society department past the sports desk and down to the cafeteria. I should have been married long ago, but I'd have bet that the fairy godmother who came to my christening was an old maid—that is, until Charley Paisley walked into the Chicago *Telegram.*

You see, I never even thought of a career to fill in time before I got married, maybe to one of the boys left over when my older sister had a big wedding one spring. I mentioned casually that Laura's wedding dress fit me exactly, but Jerry Repvogel joined the marines that week, and Fred Kramer suddenly got a job in Winnipeg.

I kissed them both good-by; and, since art is long, and time is fleeting, and who knows when they'd realize they were hopelessly in love with me, I enrolled at the Art Institute. I quit only because there was this wonderfully moody Eric Broome there, but he didn't believe in what he called tribal rites like weddings, and I didn't believe in anything but; so I kissed him good-by too.

With the one real talent I'd developed I should have joined the French diplomatic corps; but I tried Northwestern University next.

You've probably heard how the Medill School of Journalism turns out wonderful reporters. I was turned out too—but one midyear, because I met slight, dashing Ben Assam there from one of those oil-soaked countries, and we got so busy planning how we'd spend his father's pahlavi running the biggest daily paper

(Continued on Page 88)

"Look," Charley murmured. "Would you have dinner with me sometime—like tonight?"

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ALIBI FOR MURDER

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

His only chance for survival lay in finding the killer.

I've got to find the real murderer, thought young Rick Donelli. *I don't know who he is, but I've got to find him.*

The police wanted Rick for the killing of wealthy, tyrannical Old Garth, but the real murderer was Bartholomew Garth, who had planned his father's death and his own alibi with great care.

III

Bartholomew sat that night at midnight in a room that he had never dared use before this: Old Garth's study. It was the library of the old house, a huge room with all four walls filled with bookcases, full of ancient leather-bound sets of the great poets, novelists, and so on, which had come with the house. It faced on the lake; though when it was not in use the curtains were always kept down to protect the ancient gray carpet. Bartholomew had them up now, looking at the lights twinkling

"No screaming," Rick said. "All right?"

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across the water. He had his feet irreverently on Old Garth's desk; he had broken the lock on the cabinet and was sipping the brandy someone had once given Old Garth.

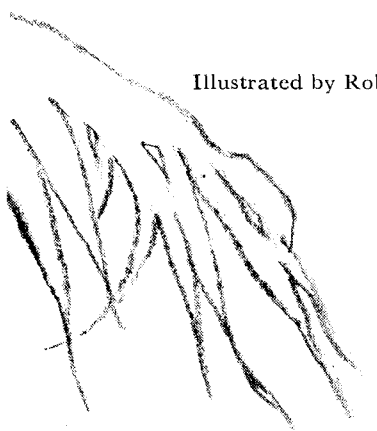
He sat and listened contentedly to silence. Silence as he played through his large tape recorder the tape he had made that morning by attaching the transistor machine to the telephone in his hotel room in Pangulch.

The time I took out for murder, he thought. *It has run fifteen minutes already, and not a sound. Of course there was no reason for the phone to have rung. I have a perfect alibi. Almost a pity I don't need it. If only Old Garth knew how clever I am! But he did know it at the end, when he saw me with the knife. He knew then when it was too late that just once in his life, anyway, he did make a mistake. A fatal mistake. He underestimated me.*

Heather put her head in the doorway. She had been back since shortly after supper. The police had picked her up, unhurt but exhausted, a couple of hours after Rick had let her go. She had gone to bed at once, but typically, after a few hours' sleep, she had got up to study for another exam. She looked very white and tired now, her blue eyes large in her small face. But she was quiet and patient as always.

She hesitated in the doorway, puzzled by his being up so late, by his being in Old Garth's study, drinking the forbidden brandy. She said, "You mustn't sit here alone and grieve all night. Whatever happened, they said Old Garth died instantly. He didn't suffer. He was an old man and ill. It's past midnight."

Damn the girl, Bartholomew thought in irritation. He hoped she could not hear the whir of the tape through the recorder. This was the first time in years that Bartholomew could sit up as late as he wanted to, not having to get to bed so he could get up at dawn as usual to run some errand of Old Garth's. He was his own man now. Nobody was going to tell him what to do, ever again.



Illustrated by Robert Jones

He spoke more sharply than he intended. "I'm all right. Leave me alone!"

"Don't you want some warm milk?"

"I hate warm milk!"

"But you always ——"

"Old Garth always drank warm milk, don't you understand? Old Garth's dead!"

"Yes, of course. But you always drank it with him."

Bartholomew tipped back his chair, a dangerous procedure, considering its age and condition. "Heather," he said, "while my father was alive, I did a lot of things because he wanted it that way. To—to please him. Now that he is dead, we're going to have some changes around here. We're going to spend some of that money for a change, not hoard it. New furniture. New decorations. Company ——"

Behind his words he heard suddenly the sound he had been so sure he would never hear. On the tape playing in the tape recorder he heard the unmistakable buzzing of the telephone. He shot a disbelieving glance at the timer—twenty minutes. At eleven-twenty this morning the telephone in his hotel room at Pangulch had rung. Had rung and rung and was still ringing and had not been answered. Someone had called him then. Someone knew that he had not been in his room. He had already told the police he had been there the whole time. There could be only one reason for him to lie about his whereabouts at the time of Old Garth's death. If only he had had time to play this tape before he had given his story to the police! If Heather had not upset his timing by coming home early, he would have had time to check the tape in Pangulch before the police came. If he had known about the call, it would have been so simple to cover a momentary absence. But he had been so confident, so sure, that he had said he had not left the room. *Who called?*

He saw Heather staring at him. She said, "That noise—it sounded like an alarm."

"Maybe in my room," he said quickly. "That old alarm of mine is pretty erratic. Good night, Heather."

She looked at him a moment longer, her long lashes down on her young cheeks. She said slowly, "Good night, Bartholomew. Breakfast at seven?"

He shuddered. "No more breakfasts at seven."

"But you always ——"

He forced himself to smile at her, charmingly. "I'll get my own breakfast if you've gone to the university by the time I get up. I'll be in no hurry."

She went out, and he heard her heels ascending the bare stairs to her room on the third floor.

He played the rest of the tape. There was no further sound on it. Just the one call at eleven-twenty. Just the one! One was enough to convict him. If he only knew who had called! Why had they not come forward with the information? Could it have been Old Garth himself? A wrong number?

He erased the tape now, carefully, leaving no record except in his mind. That ringing, ringing, ringing. He told himself firmly that it had been a mistake, a wrong number. It had to be. No one had known where he was. No one but Johnny Farrer, and he had said nothing about calling. Even Johnny had not known the hotel. Still, he might not have volunteered such unimportant information as a previous telephone call when telling a man of his father's death.

Bartholomew hesitated. It was very late. He did not want to arouse any suspicion or curiosity about the telephone call. But the suspense was unendurable. He must know. His hands were shaking. He took more brandy. He was sweating in the cold damp room. Finally he picked up the phone and called Farrer's home. Johnny Farrer's voice was sleepy. In the background a baby was crying. "Yes?"

"This is Bartholomew Garth. Sorry to call you at this hour. But I happened to think you might be anxious. I was so upset this morning about the news of my father's death that I'm afraid I forgot everything else."

"Of course," Johnny was sympathetic, if bewildered.

"I should have told you that I am sure we can swing the deal together, my bank and yours, financing the new hotel."

Johnny's gasp was audible. "You can't know what this means to me. To all of us. My wife, the children. It will—well, really help!"

Bartholomew let him babble on. He needed Johnny Farrer's gratitude. His life might depend on it. When Johnny had finally run down, Bartholomew said casually, "Did you gather up the papers I worked on this morning? We'll need them to complete the deal."

"Oh, yes. I have them quite safe in our vault. I'll be glad to bring them over anytime, anytime at all. If you don't mind my saying so, you seem to have your father's head for figures. I couldn't have done all that work in a couple of hours."

Neither could I. I spent two evenings last week on it. "Fine. We'll get at the details as soon as my father's funeral —— You keep the papers meantime." Bartholomew hesitated, then made the question sound as casual as possible. "I meant to ask you. Did you call me at the hotel this morning? I mean before you came to tell me about my father?"

"No. They called me here at the bank and I didn't think you ought to hear such terrible news over the phone, so I set out to check the hotels to find at which one you were registered."

"But you didn't call?"

"No. Why? Is it important?"

"Not a bit. I was in the bathroom, and I thought my phone rang, but by the time I got there, whoever it was, was gone. About twenty after eleven. It was probably the phone in the next room. I was just feeling a little sentimental, wondering if it might have been my father. But he didn't know where I was."

"Nobody knew, did they, until I found you? Your Gadsden bank thought you were working in your car, and the police were looking for it. When they finally asked me, I told them I would find you and came right over."

"It was very kind of you."

"Not at all. I can't tell you how sorry we are about your father. He built up a great name. The papers always said he was a living legend."

Yes, Bartholomew thought impatiently after he had hung up. *But who called me at twenty minutes after eleven this morning? Who knows I wasn't there? My whole alibi depends on knowing that. My life!*

Old Garth's brandy no longer had the pleasure of (Continued on Page 82)

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Post Scripts

Meet the Real Lark Luster

"We want the low-down on this new star, Lark Luster." The editor of *Positively So* magazine pointed his cigar at me. "Get the striking contrast between the *real* Lark Luster and those 'dumb-blonde' roles that have made her famous. There's poignant drama there. Uncover it!"

Arriving at Miss Luster's spacious Beverly Hills home, I found her relaxing beside her pool.

"MM, doll!" Miss Luster greeted me, motioning me to an empty stool beside her chaise.

"Your stage and screen fans want to read about the *real* Lark Luster," I said, setting the pace, "the real, deep down you!"

"Deep down who?" Miss Luster leaned toward me, her lovely gray-blue eyes serious. A large herd of guests milled about, screeching and falling in and out of the pool.

"You!" I shouted above the ruckus. "Beneath the beautiful but slightly retarded creature you play with such genius, there is the real you, the levelheaded intellectual with the rapier wit!"

"There is?" Miss Luster's lovely eyes widened.

"We play up your college degrees," I explained. "Let's see—ever earn a Phi Beta Kappa key?"

"Once in New Orleans," Miss Luster smiled softly. "they gave me a key to the whole town, but my manager explained that that was just a finger of speech."

"It's a known fact," I insisted, "that actresses who play 'dumb blondes' in the theater always hold college degrees in something special like, say, nuclear engineering."

"I used to know an engineer." Miss Luster's cameo face brightened. "First he was a brakeman, but he got to be an engineer."

"Miss Luster," I yelled above the noise of her gabbily aquatic guests, "just how do you and your prominent New York publisher-husband, Nathanial Norman, find time from your two busy careers to remain such devoted lovers, and such dedicated parents to your two lovely children?"

"Who, doll?" Miss Luster shifted her attention from the gaiety around the pool.

"Nathanial Norman"—my voice cracked—"your prominent New York publisher-husband!"

"Oh, Normsey," she shrugged. "I haven't seen old Normsey in ages. He lives in New York, you know. He prints books or something."

"Brave, lovely girl!" I grabbed a straw. "I see it now. You have your capable hands full, don't you? You have to be both father and mother to your two charming children. It's your most difficult role! By the way, where are your two charming children?"

"The kids? Oh, they're away in school," Miss Luster said simply.

"But school is out for the summer," I reminded.

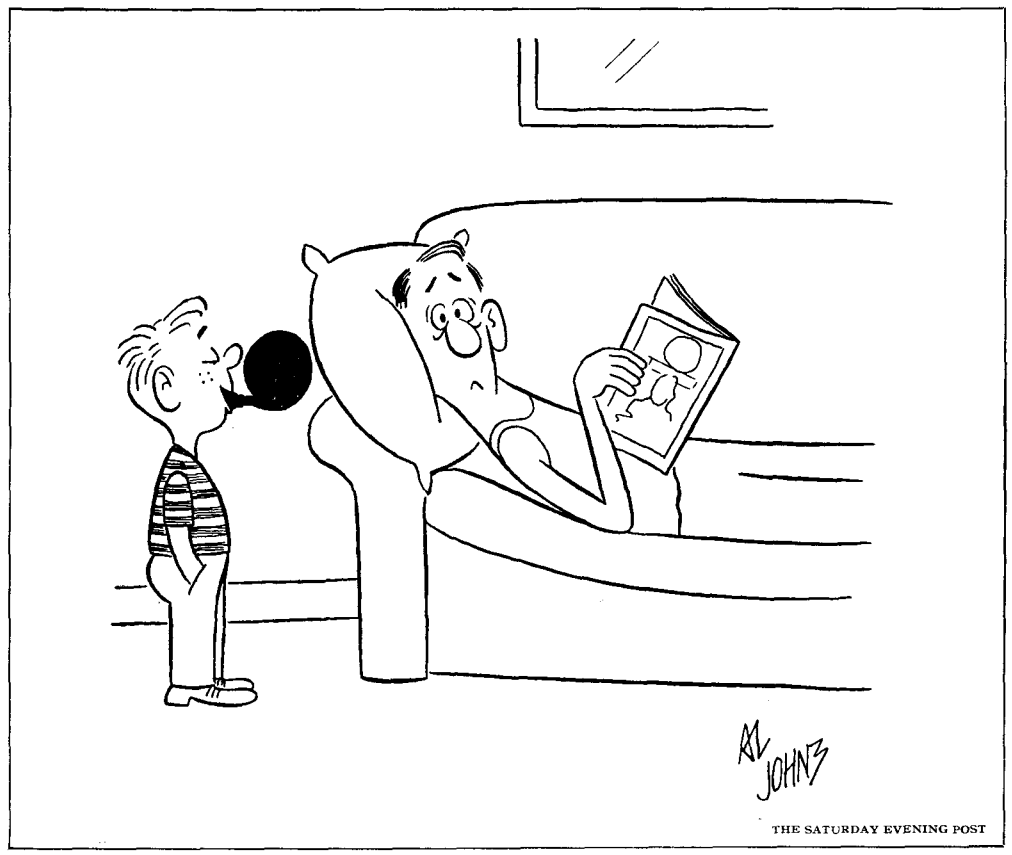
"It is?" Her smooth brow furrowed. "Gee. Then I guess they are up in Connecticut with Aunt Effie. Time sure flies, doesn't it, doll?"

MM PORTERFIELD

Discovery

I can always draw on those hidden reserves
When I'm in a difficult spot,
Reserves I wasn't aware I had—
And discover I haven't got!

THOMAS USK



Mother Marks Time

"Anne, didn't we go to the Northwest in 1953?"
"No, dear, 1954. Don't you remember, Debby lost her first baby tooth in Seattle?"

"I had a letter from Jim Conwell. Remember, he took us to lunch that winter in Chicago?"
"It was spring. I was wearing my blue suit with the white collar and my straw sailor."

"It'll be six years this November—what a football game!"
"October. We bought the kids' Halloween pumpkins on the way home."

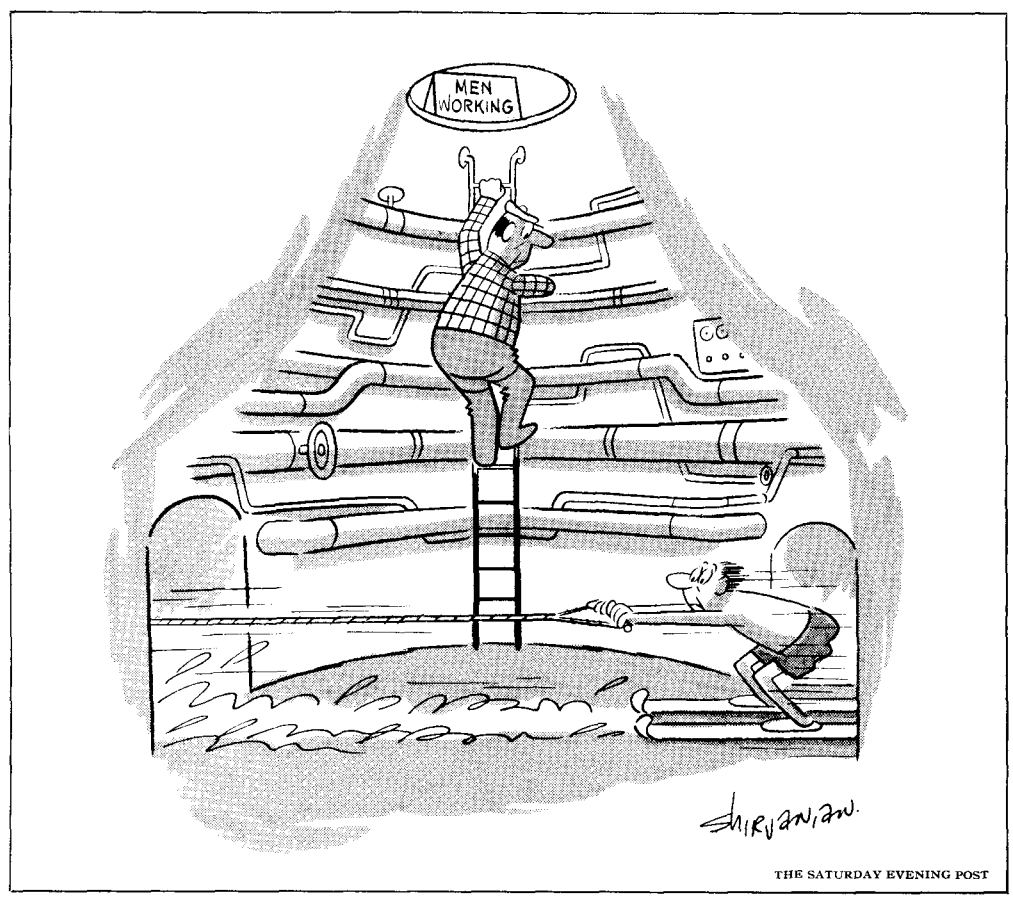
"I'll never forget that Monday morning the furnace blew up."
"It was Tuesday. I was ironing."

KAY NELSON

Enfeebled English on the Political Scene . . .

Well, waddayuh thing?
Loogs tuh me lyka cloze raze.
Hooyuh benn on?
Ida know yed. Tha Demograds godda good plafform.
Soav tha Rebubligans.
Stroo. The big kweshun this dime is howdy Innapennents er gunna go.
Yeah. Anna wimmins vode!
Oh, boy! Well, you know wadd I awlizzay.
Whazzat?
Maida bess man win.
Ride. Ann doan firrgedd—be shirdda vode.
Chegg. See yuh adda polls.
Yezzir! Bride 'n' dirly.

HERB GOCHROS



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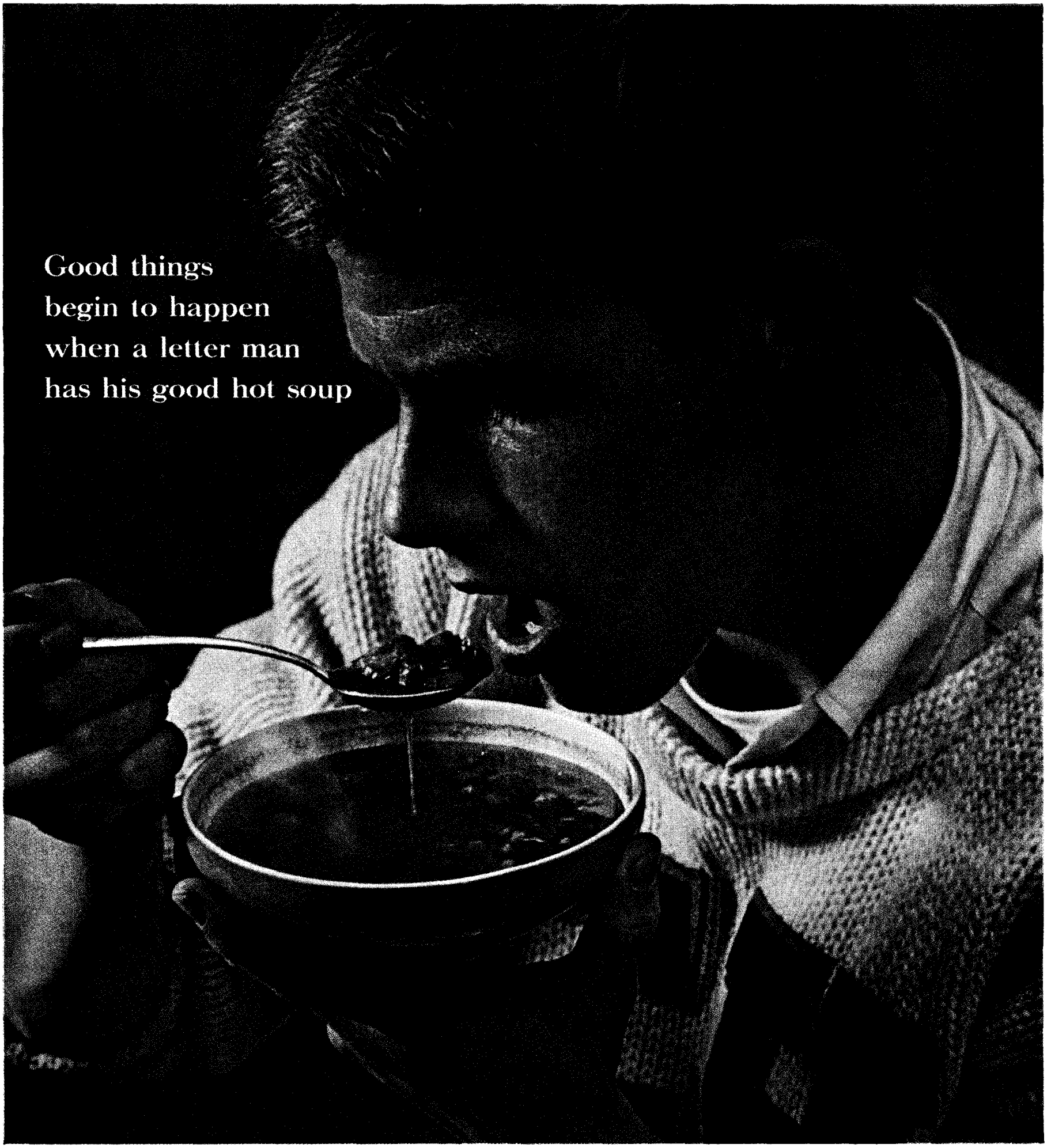

He has to keep his strength up—so he's having soup after sports. Today it's Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup, chock-full of the good natural nourishment of good natural foods. Lean beef. Six garden vegetables, picked sun-ripe. All in a good, fragrant broth, robust with beef and vegetable juices. It smells good. Tastes good. Makes a fellow feel good, too. And it's ready in 4 minutes for a letter man...or you.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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RETURN TO TERROR

There was no doubt that Kendeffy was marked for death.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Sandor, the Communist strong-arm man, told himself it would be easy. All he had to do was watch the trays going into Room 57, and when he was certain Kendeffy was alone he was to sprinkle the powder into any food or liquid that would be served the old anti-Communist. He would simply distract the waiter a few moments. Then Sandor would go quickly to Kendeffy's room because the stuff would knock him out almost immediately. Once in the room he would drag Kendeffy to the fifth-floor window and push him out.

Kendeffy, now in Brussels, was trying to sneak back into Hungary with the help of Jed Drake, an American lawyer, and Laszlo, their contact man in Yugoslavia.

IV

"I'm sorry," said the man whom Jed had asked to go to Yugoslavia to find out what Laszlo's wire had really meant. "I'm sorry to have to tell you that Laszlo is dead."

"Dead?" Jed sat down heavily.

"I don't believe it." Kendeffy jumped up, came across the room and put his hand on Meier-Schmitt's shoulder and shook him, as though the other was saying something in a trance. "He can't be dead."

"But he is," said Meier-Schmitt. "I understand he died during the operation."

"What operation?"

"Appendicitis." Meier-Schmitt shrugged. "One would think it couldn't happen any more, with all the newfangled medication. But in such small towns ——" He shrugged again.

Kendeffy turned abruptly, went over to the window and stared out into the dusk. Jed knew only too well what he was thinking. But there was nothing he could do to ease Kendeffy's grief and frustration, and his thoughts returned sharply to the problem he had to face now. How would he ever be able to prevent Kendeffy from trying to cross the border into Hungary alone?

But had Laszlo died a natural death, or was the operation only a story to cover up the fact that he had been betrayed and, in consequence, murdered? "Did you talk to the doctor?" Jed asked.

"I did," said Meier-Schmitt. "A nice old fellow—a country doctor. Not very bright, I'd say."

Jed looked at Meier-Schmitt and sighed. He was a lawyer for one of the European refugee organizations with contacts all over Europe. Years ago when, after the war, Jed had searched for the girl he loved, it had been Meier-Schmitt who had finally found her. Since then, a loose connection had been maintained between the two men.

Meier-Schmitt was an elderly man, about Kendeffy's age, but compared to Kendeffy he seemed old. There was no life in him, or, rather, no spirit. It was obvious that he had neither illusions nor ideals. He's aged, thought Jed; he had not seen the Austrian in the last two years. But whom else could he have chosen? Not only did Meier-Schmitt speak German, French and English, but he was the only person Jed knew who was at home with Hungarian and Croatian and Slovenian dialects. And it had been good of him to go to Zagreb and to come here, just as a favor to a colleague. Of course, he had not been told of Laszlo's importance to Kendeffy, but was kept in the belief that Jed wanted only to find out the fate of a refugee in Yugoslavia who might have been the victim of foul play.

Jed leaned forward and said with great politeness, "Would you be good enough to give us some details?"

"That's really all there is." Meier-Schmitt inserted a cigarette carefully into a long, black holder. "Laszlo was dead when I arrived. There are no details,

(Continued on Page 95)

Jed clawed at Sandor's throat.

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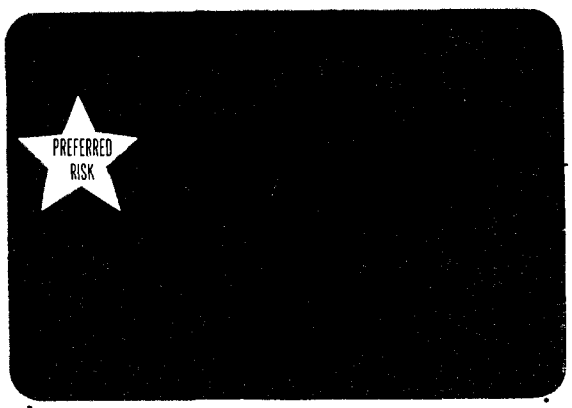

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What Happened to Judge Crater?

(Continued from Page 21)

law degree from Columbia University in 1913. The day Joe passed his state bar examination he met Stella Wheeler, a young woman from Orange County. She had made an unhappy marriage. In 1917 Joe Crater obtained a divorce for her, and a week later married her.

In 1930, when he vanished, the fact that he had actually disappeared was slow in dawning on those who knew him intimately. His wife was the first to sense that something was amiss. The Craters had been spending the summer at Belgrade Lakes, Maine, where they owned a cottage. On the afternoon of August 3, 1930, a Sunday, Crater had received a long-distance telephone call which seemed to perturb him. He decided to leave for New York immediately by train. Crater was not the kind of husband who confides business details to his wife, and she was content to have it that way. All he said in taking his departure was something about having to "straighten those fellows out," a statement that to this day remains completely enigmatic. Crater promised that he would return on the following Saturday, August ninth. That was the last his wife ever saw of him.

When he failed to return on Saturday, or even to explain his tardiness by telephone, Mrs. Crater felt some anxiety. On Sunday she repeatedly rang up their apartment at 40 Fifth Avenue, but got no answer. On Monday she sent their chauffeur to New York in the Crater limousine to make private inquiry of his whereabouts among the judge's friends and associates. The chauffeur reported back in a telegram that while none had seen him since the previous Wednesday, August sixth, they were all confident that there was nothing to worry about, and advised her to sit tight.

She did—for a few days. Then she hired a discreet private detective agency to look for the judge, avoiding any publicity which would endanger his position in public life. The agency's findings differed little from the chauffeur's.

Meanwhile, in the law firm of Wagner, Quillinan, and Rifkind, there was a certain amount of dignified consternation. It grew as the days ticked on. The senior partner was United States Senator Robert Ferdinand Wagner, whose name was destined to appear on the most famous of the New Deal's labor laws—and whose son is now mayor of New York. Crater's continuing absence was a threat to Wagner's political prestige, for the missing judge had been his protégé. From 1920 to 1926, when Wagner himself was a New York supreme court justice, the ingratiating Crater had been his law secretary. And when, on being elected to the Senate in the latter year, Wagner founded his law firm, Crater, though not given a partnership, had an office in the suite for which he paid rent. On a fee basis, he functioned importantly as writer of the firm's briefs and as its appellate lawyer. Crater was a rapid and tireless worker, and his income from these fees, plus fees which he earned on the outside, was somewhere between $75,000 and $100,000 a year, all of which he gave up when he became a state supreme court justice.

It was Senator Wagner who had sponsored Crater's interim appointment to the bench and it was he who had obtained the backing of key Democratic district leaders for Crater's bid for a full term at the November fourth election.

When the Crater mystery began, Senator Wagner was enjoying a sentimental visit to his native Nastätten, Germany, and the brunt of deciding what was to be done was borne chiefly by one of the junior partners, Simon H. Rifkind. The other junior, Francis J. Quillinan, a son-in-law of ex-Gov. Alfred E. Smith, was less familiar with the local ropes, having spent most of his legal career upstate in Troy. Rifkind confided his troubles to a city police detective who, under an informal arrangement, often acted as Senator Wagner's bodyguard. The detective began looking around privately.

Rifkind's main problem, which was to produce the absent judge before August twenty-fifth, when the court reopened after its summer holiday, would have been simplified had Crater been an alcoholic given to periodic binges. Unfortunately for Rifkind, a strict Methodist upbringing had left Crater almost a total abstainer. His favorite tipple was orange juice. He abhorred cigarettes and cigars, and sporadically tried pipe smoking but never succeeded in making it a habit.

The August twenty-fifth deadline came and went, and there was still no sign of Justice Crater. Apparently his fellow judges assumed that he was merely tardy, as they didn't begin asking questions until a week or so later. At this point Rifkind decided that something drastic, possibly a crime of violence, had befallen Crater. On the afternoon of September third, exactly four weeks after Crater had been last seen by friends, Rifkind went to police headquarters and made a full report. In the next morning's newspapers the public learned of the mystery for the first time.

A great investigative flap ensued. Dozens of crack detectives, including those of the Missing Persons Bureau, sniffed along the month-old trail. A grand jury took up the chase, questioning ninety-five witnesses, examining Crater's bank and brokerage accounts and probing into his private life.

The fastidious Crater, it appeared from both police and grand-jury findings, had conducted his private life on two levels. As a husband he had been attentive and affectionate. "Joe was the kind of guy," a friend recently said, "who telephoned his wife three, maybe four times a day. I'm quite sure he really loved her."

The investigation showed that at another level the judge had been on more than cordial terms with a number of chorus girls, and with some less-glamorous females such as Vivian Gordon, a prominent madam who was to pass out of the picture later, courtesy of gangland assassins. For some years Crater had regularly visited the apartment of a saleswoman for a midtown dress shop, who was a model when they first met. In practical fashion Crater had paid only that portion of the rent which his paramour's income couldn't meet. Crater was no plunger. His stock-market investments were made mostly in five-share lots. He liked to watch the horses run, but rarely wagered more than a few dollars at a time. His sole extravagance was clothes. He had an extensive wardrobe of suits, made by a good tailor, and had three more on order when he vanished.

Crater, the grand jury found, had made two trips that summer from Belgrade Lakes to New York. The first was made toward the end of July. Its highlight was a weekend at an Atlantic City hotel spent with two male cronies and four women. Crater got back to Belgrade Lakes on Saturday, August second, intending to get a long rest, only to receive on Sunday, August third, the long-distance call, mentioned earlier, which abruptly pulled him back to New York.

His actions during the next three days followed no discernible pattern. He was at his Fifth Avenue apartment in the early forenoon of Monday, August fourth, when the maid arrived. He instructed her to return on Thursday and straighten up, but added that after that her services would not be required until August twenty-fifth, when he had to be present for the reopening of court. He was seen lunching alone at a restaurant near the county courthouse. In the late afternoon he saw his physician and got treatment for the tip of his right index finger which had been pinched by a taxicab door during the party in Atlantic City. On Tuesday, August fifth, Crater had dinner in the home of his physician, who was also a friend, and they played cards until about midnight.

On what proved to be the fateful day of Wednesday, August sixth, Crater was in his chambers at the courthouse in the morning diligently pulling folders out of filing cabinets, examining their contents and sorting them in piles on his desk. He had one caller, his friend and former law associate, Simon H. Rifkind. It was a brief call and, as Rifkind was to state later, purely social in nature. After Rifkind had left, Crater resumed his task with the files.

For a judge supposedly on vacation this was an unusual activity, but even more unusual actions were to come. At about eleven o'clock Crater buzzed for Joseph L. Mara, his confidential attendant who was on duty in the outer office. Crater's secretary, Frederick A. Johnson, was there too. Mara entered the sanctum. Crater handed him two checks made out to "Cash." One was drawn against Crater's account at the Chase National Bank. It was for $3000. The other, for $2100, was drawn against his account at the Empire Trust Company.

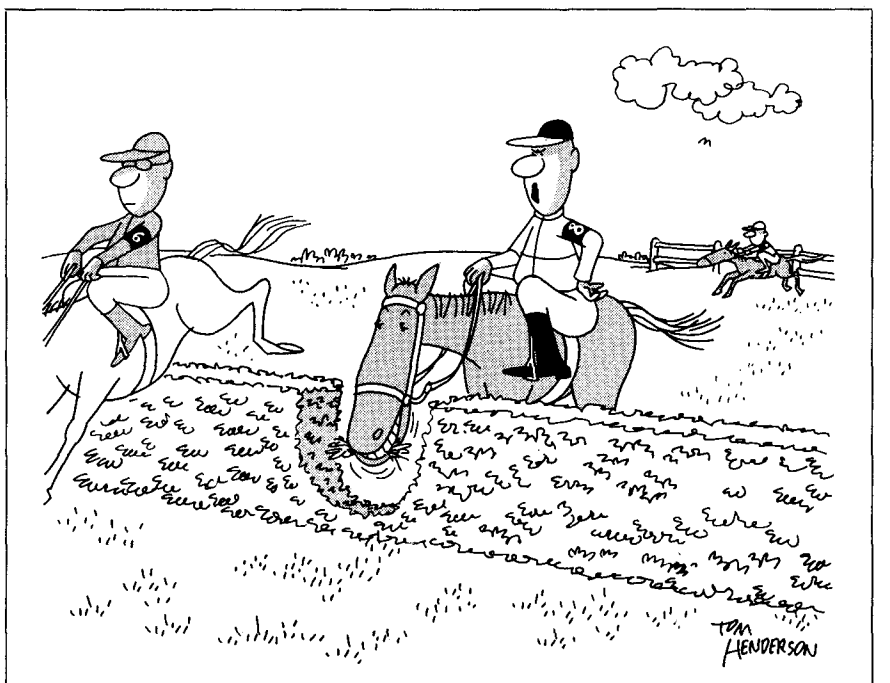
Crater told Mara to cash the checks for bills of large denominations. Mara came back from the banks with the bills in two envelopes. Without bothering to look inside them, Crater stuffed the envelopes in the inside pocket of his coat. (Crater had been building up his ready-cash position for some time. During late May and early June he had withdrawn $7000 in large bills from an account in the International Trust Company and had had his broker sell batches of stocks whose total yield, also taken in cash, amounted to $15,799.86.)

Mara retired to the outer office. Crater buzzed for Johnson and borrowed a briefcase from him. Johnson then retired to the outer office. Crater seemed to be rather secretive about the whole operation. With the door between the sanctum and outer office closed, he crammed papers into the borrowed briefcase and his own, and also filled six gusseted cardboard folders. He buzzed for Mara again and directed him to tie the folders together. Mara was to testify subsequently that he couldn't get a glimpse of the contents because the flaps of the folders were down.

With Mara lending a hand, Crater took the briefcases and folders to his apartment by taxicab. Mara stacked them on a chair in the living room and departed. As he was going out the door Crater thanked him and said, "I'm going up Westchester way for a swim. See you tomorrow." The remark about a swim may have been part of a ruse. Crater, no athlete, didn't care for swimming, though he did like to lounge in swimming attire at the water's edge and talk. What Crater actually did that afternoon has never been determined. The thread of his known life, so soon to be snapped again, this time with finality, picked up that evening when he appeared at the Broadway office of his ticket broker, arranged for the *Dancing Partner* ticket, chatted with the proprietor and then headed for the Billy Haas chophouse—and into the shadows.

One of the first steps taken by the police after being called in belatedly to the case was a painstaking search of the Crater apartment. The briefcases and folders had vanished, and nothing resembling a clue was found. The police were in for a rude shock. After the turn of the year Mrs. Crater, who up to then had stayed in seclusion at Belgrade Lakes, came back to resume life in the city. On January twenty-first, the day after her arrival, she opened a secret drawer of her dresser and was astonished to find four unfamiliar envelopes in it. Three of the envelopes contained, separately:- $6690 in currency; some stock certificates and bonds, and several insurance policies on the judge's life with a combined face value of $30,000. The fourth contained a confidential memorandum to Mrs. Crater which ended with: "Am very weary. Love, JOE."

Mrs. Crater immediately telephoned the news of her discovery to the district attorney. The district attorney summoned the detectives (*Continued on Page 50*)



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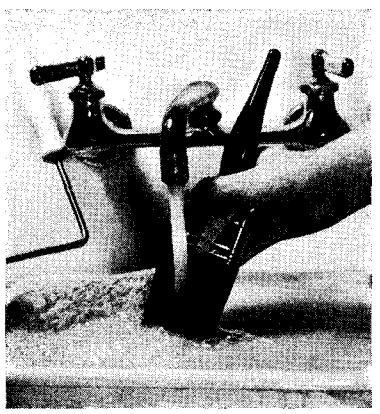

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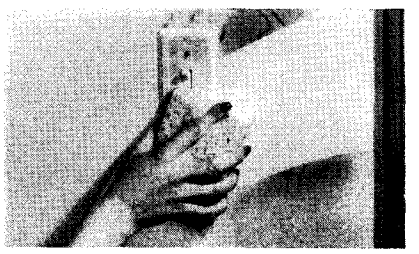

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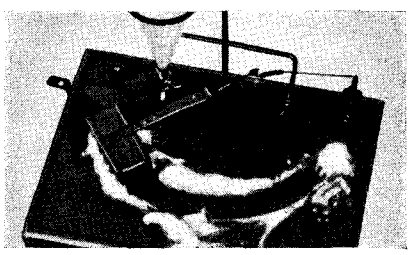

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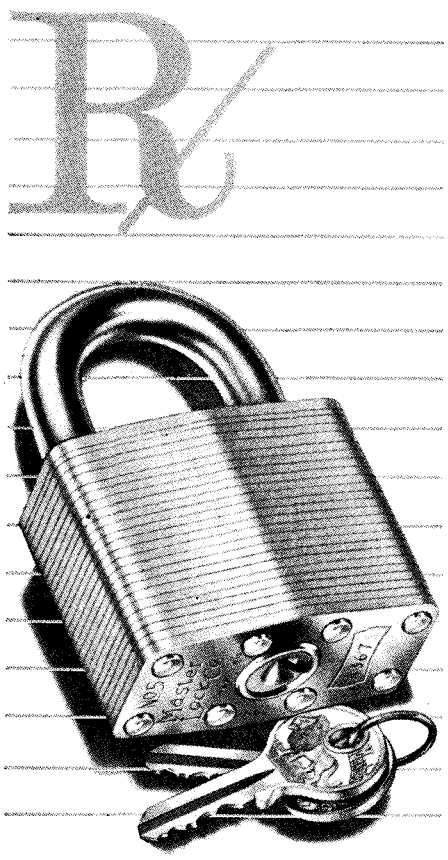

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ALWAYS ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT
MASTER LOCK CO., Milwaukee 45, Wis.
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(*Continued from Page 44*) who had done the searching and wanted to know how the secret drawer had escaped their attention. It hadn't, the detectives explained; they had located it, examined it and closed it, and it hadn't contained any envelopes at that time. The district attorney asked whether it held anything at all. One detective recalled having seen a lady's ornamental fan, and described it in detail. The district attorney checked back with Mrs. Crater. She corroborated the detective's statement in full.

This plainly meant that at some time between September 4, 1930 and January 21, 1931 someone, either the missing judge or a trusted person acting in his behalf, had gained entrance to the apartment, placed the four envelopes in the secret drawer and got away unnoticed. A piece of internal evidence in the confidential memorandum strongly indicated that the deed had been done prior to September tenth. The memorandum was a list of sums purportedly due Crater for personal loans (the biggest was for $6000) and for counsel fees in such legal proceedings as receiverships and bankruptcies. One entry was: "I loaned —— 5,000. His note is enclosed. It is to be paid Sept. 10. Be sure and get in touch with him. He will pay it at once."

The memorandum, maddeningly to the police, was itself undated. It may have been written before Crater's disappearance on August sixth or at some time between then and September ninth. It was scrawled in pencil on three sheets of legal foolscap, obviously when its author was in a highly nervous state. No firm inferences could be drawn from it. However, it did justify a guess that the author had reached an acute personal crisis and probably had been threatened with injury, disgrace or extinction.

For a long time after Crater's disappearance strangers were being mistaken for him all over the United States and in some foreign countries. The newspapers played up the police search, and the New York city fathers put up a $5000 reward. The desire to find the errant judge grew into a national craze like mah-jongg, and the staff of the Missing Persons Bureau was run ragged chasing down the more promising tips. One detective remarked glumly, "You name the place and the judge has been seen there."

The police department printed up more than 100,000 "Missing" circulars and flooded post offices, police forces and hotels with them. Postmasters in hunting areas were asked to call them to the attention of wilderness guides. Passport officers were asked to watch for suspicious applications. Passenger vessels tacked circulars on their bulletin boards, and this led to one of the Missing Persons Bureau's closest near-misses. The tip came from a Washington, D.C., matron who had just returned from a coastal cruise during which the desk-chair gossipers had spotted an affair between a neatly dressed man of middle age and a young woman who occupied adjoining staterooms. The man, according to the tipster, was the image of Crater as shown by the portrait on a "Missing" circular she had seen in the lounge—the high starched collar (Crater wore his to conceal a scrawny, size-14 neck), the disproportionally small head (Crater weighed 185 pounds and his hat size was 6⅝), the thinning dark hair parted in the middle, slightly flaring nostrils, the wide, sensual mouth, and so on.

The tipster had given the man's name and the number of his stateroom, and Detective Jacob von Weisenstein, to whom the lead was assigned, called at the ship line's offices. The records showed that the man was from a New England town and had given a business-building address. Von Weisenstein was in the town next forenoon and was elated to note on the lobby directory that the man was a lawyer. Five minutes later he was facing the man across his desk and was about to greet him with "Good morning, judge," when the lawyer stood up and extended his hand. He was Crater's double—except that he was shorter by a head. He readily admitted the shipboard dalliance and, because von Weisenstein looked so dejected over failure of his mission, took him out to lunch to cheer him up.

The relentless search had its humorous aspects. One of these began with the receipt of a letter from Georgia, which stated that a tall man, who looked like Crater and spoke like a Yankee, had for several months been living in a cabin some distance from Atlanta with a poor-white woman who took in washing. Von Weisenstein, arriving in Atlanta by train, rented a car and set out to follow the directions given in the letter. Soon he was in the Appalachian foothills, bumping over rutted roads. He found the cabin in a clearing. Beneath a big shade tree a dumpy muscular woman was bent over a washtub, scrubbing clothes in a stolid, mechanical manner. A big copper kettle boiled over an outdoor fire. Fifty yards away, under another shade tree, a man sat slouched in a rickety easy chair.

His suit was appallingly rumpled, and he was gazing through a rift in the trees at a faraway hill. He barely bothered to glance up as the detective walked toward him. One look at the lounger's face convinced the detective that he had drawn another blank, but his curiosity moved him to stay and ask a few questions. All the lounger would say was that he was from a Jersey suburb of New York, was an accountant by occupation and had always wanted to go off somewhere and dream.

"Haven't you ever wanted to squat and just let your mind wander?" he asked the visitor sharply.

Von Weisenstein replied that he often had, but had never got around to doing it.

"It does take a certain amount of enterprise," the man said. "If you haven't got it, you haven't got it."

The Crater search grew more and more costly, and after two or three years of frustration the city withdrew its $5000 reward and the Missing Persons Bureau ran down tips only in the metropolitan area. Tips from farther away were relayed to local cops for investigation. This method is still followed.

The durable Crater mystery has almost as many buffs as the exploits of the great fictional detective Sherlock Holmes, and they argue long and furiously about what became of him. Was he murdered by a gunman crouched in the dark recesses of the jumbo-sized cab? Or did he commit suicide, or flee to avoid becoming enmeshed in the reform movement already boiling up in what was to be known as the Seabury investigation? Was he taken to a gang hideout, rubbed out, packaged in a barrel of concrete and dumped into a river? Was he killed in resisting an ordinary holdup? Or for refusing to give in to blackmailers? This last theory's most informed proponent is Emil K. Ellis, lawyer for Stella Crater, who in 1938 had the missing judge declared legally dead, paving the way for her marriage to an engineer named Carl Kunz.

Less than a year ago one set of "he-was-murdered" buffs, using a map drawn by a Dutch clairvoyant without leaving Holland, dug up the yard of a Westchester County house where, the seer said, the body was buried. If it was, the digging party couldn't find it.

The inflow of tips today is small, according to Lt. John J. Cronin, the present head of the Missing Persons Bureau; but the Crater enigma still has drawing power. The expression "to pull a Judge Crater," or some variant of it, seems to be understood when used, as it sometimes is, by television and radio comics. And in the cast of the currently popular Broadway musical *Fiorello!* he appears under the slightly altered name of "Judge Carter"—a debut that must gratify the Broadway-loving Crater if he is still alive.

Joe loved the New York of the morally anarchic 1920's, surely one of the craziest decades in history. It was the decade of the easy buck, of the crowded speakeasies and of Prohibition bootleggers and their dolls; the era of gang assassinations, and Jimmy Walker in City Hall. Crater loved it all and he tried to embrace it all, but in the end it consumed him. He entered it a man, and all it left of him was a bloodless puzzle. THE END

"Relax. It's just milk."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ride a Golden Horse (Continued from Page 27)

games and fights and flights of the day were forgotten for just this while as the wild horses turned to the west and watched the changing of the hours. It was strange. They stood so still, so intent, so knowing. They didn't say what it meant to them, this good-by of the sun that was their friend. But if they had, no one would have heard but a boy.

He stood there alone in this place of loneliness where the sky was like a sea—shoreless and unknown. And the land was like a second sea—brown waves washed against isles of thorn and the reefs of stone where the horses stood. The boy watched the dark shadows of them. He watched the one standing apart, the stallion with the tail that lay along the ground, and he said, "Are you the one?"

And he waited for the answer that never came. He had been a boy-sized boy when first he'd asked that, and now he was almost man-sized and knew he wouldn't ever know—not for sure. He tried to remember if there was some other mark besides the length of tail and the look in the eyes and the stripe down the back. But it had been seven years ago, and he had only been a child. He had been hiding in the rocks of the wild-horse range from the whipping he was going to get when he got home and he came upon a mare and her colt, and they were dead. And he started to run away—because he was afraid of dead things—when the colt opened its eyes and looked at him. It wasn't dead; it was a little horse-child alone in this loneliness. And Chess remembered how it was when his mother died and he stopped and knelt and fell under a spell of magic. It was in the colt's eyes, like a fire burning there.

And the winds came to see and play with the colt's mane and tail that were longer than ever he'd seen, and the little horse struggled to meet the wind, to smell of its secrets and to snap at it as though the wind was his to tame. But he knew he was too young to tame it now, and he lay down again and watched the boy to see what it was that men were made to do.

And Chess said, "I found you, and that makes you mine. I have no brother and no friend and I would like to have you for my friend." He held out his hands. "See how delicate they are; I cannot make them strong. So, people say I'm weak. I've ridden a donkey since I was five, but I cannot ride a horse. It's not that I'm afraid of the horse; it's the ground going by so fast and far away and hard, and I am afraid of it. So, people call me a coward. I'm slow. I don't think of things right off. Like today—pa sent me to errand for him, and I had to go horseback. I know I'm always to have a drag rope to catch him by when I'm thrown, but I forgot. So when the horse threw me, I couldn't catch him. And I will be whipped when I get home; because if I'm whipped enough, maybe it will make me remember. You can see I am not much and not strong enough to keep you for my friend. I will give you to the wind."

And because he knew that a colt that isn't petted and fondled in its first night and day will be wild, Chess didn't lay a hand on it. He wanted to; he wanted to feel how warm and soft and strong it was. But he didn't touch it. He took his knife and cut the mare's mane and her lovely tail and he basket-wove them into a little hair blanket. It was very slippery and falling apart even before it was done, but it was enough to wrap around the colt's belly and keep the man-smell from laying on him as Chess picked him up and ran. The colt was surprisingly heavy and it kicked; it was almost too heavy, and Chess was running deeper into the wild-horse range and away from home, which would mean two whippings instead of one. But the magic of the colt was strong enough for both. And he ran and ran.

He ran until he sighted the wild-horse herd. He ran into the night, through the squealing and the neighing of the stallions, to the hour when even horses sleep. And he tiptoed until he heard the lazy swishing of a tail and a pawing at the ground and the soft insistence of a colt butting its mother. He had come to where the harem stood. And he laid the colt on the ground and he said without saying it at all, "Please God, let it find a mother who will be kind and give it milk."

And the prayer must have been answered, for when the morning came, there was no little orphan left behind, but only a black hair mat trampled in the dirt. And Chess ran to get it and keep it, so he couldn't ever forget that he had a friend.

... ...

For Posterity

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

(To a lady striving to preserve one of America's most beautiful wildflowers, threatened with extinction by over picking. She cultivates the seeds in her garden.)

She might have had
Her portrait painted
In bright-red velvet
To hang in the gallery.

Instead, she walks
Beside the brook,
To sow the seed
Of cardinal flower
Among the jewelweed.

... ...

And when the men of his pa's cow outfit found him, he was whipped—once for losing his mount and once for losing himself. For that was what he said he had done with the night, as there weren't words to tell how he could give a fine horse to the winds. Horses were worth twenty dollars, and who but a fool would throw twenty dollars to the wind?

That was seven years ago. And six years ago men began talking of a young horse on the wild-horse range that ran faster than the wind. He had eyes of fire and a coat that shone like the sun and the longest tail anyone had ever seen. And Chess heard and he ran to the wild-horse range, until he saw them standing there against the sun, and he cried, "Are you the one? Are you my friend? Did you live, and grow to be as fine as this?" The horses only turned and ran, for they knew no good of man. But the yearling waited longer than the rest. For just a moment he stood puzzling over the boy and then he snapped at the wind as though it were his. And he was gone.

That was six years ago. Five years ago men began hunting the horse. They named him and loved him and cursed him. And a legend was born. For this was the hunters' day, and anything that could be stronger than they became a legend and a challenge. And Chess watched in wonder and awe and no fear at all. For he believed in that gold-colored horse.

And he stood there now, smiling on it, not really needing the answer to his question, for the stallion always turned to look at him and bite the wind. And that was answer enough.

The sun had touched the earth, and the shadows grew longer and darker still, like men creeping to find the night. Chess saw them, yet didn't see them. He thought how like men they were, yet didn't see the men they were. He didn't see the guns.

Perhaps a pebble rolled and told; perhaps the angel of the lost was flying low. Chess turned and saw and screamed. And the herd fled over the sea of shadows toward the other end of their range thirty miles away.

And the men dashed in fury for their mounts, for they had been the first. But one stopped long enough to lay his hate and his lariat on the boy. "If you were a year older, I'd kill you for that! But you're still young enough to be a fool and live!"

Chess said, "Does saving a fine horse make one a fool. There are other horses for you to kill if you are a leather man, or hungry. There's your own horse."

"Kill? We wasn't about to kill him, but only to crease him and lay him down till our ropes was on him. Where's your eyes, fool? Can't you read what's written on the trees? There's five thousand gold for that horse alive and tied in a show wagon. Someone's going to get that spending money, and I aimed it to be me!" And he laid that lariat like lightning over the boy. Chess crouched, weeping on the ground, because out of the shadows his father had come. That was why he wept—not for the blows of a rope, but the blow of eyes seeing him helpless beneath an old man's whip.

But then the man and his rope were gone, for he too had seen Ollie Yalden. And Ollie Yalden was a legend of his own—and a power. He had lived through the Indian wars, the States' war and the furies that were left behind. He had fought in all the wars with courage and honor. Until now, he had been strong enough for two. And so the stranger hadn't killed Chess. He'd only wanted to.

Ollie Yalden sighed. It was a sad sound. He said, "I carved a home-place out of the unknown and I loved it and I was proud. And now I hate it all. I hate what my wife died for. For I must leave this, everything I worked for, to the man who comes after me. And what I have done, it seems, my son will throw away."

He looked at Chess then. "I have whipped you as this country whipped me when first I came. I have saved you from too many deaths, because you were young and because you were my son. And I waited. You are almost a man in years and bone, but still you are tears and untamed fears and foolish things. Are these only childish things, Chess, to be thrown away? Or is your age telling it true, and you are not a child, and these things are not to be thrown away, for they are you!"

He waited, and there was no word. Ollie Yalden said, "I was wrong. And I am tired—and too weak to fight it any more, for what is a father but the shadow of the son!"

Chess said, "Pa, I tried to be the boy you used to be. All the braveries people tell of you, I've tried on one by one. And none of them are mine, so it must be true that I am a coward or a fool or both."

They looked at each other, and Ollie Yalden said, "You saw how the horse Gateado has its hunters. Even the strong are hunted. And you will be hunted. For you will be richer than five thousand dollars. This land I own is a small state, and the hunters won't wait. They will take you first because you are easy and because after you are gone I will be easy. Nothing will matter, not even land I bled to buy. So it is plain that neither of us will grow old. But perhaps still we have the choice of choosing our hunters. As to being the prey there is no doubt.

"What will your hunter be? Will you be whipped to death by old men? Or shot by a coward? For cowards can hold guns too; in fact, they most always do, and that has been one of my hopes, because you couldn't hold a gun. Will you choose that men will be your end or will it be the elements or a fool's way?

"Will you be thrown and lost in a waterless place—and not think to dig because no one is there to tell you to? Or will you sleep in the dry of a river bed because the silt is so soft and comfortable a place, and forget that water can come from the hills faster than man or horse can run the distance it takes to escape drowning? Or will you sit on a log before you remember to look on its other side for the rattlesnake asleep in its shade? What is your choice, Chess? For you must make a choice; you are almost a man, and I am tired, and this is not an easy land. Here only the dead can rest."

It was wicked. It was a man killing his son because he loved him too much. It was the same thing that wrapped Chess's fingers about a gun when the horse Gateado was tied down until the only part of him he could move was his ears and his eyes and his teeth biting at the wind. For he was caught. He had to be. He was only a horse, and not a miracle.

The horse had killed the first two to lay rope on him—one because he was old and not quick, and the other because he was young and not wise. And the artist painting his picture on the wagon exultantly laid two dead men under his hoofs. I made a wonderful picture.

But out of the dust of every dead man, fifty had risen to take his place. And they ran that horse. They ran him till he dropped in his foam. Any other horse would have been ruined, but not Gateado. He had been born to run. But the foam was choking him, and he had to rest, and they got ropes on him. And the man who got his rope on him first stood there shouting for the gold. Oh, he was a rich man as he tied a neck rope to a boulder here and a leg rope to a boulder there, and riders were sent off to bring the freight wagon and everyone else for a hundred miles—even Ollie and Chess Yalden. And Chess was sick to his stomach. And Ollie looked at that horse and the way he had been run for no more reason than gold. And he said to the man dancing round his ropes, "I'll give you six thousand dollars."

And the man stopped dancing and figured out how much more six was than five. And he liked the sound of it. But just then the red-and-yellow wagon pulled up, and the man in the beaver hat said, "Seven. Seven thousand gold." For who would not come to see a seven-thousand-dollar horse?

Ollie Yalden never turned his head. He said, "Eight."

And the man in the beaver hat said, "Ten."

And Ollie Yalden didn't say anything at all, for he didn't have eleven thousand to give away—not just right off like that.

So the artist began painting in his two bags of gold beside the two dead men. And folk sat their horses in a great silent circle as the dancing man began edging toward ten thousand dollars. It was a pretty sight, for he had a good working horse. He had two of them, and when they were almost to the wagon, he got off the one and left it holding Gateado while he took the extra neck rope and ran it through the wagon and out the bars at the other end, and he and his second horse began pulling on that. And Gateado was so near to being choked dead that just as easy as tallow he dragged him up the ramp and into the wagon, and the door was shut. And he ran around, tying ropes here and there, (Continued on Page 56)

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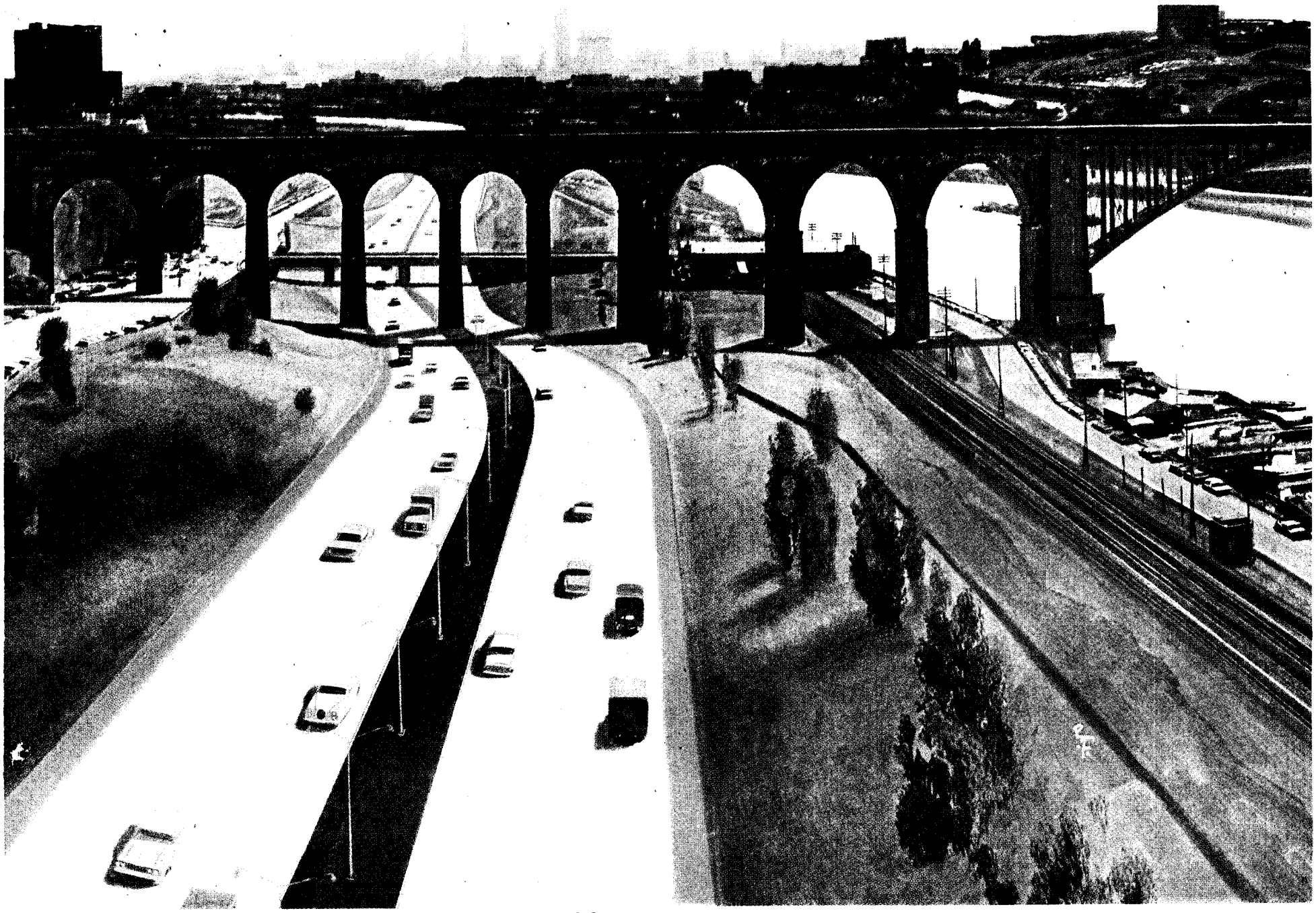

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(No pavement could be stronger even if carved from solid rock)

Driving time from the New York Thruway to Manhattan has been cut in half by this 8-mile stretch of Interstate System highway. Time once spent in traffic jams now gives drivers some *9 million* extra hours a year for their own pleasure.

It's a dramatic example of the benefits you'll get from the new 41,000-mile Interstate Highway System now being built. Time savings, yes—and easier driving, new comfort and far greater safety.

There's good reason why the preferred pavement for these roads is *new-type concrete*. For one thing, the smooth, level ride it gives—and will go on giving! Concrete starts out strong, keeps getting stronger—up to 20% stronger the first 5 years! Summer heat can't soften it, so no ruts and ridges. Winter can't rough it up, either, thanks to built-in protection from freezing and ice-melting salts.

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PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION *A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

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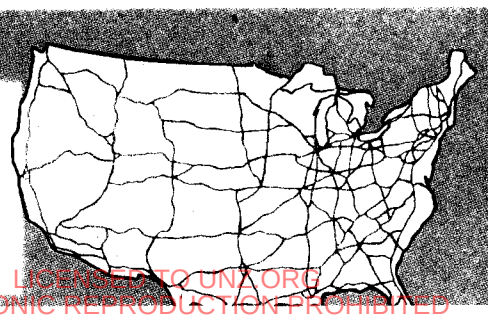

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NEW-TYPE Concrete

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Better looking

OFF

New Sylvania "satin finish" screen outmodes the glassy look of ordinary TV—adds new furniture beauty.

New Woodblend HaloLight frames the picture in a warm beige woodtone that is color-styled to blend beautifully with the cabinet.

New fine-furniture cabinetry—including models built by Heywood-Wakefield—is designed in a wide range of styles and finishes to grace any home.

New! Reflection-free TV

with shatterproof safety screen plus new Woodblend HaloLight

SYLVANIA

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Better looking ON

New Sylvania reflection-free picture does away with mirrorlike reflections that make viewing difficult on other TV.

New Woodblend HaloLight changes color, lights up to blend with the picture. Frames the big picture with soft, cool, eye-pleasing light.

Big squared 23″ screen (measured diagonally*) has a shatterproof safety shield bonded to the tube face. Gives a brighter, clearer, truer picture.

*275 sq. in. of viewing area

Model 23C35 in walnut veneer. Also available in other fine finishes.

Now, for the first time, you can enjoy a big squared 23″ TV picture with *no annoying glassy reflections from lamps, windows or interiors!*

The secret? Sylvania has developed a special safety screen with a "satin finish" that banishes distracting reflections forever! Bonded right to the 23″ picture tube, this shatterproof safety screen also prevents picture-dulling dust from being trapped on the tube face. Result: *you get a brighter, sharper picture for the life of the set.*

Surrounding the picture is the exclusive new Sylvania Woodblend HaloLight, an amazing frame of cool light that blends with the picture when the set is on—makes viewing easier on the eyes. When the set is off, Woodblend HaloLight turns off and changes to a warm beige color that blends with the fine-furniture cabinet.

Only Sylvania gives you both 23″ and 19″ reflection-free TV.

See an amazing off/on demonstration of reflection-free TV at your Sylvania dealer's. When you do, most dealers will give you a complimentary bottle of Lanvin "My Sin" perfume. Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, New York.

Subsidiary of

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GENERAL SYSTEM

Compare!

Ordinary TV reflects light from lamps, windows, interiors. What's more, the picture is "boxed in" by darkness . . . less satisfying to watch.

Sylvania TV is reflection-free! And it's even easier to watch when framed by new Woodblend HaloLight surround-lighting.

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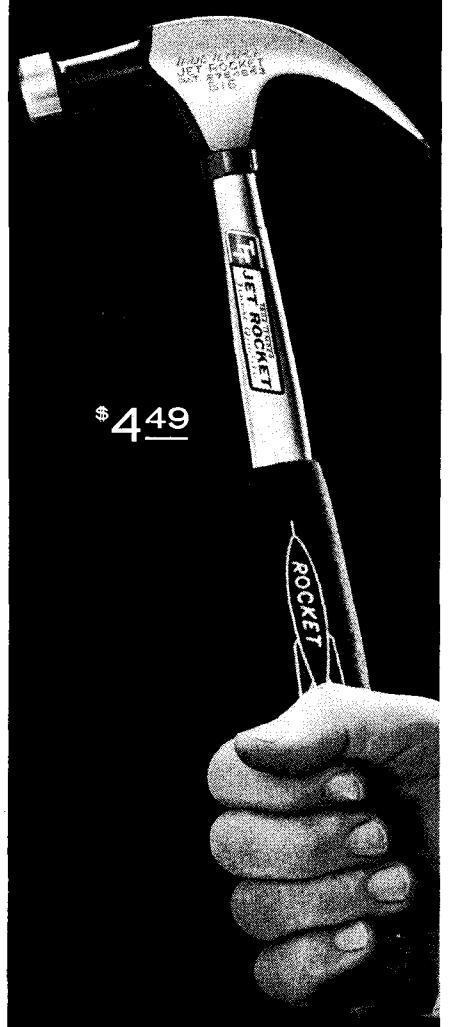
SHAKE HANDS WITH A JET ROCKET...



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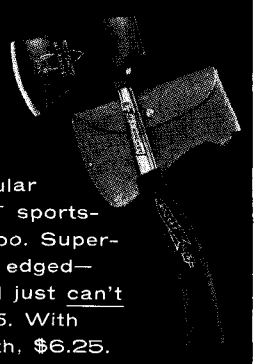
...and you'll never want to drive another nail with a lesser hammer! The comfortable cushion grip seems to grip back—and suddenly you're looking forward to the next hammering job.

You can feel the dynamic power and balance in this famous tool. You'll enjoy the aliveness of the JET ROCKET as it centers the power of your swing, and absorbs impact shocks.

Head is permanently locked to tubular-steel handle. Grip won't slip, even when wet. Shake hands with a JET ROCKET at your hardware store today. True Temper, 1623 Euclid Ave., Cleveland 15, O.



See the popular JET ROCKET sportsman's axe, too. Super-strong, keen edged—and the head just can't fly off. $5.25. With leather sheath, $6.25.

TRUE TEMPER®
THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

(*Continued from Page 52*) because there had to be five of them secure before he got those bags of gold. And folks were just a mite disappointed, for Gateado had been so brave a legend.

The man tied the neck rope first, and then the two front legs. That was his mistake, for a horse doesn't use his hind legs for sipping tea. They lashed out and tried the bars; and they seemed strong enough, so the stallion tried the wooden wall. He went right through, one hoof here, one there, like meteors brightening up a night. And all the time the man who was trying to get those ropes was jumping up and down, and the people shouted and laughed, for who is going to rush to save someone else's ten thousand dollars?

That was how Gateado got away. And men had thought about that—Ollie Yalden for one. He eased his horse out of the ring and got his rope so he could swing. And two brothers on the other side were doing the same and they were watching Ollie. And Gateado was looking over his shoulder and watching the hole he was carving, and he tore the tied ropes loose and jumped out and was free, except for the one more dead man he had to cross. For the dancing man who had almost touched a fortune couldn't let it go, not even if he had to hold it with his bare hands.

Ollie Yalden was the first after him. But the two brothers had thought of that. One roped Ollie right off his horse, while the other roped Gateado, and the both kept roping and tying. Before the horse could do anything but scream, they had eight ropes on him, and all he could move was his ears and his eyes and his teeth, biting for men. And the brothers said they'd be pleased to sell him for ten thousand dollars. Gold. They'd have the money or Gateado's leather. And to make sure that eight ropes were enough, and no one would have to take watch and watchabout, they got teams and moved boulders until there was a rock corral like a mountain around him. And they topped that with a few loads of cactus and horned skulls lying here and there. And the brothers said they'd give a thousand dollars to anyone who would go rip up a railroad spur, wherever there might be one, and bring a smith and let him bar up a cage that would be stronger than a train and could be pulled right over the horse as he stood. They were clever-thinking men. This time there wasn't any doubting about it being their gold.

And everyone wanted to be their friend and set them up for a drink or two, for the drinking parlors had brought out their barrels. And the Eating Palace had brought a kettle and beans and butchered a steer, and the tonsorial parlor brought its mugs and perfumes, and the gamblers some cards and tricks, and it was like fair time.

The fires burned all night and the night beyond, and the laughter was louder than it should be, for a beast that had been stronger than all wasn't any more. And a man—he wasn't rich enough to buy the horse he wanted, wasn't strong enough to take it and he had been laid in the dirt, and the men who did it lived. People shrugged and looked at the son and said, "Blood will tell." And it was a good-tasting bitterness on their tongues, for it is a pleasant thing to watch the crumbling of a king.

And Ollie Yalden sat his horse and listened and watched his son, standing by the great iron cage that was almost done. Chess walked inside and tried it bar by bar. Then he went to the rock corral and climbed up on the jumble of horns.

It was sunset and the time of the wild horses. Only Gateado had been tied to the east, so even this had been stolen from him—the last sunset. And he was grieving for it. It was the loneliest look that Chess had ever seen.

And he ran to his father and he said, "Pa, is it true that things can die of no more than a broken heart?"

And his father said he thought it could be true. And he looked at his boy he didn't know, at the urgency that had made him forget he was shy. Ollie Yalden slid off his horse. He said, "The will to live is sometimes so strong that things will die for it—the wild, free things that are not born to be caged and cannot understand that all of us are caged. There are bars of iron about each of us. You are bound by everything people thought you ought to be because you are your father's son. And I am bound by everything people want to take from me because I have been strong too long." And he thought about that. "The horse Gateado has the easier cage. Come let us roll in our blankets and sleep."

They walked beyond the fires and rolled in their saddle blankets, and Chess said he was cold and asked to sleep close to his father—so close his hand lay on the gun in the gun belt under his father's head. And when Ollie was breathing slow enough to be asleep, Chess pulled out the gun and tiptoed into the night.

He went to the rock corral and crawled up and over and down into the blackness of it. And he said, "If your heart is too strong to die, I will set you free. I have a gun, and there are two bullets in it." And he thought about what two men would do if, instead of ten thousand dollars, all they had was leather. And he knew. The prey had chosen its hunters. And he was not afraid. And after a little he said, "But tonight we are alive and together and we will talk of what might have been."

And he told of the colt he had wanted for his friend. Only he'd been too poor and weak a thing to own and guard a friend. And he told about men, about their gold and their measures—about his father and how Chess had cried because he could not be like him.

And the horse blew softly in his nose, testing to see if there was breath enough. And he snapped his teeth to see if the taste of freedom was in them still.

And the boy and the night listened. Then, the boy began talking again, for it seemed easy to talk once you started. He said, "Do you know what men call you? They say you are an honest horse because you know what you are. You have counted out all your talents and you tell what they are and you are what you are."

He looked at his hands, as though he had never seen them before—as he never really had, for all his life he had measured only the talents he didn't own. He had never been honest with himself, but only tried to be a counterfeit. He looked at the horse and its talents, and he said, "I have a talent too. I have gentle hands." And he searched all inside himself to see if there might be another talent. And he found understanding for the lost and lonely. He had two talents, and that ought to be enough for any man.

And he crouched there looking at the horse, for he had talked the night away, and it was the time just before the morning, the time when ghosts can be seen and before you can know they are only mist. And he saw all the things that used to be when the horse was second only to God, when his name was the same as God. That was what the Indian called the horse, and how he loved him. One does not beat down gods. And so, for his horse, the fierce Indian had only held gentle hands—for his horse and his son. It was the way he tamed them. And Chess thought about that, but still he talked—little cooings and softlings of words that had nothing to tell but love, as the sound of the anvil thundered over the land, louder than a boy voice or the roaring of a gun if one should roar.

The cage was finished, even to ankle irons. And they dragged it to the rock corral and began tearing an opening. And they were so busy huffing and puffing they didn't notice Chess against the inside wall. He looked as though he slept. And the horse Gateado, tied rigid in his ropes, seemed to be sleeping too.

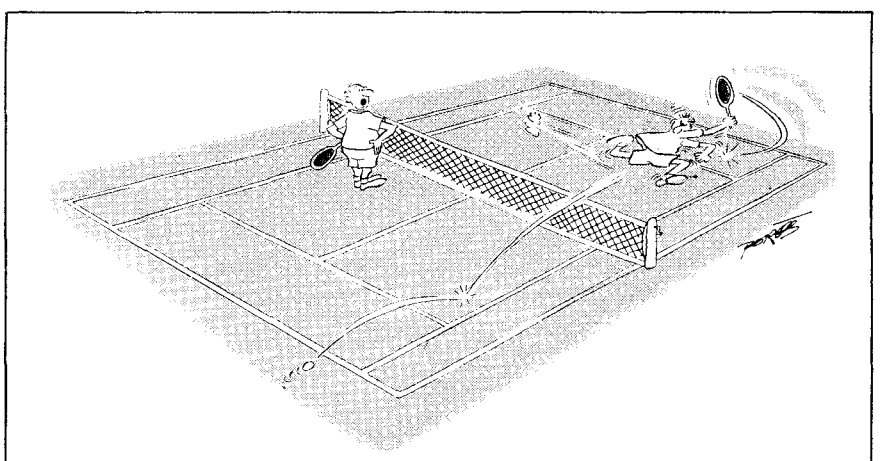
And the brothers yelled, "Ho!" so every shoulder would bend and push the cage through and over the horse like a sock coming over a leg. And they got their knives to cut the ropes as the bars passed. But before the cage could move, there came the softest sound, like a hissing.

"No!" The leaning men leaned a little more. And it came again. "How can a man have a thing to sell if all he owns of it is the wrapping?"

The brothers cursed their way into the corral. A hundred men tore their clothes and hands crawling over the rocks and cactus and horns to see if what they'd heard was what they heard. And they saw the horse Gateado drowsing in his ropes and they saw the boy Chess drowsing against the wall and the brothers lifting him up by the coat on the point of their knives. He hung there between them like a long, thin sack of meal. And one of the brothers slapped him across the mouth, for slapped mouths usually say what you want them to say. And sure enough, this mouth said something.

It said, "The ropes are yours. But the horse Gateado is mine. And he is not for sale."

This time the slap was harder. It blooded him and sent him into the dirt. And the horse Gateado opened his eyes to watch. And a hundred men turned to watch Ollie Yalden, and Ollie Yalden watched his son as he was laid in the dirt and drawn upon. (*Continued on Page 59*)



"Your point!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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. . . his responsibilities grow!

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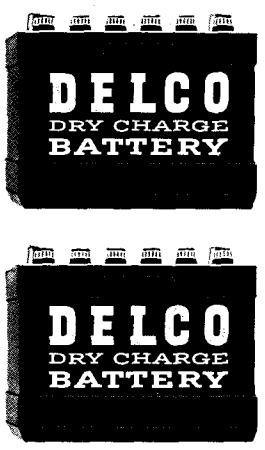

FREE BATTERY CHECK VALIDATES YOUR ENTRY WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN

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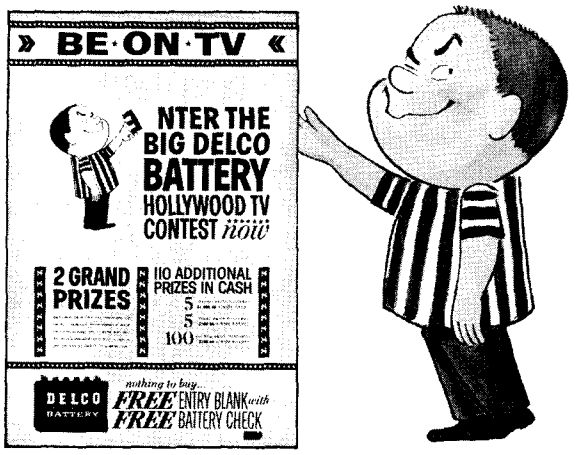

2 GRAND PRIZES FOR FIRST 2 LUCKY WINNERS ★★★★★

APPEAR ON 1 OF DELCO'S 2 NEW TV SHOWS, "STAGECOACH WEST" OR "THE ISLANDERS"

See STAGECOACH WEST TUESDAYS, ABC-TV

Watch THE ISLANDERS SUNDAYS, ABC-TV

★EACH GRAND PRIZE INCLUDES:

A fabulous, expense paid trip for two to Hollywood • Winners appear on one of Delco's two new TV shows or other ABC-TV show • Seven days for two in a Hollywood luxury hotel • A night out on the town with TV stars • Plus $2,000.00 cash!

★110 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

5 SECOND PRIZE WINNERS...$1,000.00 CASH EACH!

5 THIRD PRIZE WINNERS...$500.00 CASH EACH!

100 FOURTH PRIZE WINNERS...$100.00 CASH EACH!

These facts about Delco Dry Charge batteries can help you complete the winning jingle!!!!!

Delco is a dry charge battery. That means it's 100% fresh when installed to give you all the power you pay for ■ Modern cars with their high compression engines and power equipment demand the extra dependable power that's built into Delco Dry Charge batteries ■ You'll find a Delco under the hood of nearly half the new cars on the road today . . . tremendous additional proof of Delco quality ■ Independent surveys show Delco to be the No. 1 choice for replacement among car owners over all other national manufacturers' brands ■ Delco Batteries are manufactured under General Motors rigid quality standards.

Now complete the jingle on the entry blank at right and take it to your Delco Battery dealer. He'll check your battery free and validate your completed entry blank for you. Good luck!

DELCO BATTERIES ARE ANOTHER RELIABLE GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT... MANUFACTURED BY DELCO-REMY DIVISION, DISTRIBUTED NATIONALLY THROUGH GM U-M-S UNITED MOTORS SYSTEM

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(*Continued from Page 56*) for the brothers held guns. And Chess looked at them and went on sleeving off the blood, but he never moved his right hand that still stayed in his coat pocket.

He said, "I stole my pa's gun last night, for I thought I might have some killings to do. I don't know how I'll do, for I've never killed before. But I might have beginner's luck." And he smiled like he wasn't afraid at all—to kill or die, whichever it was to be. And he wasn't. For what the brothers couldn't see beneath the coat was that the gun was pointed at Gateado, there just between the fire of his eyes. And Chess said, because he had figured it all out before. "I wonder if the papers back East would like to know that Mr. Barnum bought a stolen horse for his two bags of gold."

Ah! The papers back East that thought all the world was their prey and that they were stronger than gold, or boys or even men with guns.

And the man in the beaver hat said, "I saw them rope him, and that is all one has to do to own a wild horse. Who says they do not own him?"

"The horse. And horses are honest, and men can lie. The brothers' ropes say he is theirs; my tongue says he is mine. Let us prove who lies. Let the horse have his say. Let him sit his master on his back."

A hundred tongues licked as many lips and said, "Let the horse have his say!" For if there was one thing the West liked better than living, it was seeing how fools died. So, they looked at the freight wagon with the remnants of three dead men painted on its splinters and they yelled, "Let the horse decide!"

And Ollie Yalden said not a word. He'd told enough when he told his son to choose his hunters. He'd heard enough when he pretended sleep to know what had wrapped his boy's hand about a gun; and he heard him talking a horse all the long of a night, doing what he didn't know he did—for horses like to be talked to most of all. It seems that words soothe the furies in them. So Ollie Yalden clung to the skull he crouched on, and people watched him watching that horse and they watched him watching his son, and an uneasiness crept round that throng, for there was something to see here that they didn't see.

The brothers looked to the mounds no one had bothered to put crosses on and they said no. "The ropes are ours—that is proof enough!"

Chess picked up one of the knives. "I'll give you back your ropes, and that will be a better proof."

They meant to, they could have shot him right then—only there is a fascination that holds one rigid watching a man walking to his death.

Chess cut the neck ropes from the boulders and he bundled them and walked along them, closer and closer still, not a stalking walking, but a strolling—like a man who has no place to go and all of a lifetime to go it in. He reached the end of the rope and laid a hand on the gold-colored horse that was still tied too tight to do any more than scream and tremble. All of him trembled as though a great illness had come upon him as the boy's hand smoothed over his body—slowly, gently.

And the throng held its breath and watched and knew what he was doing. For most had heard of how the Indians tamed their horses; for with the scalps of all his battles plain on his lance, an Indian didn't need to break his horse with fury. He didn't have to ride him down to prove his strength; he could gentle him and not be ashamed, as Chess wasn't ashamed. For he had two talents and he laid them on that horse, on every inch of him. He crawled under the belly, he laid his hands in the warmth of the thighs, he cut the ropes. One by one he dropped them in a little pile like dead snakes. And then he came to the ropes on the hind legs that had crushed three skulls. He leaned his cheek against one leg, and there were men later who said he cried. Surely he was trembling, as the horse trembled.

And when he found he wasn't dead, Chess stood and laid his arms across the horse's back, lifting himself a little, hardly more than tiptoe. He did it again and again, each time a mite higher, until he raised his leg and sat that horse. And the beast's eyes showed more white than dark as Chess closed his knees and wrapped his fingers in the thick of the mane. The ears were so far back that he did not seem to have ears, and he pawed the ground. Chess lay along his neck and said things men couldn't hear because of a shout from that throng—for if there's one thing the West liked better than most, it was a strong man being strong.

But the brothers yelled and cursed in fury—and poverty. "It's a trick! He's a horse thief!" And they triggered their guns, for anyone has the right to kill a horse thief.

One bullet went for the heart and one for the head, for the brothers always worked in a team like that.

The real memory experts on television are the ones who select the movies for the late show.

PHIL H. TUSETH

But Chess had known he was the prey; he knew his hunters, and that the moment he sat that horse he would be dead—if he sat there longer than it took to trigger a gun. He didn't wait. Just as though he had practiced it most of his life, Chess fell off the horse and let the bullets find some place else to go. But as he landed, he grabbed hold of the mane like it was a drag rope and he yelled, "How do you want to be dead, from the front hoofs or the hind?" And he touched the horse, not with a firm gentleness, but with a tiny, hating tickling like the biting of a fly, and up went those front hoofs in a terrible climb. And away went the brothers, as if they just remembered they'd promised the smith a thousand dollars to make an iron cage out of any handy railroad track. And Chess stood there quiet and safe beneath those hoofs, for he had built a stronger cage.

And the man in the beaver hat looked on and puzzled over his bags of gold, and men crowded around Ollie Yalden so he could know they were his friends, and said what a wonderful son he had and how blood will tell. They didn't know how he'd done it, but he'd won again.

And he looked round this land he had carved out of the unknown of a wilderness. And he looked at the man his son had carved out of the unknown of a boy. And he said, "Chess, I only hope it can be true that a father can be the shadow of his son."

And Chess looked at the pride in his father's eyes, and for a moment he cried, and he climbed on the stallion and walked him out of the corral into the west. They went slowly, awkwardly, because he was lame from being tied too long—or maybe it was only that they would learn of this new world together just step by step.

THE END

BE ON TV

★★★★★ EASY TO ENTER ★ NOTHING TO BUY ★ ENTER NOW ★★★★★

Official Contest Rules . . .

1. How to enter Print or type a last line for the jingle that rhymes with time. Print or type your name and address on the entry. Take your entry to your nearest DELCO Battery dealer, and have him check your battery free. Ask him to stamp or write his name and address in the space provided to validate your battery inspection. Use this entry blank, or get one from your DELCO Battery dealer. No purchase required. ***2. Where to send entry after completion*** Place your entry in an envelope, and affix a 4c stamp. Address it to DELCO "HOLLYWOOD TV CONTEST" P.O. BOX 8338, CHICAGO 77, ILLINOIS. ***3. Contest dates*** Contest begins September 1, 1960 and ends October 31, 1960. Entries must be postmarked before midnight October 31, 1960 and received not later than November 7, 1960. ***4. Who can enter*** Contest is open to any person, 18 years or older, living in any of the 50 States in the U.S.A., except employees of the United Motors Service Division, General Motors Corporation, its advertising agencies, DELCO jobbers, agents and dealers (retail or wholesale) and their employees, employees of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, or the immediate families of any of the above. ★ Except for incidental help from members of the family, entry must be composed by the contestant and entered in his or her name. All entries become the property of the sponsor, and none will be returned, nor correspondence entered into about them. ★ By entering the contest, entrant agrees to be bound by contest rules and winning entrants give permission to publish his or her name, entry and/or likeness. ***5. Judging of entries*** All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, an independent contest judging organization. Determination of winners will be based solely on:

a. Appropriateness (specific reference to the attributes of the subject) . . . Up to 20 points
b. Freshness (interest, creativeness, "sparkle") . . . . . Up to 30 points
c. Clarity (suitable and effective use of words) . . . . . Up to 35 points
d. Sincerity (believability) . . . . . Up to 15 points

Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Contest does not apply in state of New Jersey and is subject to all Federal, State and local regulations. ***6. Prizes*** Two grand prizes: Each winner receives one full week, expense paid trip for two persons to be taken before May 31, 1961. One will consist of a trip to the Hollywood location of a new TV show called "Stagecoach West," produced by Four Star. The other will be a trip to the Hollywood location of "The Islanders," produced by MGM. Unmarried winners under 21 years of age must be accompanied by parent or guardian. If for any reason winner cannot appear on either "Stagecoach West" or "The Islanders," winner may appear on another ABC television show. ★ Each grand prize winner will receive a cash award of $2,000.00 and an appearance on the TV show. ★ Other prizes will include 5 second place awards of $1,000.00; 5 third place awards of $500.00 and 100 fourth place awards of $100.00. ★ Winners will be notified by mail, telegram or in person within 60 days after contest closes. List of winners will be sent to any contestant who encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope with a request for this information. Tax liability on prizes is the winner's sole responsibility.

Delco "Hollywood TV Contest," P.O. Box 8338, Chicago 77, Illinois

Official Entry Blank

Here is my completed entry for the Delco Battery Hollywood TV Contest.

I like what Delco does for me
It's year-round start security
Saves me money, saves me time

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(Last line to rhyme with time)

DELCO DRY CHARGE BATTERY

"TAKE ME TO YOUR DEALER"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
I had my battery checked by: _____ (Dealer's Name) _____ (Address)

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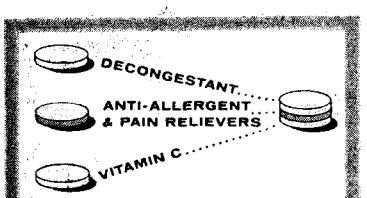
Here's new relief from miseries of HAY FEVER

AND OTHER POLLEN ALLERGIES

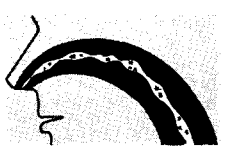
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on CRITICAL AREAS of POLLEN IRRITATION

Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN: 1. DECONGESTS swollen nasal passages. Unblocks congestion *deep* in the nose-sinus area where sprays and mists may not reach. 2. RELIEVES watery, itchy eyes... checks sniffles, sneezing... restores free breathing. 3. PROTECTS against further pollen irritation. This season, you don't *have* to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies. DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets ... remarkable medical achievement ... bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic actions reach *all* delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues ... drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. *This* is DRISTAN's kind of relief ... swift, prolonged, effective. Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And ... *important* ... accept no substitutes!

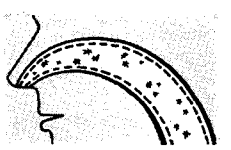


THIS EXCLUSIVE DRISTAN TABLET FORMULA CANNOT BE DUPLICATED!

DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet*. Accept no substitute.



BEFORE: With hay fever and other pollen irritations, sensitive nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell, passages clog, breathing becomes difficult.



AFTER: Swollen membranes decongested, drained by DRISTAN. Swelling is reduced, free breathing restored. And a protective barrier guards against further pollen irritation.

There's Nothing Like

DRISTAN® *Decongestant Tablets*

Life Inside a Glacier

(Continued from Page 25)

Jamesway huts on June 14, 1959. Key weapons for the attack against the icecap were three powerful Swiss excavating machines, called Peter "snow millers," that had been used successfully in keeping Alpine passes open during severe winters. A single machine can dig a gash 300 to 350 feet long in a glacier in an hour. If the machine is maneuvered over the same path again and again, the cut can be made as deep as required.

The "cut and cover" technique, developed by SIPRE after several years of tunneling experiments in Greenland, has been successful at Century. Open trenches up to twenty-eight feet deep and many hundreds of feet long were cut into the icecap. These were then capped with corrugated-iron arches, which were in turn covered by a thick layer of previously excavated snow. When "millered" back in a spray from the Peter machines, the snow refroze into solid roofs capable of withstanding pressures exceeding 100 pounds per square inch.

The roaring Swiss plows first gouged out the 1100-foot central trench and four smaller tunnels that led off like side streets. Then a wooden "pavement" was laid in the "Main Street" so that tracked weasel vehicles could clatter in with work gangs and construction equipment. Power lines for 1000-watt flood lamps sprouted along every roof, and wooden walks four feet wide unrolled down the side of every tunnel.

Before he could begin installing his T-5 plywood prefabs, Tom Evans and his crew assembled three cylindrical metal escape hatches—eventually there were fifteen. These housed circular stairways leading up to the surface through holes cut in the millered snow roofs. Ignoring the screaming arctic winds that whistled eerily through the openings, the engineers worked carefully to make these emergency exits perfect. They knew that these narrow, dark pipes would be their only hope if storm, cave-in or enemy action blocked the ramps to the surface.

The second precaution was to dig air wells, fourteen inches in diameter and forty feet deep, into the floor of each tunnel. A subsurface base such as Camp Century requires large quantities of fresh air, but there's so much blowing snow on the icecap that the metal roll-up garage doors at the ramp entrances have to be closed most of the time. In the relatively balmy forty-degree days of July and August, there is danger that warm air from the surface might cause the tunnel walls or ceiling to soften, warp or even collapse. Temperature in the caves must be kept below freezing, and Polar Research plans to maintain a brisk twenty degrees inside Century. Suction fans in the air wells pull plenty of fresh, snow-cooled, healthfully filtered air directly out of the porous subsurface snow. Warm air is allowed to escape through roof vents. The glacier itself is more than 5000 feet thick, serving as a magnificent natural air conditioner.

Also Camp Century is a good place for those suffering from asthma or hay fever. The atmosphere is free of any dust or pollen. It is so dry, however, that men in the tunnels develop a terrific thirst. In the early days, a few careless GI's were getting weak from dehydration until they were reminded to partake of the vast quantities of fruit juice and soft drinks served at every meal in the surface-camp mess hall.

A typical day's menus for the Polar-Research men may shock diet-conscious civilians, but Century construction work is so hard and caloric requirements in the cold caves so high that every engineer draws one and a half times the normal Army rations. Here is what "Kerkering's ice worms" pack away in three ordinary meals.

Breakfast: Tumblers of tomato juice, fried eggs and bacon, hot cakes with syrup, hot biscuits with butter, bread with jam or jelly and coffee.

Lunch: Two huge hamburgers, macaroni and cheese, creamed corn, lettuce salad with Russian dressing, pickles, carrots and olives, sliced peaches, lemonade cooled by chunks of glacial ice, milk and coffee.

Dinner: Steaks, mashed potatoes and gravy, peas, stewed tomatoes, lettuce salad, hot biscuits with butter, ginger cake, sliced pineapple, fresh oranges and apples, grape juice cooled by cubes of icecap, and coffee.

The portions are enormous. Camp Century is probably one of the few places in the world where soldiers are asked, "One steak or two?" With an October-first deadline for completion of the base, Evans and his crews are working shifts around the clock. A fourth meal is served at midnight for men working on the late shift. The midnight snack usually consists of thick chunks of ham with scrambled eggs, jumbo hamburgers or some other rib-sticking fare.

Colonel Kerkering, a battle-tested Pacific veteran who knows what can happen to morale at a remote outpost, has insisted that every GI going up for duty on the Greenland glacier be evaluated by Army psychiatrists. This policy has paid off. "Careful screening has kept emotional problems down to the military average," Kerkering told a Pentagon visitor recently. "We also keep the men fully occupied with plenty of work so they can't dwell on their minor problems. The very good food helps, and now we're adding all kinds of hobbycraft facilities. But the first thing is to keep the men busy."

Tom Evans has had no difficulty in applying his commander's ideas. The Century construction crews work a ten-, twelve- or sixteen-hour day without thinking twice about it. Many of the new men spending their first summer in the arctic—there was only one shift then—were so confused by the twenty-four hours of daylight that they kept hammering and digging until they were nearly exhausted before they discovered it was two or three o'clock in the morning. Even Colonel Kerkering fell into this trap when he first reached Greenland.

There are two other factors that make life on the tunnel project exhausting. An astonishing amount of heavy clothing is required to protect a man against the weather. Every GI is equipped with $213.62 worth of arctic gear, including long underwear, wool ski socks, trouser liners and trousers, olive-green wool shirts, felt boots and inflatable rubber "Vapar" boots, field jacket, fur parka, leather gloves, trigger mittens, arctic mittens, thick cap and sun glasses. As if all these bulky garments and protective items weren't enough to make a soldier feel clumsy and leaden-footed, there's the additional problem that Camp Century is being built 6200 feet above sea level. That's nearly 1000 feet higher than Denver, and the thin air makes the construction men short-winded as they slog across the glacier to the tunnel ramps. Their boots grow heavier yard by yard as snow clutches at the soles.

It is even worse when the knife-edged wind coming across the endless naked miles of frozen icecap rips into the Century construction camp. Polar Research

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grades the Arctic storms as "phases." Phase One describes comparatively harmless breezes up to thirty-five mph. Phase Two covers those between thirty-five and fifty-five mph, during which men leave shelter only on urgent business, while Phase Three refers to blows of more than fifty-five mph. When these hit, everyone remains indoors. Century gets plenty of the lethal Phase Three winds between November and March.

At the moment, Evans and his engineers have to make do without bathing facilities; they are using sleeping bags instead of bunks, and almost everybody has insomnia caused by daylight streaming in the windows after midnight. Later on, troops in the Camp Century tunnels will live extremely well in the insulated T-5 prefabs. The buildings were assembled in the United States, with every piece of furniture and equipment in place before being broken down for shipment to Greenland. Every detail of the heating, lighting, plumbing, ventilation and fire-fighting systems has been checked. Four of the houses scheduled for use as quarters are already reassembled under the snow. They are all raised four feet off the tunnel floor and are spaced four feet from tunnel walls so that heat from the buildings will not melt the ice.

They are modern dormitories, not old-fashioned barracks. The buildings are twelve feet high, sixteen feet wide and seventy-six feet long, and each contains a recreation room and five electrically heated cubicles twelve feet wide and thirteen feet long. Each cubicle is furnished with double-decker bunks, rug, wooden dresser, metal wall locker, mirror, straight chair and an overhead lamp. A green, fire-retardant Fiberglas drapery covers each doorway, providing some privacy.

The prefabs that will be used as the hospital, gymnasium and library are already assembled, but their interior equipment hasn't arrived yet. Although there will be a doctor in residence under the glacier, the Army anticipates a low rate of illness. The cold and the isolation should keep communicable diseases to a minimum. Once the bar bells, mechanical bicycle and weight-lifting equipment arrive, it is expected that the gym will be used a great deal, especially since Polar Research officers are committed to encourage the "ice worms" to get plenty of exercise.

"We know that men can turn soft and balloon up twenty or thirty pounds as a result of the sedentary existence," Colonel Kerkering has warned Tom Evans and the rest of the PRDC staff. There is also the danger that the Century garrison will continue to eat prodigiously out of habit or boredom even after the construction is over.

Evans and his second-in-command, Lt. Peter Moulton, are also concerned about the problem of getting the men out of the tunnels for sunshine. "It'll be so much more comfortable down below," Evans says, "that we may have to force some men to go topside by direct order. If we don't, they could turn into fat, pale slugs."

Neither Kerkering nor Evans expects the tunnel residents to surface very often during the vicious storms that rage almost daily between November and March. To keep the subsurface soldiers occupied and diverted, there will be table tennis and billiards, a hobby shop, short-wave receivers to bring in music from the Thule Air Force Base transmitter and Radio Moscow, and nightly movies. There will also be a post exchange.

Camp Century will have the first hot showers ever installed inside a glacier. The Engineer Research and Development Laboratory designed an ingenious steam drill that burned a well about four feet in diameter and 165 feet down into the ice-cap. There the bit melted a pool forty-four feet across and thirty-six feet deep. The bit stays in position, preventing the water from freezing. According to ERDL sanitation expert Joseph Kumbar, one of the handful of civilian technicians at Century today, the well will provide tunnel residents daily with 10,000 gallons of the purest water in the world. The well is already serving the basic needs of the surface construction camp.

Every officer who visits Century makes a point of inspecting Kumbar's fascinating steam rig. Some are impressed by its ingenuity, and others thoughtfully study a provocative pin-up photo carefully fastened nearby. Not long ago, the bit was removed from the shaft, and Joe Kumbar was lowered into his well in a parachute harness for a routine inspection mission. The winch operator became preoccupied—with the distracting photo, GI's say—and dropped Kumbar so far and so fast that he came within three feet of being dashed to death against the bottom, which had frozen over when the bit was removed. He bounced up and down in his harness like a Yo-yo before he was hauled up to safety. This grim experience didn't frighten Kumbar at all—he says. The photograph still hangs proudly in the pump house.

Water from the well eventually will serve the mess hall, the showers and Century's two large latrines. Heated wooden pipes now being installed will carry the base's garbage and sewage out to the surface many hundreds of yards from the nearest tunnel. There the waste will be dumped into the snow to sink into the mile-thick glacier. Century will have a compact modern laundry with big automatic washers and dryers. It will draw on the same well and pour out soapy water into the same large natural dump in the icecap.

Mixed with antifreeze, well water will be stored in the tank of the carbon-dioxide-gas-powered sprinkler system that is designed to protect every plywood prefab from fire. Colonel Kerkering and Evans agree that fire is the greatest hazard faced by Camp Century, for a subsurface blaze could cause the tunnels to collapse, with terrible casualties. If a fire should get out of control there are asbestos curtains to seal off every tunnel junction to prevent flames from spreading.

Night Traffic

By Louis J. Sanker

Over fog-hung fields and
rain-soaked turf,
The highway has the sound
of surf:
The rampant ocean's
mounting din,
As the tide of traffic
thunders in;
Long combers crashing in
the street —
Then the swish of waters
in retreat.
I hear the whispered wash
of sand
From the gull-loud beach of
a far-off land.
Yet lips are parched; and
wind's at fault,
Wanting smell of sea and
tang of salt.

Hold it!

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New Scripto Escort

THE ONLY BALL PEN WITH ALL THESE FEATURES:

1. Long brass Filter Tip that filters ink clean to the last drop

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In case flames or explosions wreck one or more shafts, Evans's surviving platoons have orders to try to escape up the hatches to a prepared emergency shelter on the glacier a few hundred yards from Camp Century. This hut will be stocked with canned rations, medical supplies, sleeping bags, a stove with fuel and a radio to call for help. The survivors would have to wait for aircraft or a convoy of heated arctic tractors to come out from the Polar Research base at Camp Tuto near the Thule airfield. The few light weasels and polecats—pairs of souped-up weasels hooked in tandem—kept in Century's subsurface garage wouldn't be enough to get everyone to safety. Trying to walk out across the icecap would be suicidal.

The two types of explosions that the ice worms fear but rarely discuss are both nuclear. The snow roofs would absorb much of the blast of an enemy A-bomb, but the heat would almost certainly strip or collapse the six-to-ten-foot-thick snow roofs. The men would suffer less from flash burns and radiation than troops at a surface installation hit by the same warhead, but there would be many casualties.

The tunnel troops are also concerned about a nuclear blast inside the glacier. They have been told that Century's portable nuclear reactor is just about accident-proof and they almost believe it. They will grow more confident in time, for the $3,200,000 atomic power plant built at the Dunkirk, New York, plant of Alco Products Inc. has every latest built-in safety factor. A similar system has already been thoroughly tested by the Army engineers at their Fort Belvoir headquarters.

The engineers have designated the Century reactor with the code symbol PM-2A, the first two letters indicating that it is "portable" and "medium-powered." They have assigned one of the brightest young atomic experts in the Army, Capt. James W. Barnett, to supervise every step of the construction, shipment and assembly inside the icecap. Barnett is a brilliant mathematician who was thirteenth in the 416-man class of 1948 at West Point and later did two years of graduate study at M.I.T. The handsome Louisiana-born officer has been commuting between the New York headquarters of the engineers' Eastern Ocean District, the Alco factory in Dunkirk and Camp Century in Greenland. Evans has also had a year of special training in nuclear power at the Oak Ridge School of Reactor Technology, but Barnett is the soldier specifically responsible for the Century reactor.

Jim Barnett's nuclear reactor will drive a steam turbine plant that will produce more than 1500 kilowatts of electricity, plus 1,000,000 British thermal units of heat per hour. It would take 850,000 gallons of fuel oil per year to run a diesel generator that could turn out as much power and heat. The Army chose the Alco reactor to avoid the enormous cost and difficulty of transporting fuel oil across the icecap.

The Century reactor was designed to be transported in Air Force C-130 turboprop cargo planes. Each major piece is no larger than nine by nine by thirty feet and weighs less than 30,000 pounds. All the parts are already in Greenland and will be assembled by Army engineers under Barnett's supervision within the coming weeks. The parts will fill three large tunnels, the biggest of which is 160 feet long.

When the reactor "goes critical" and starts cooking, it will be operated by three-man crews who will work eight-hour shifts. They will be protected from the "hot" cylinder containing the uranium by a huge semicircular steel shield-tank made of five layers of two-inch steel plate with an inch of insulating water between each layer. Since nobody will be able to approach the "fuel elements" from the rear, the back of the core won't require the additional protection of the massive shield tank. In the unlikely event that the radioactive core should get out of control, the worst thing that could happen would be that the reactor would melt itself into a tangle of harmless metal.

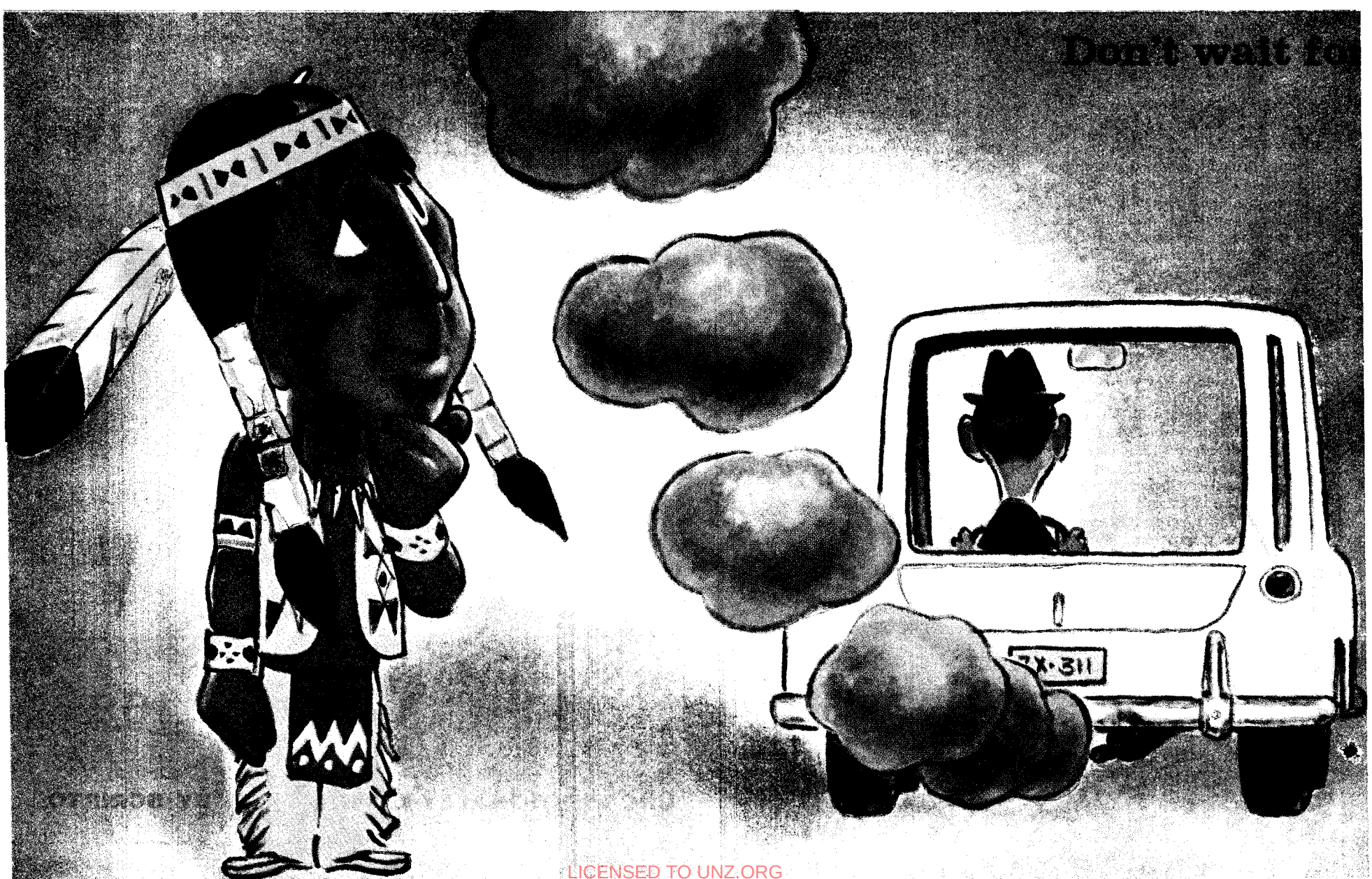
Even waste water from the coils will have a very low level of radiation—only ten times higher than that of water flowing from United States household faucets. The water from the Century PM-2A system will be pumped out 700 or 800 yards from the camp and poured into the icecap. If there should be any truly "hot" waste, it would be packed into shielded metal drums to be buried far away in an AEC-approved dumping area.

All these procedures—and the construction of Camp Century itself—have been properly cleared with the Danish Government, as Greenland is an integral part of Denmark. The Danes know the rigors of the icecap, for their administrators travel all over Greenland, visiting the villages and towns of the 25,000 Greenlanders who live on the great glacier. This past spring, the Danish liaison officer at Thule, an arctic-wise naval commander, visited Camp Century. He was impressed not only by the fantastic subsurface network that had been constructed, but by the fact that hundreds of men and millions of pounds of material had been moved out to the remote base without a single casualty.

Much of the credit must go to Capt. Charles P. Townsend, Polar Research's weather-beaten trouble shooter who is responsible for transport between Colonel Kerkering's supply dumps at Camp Tuto and the ice worms out on the glacier at Century 138 miles away. Townsend has one of the roughest and most infuriating jobs in the arctic. Day and night, Townsend and his teams are loading and driving "swings" of tracked vehicles out to Tom Evans's strange flood-lighted tunnels. A "swing" is an arctic convoy. A "light swing" consists of two or more polecats. Each 145-horsepower polecat has a driver and radio operator up front, while the second section carries six passengers in airplane seats bolted to the floor. The glacier surface looks smooth, but it's a bouncing jarring ride even at the average speed of seven or eight miles an hour.

The "light swings" carry passengers. "Heavy swings," which average about three miles an hour, are bigger trains whose powerful tractors haul both cargo sledges and large, cabooselike house trailers on skis. These units, called "wanigans," have bunks for up to twenty-four men, latrines and electric lights. Some are mobile cafeterias with refrigerators, stoves, coffee percolators, chairs and tables. A "command wanigan" includes radio equipment, a chartroom for navigation—near the North Pole magnetic compasses are usually seventy-six or seventy-seven degrees off—and a machine shop for on-the-trail repairs of vital equipment.

When storms and white-outs reduce visibility on the ice cap, the flag-marked trail that links Tuto with Century is nearly useless. There are hundreds of dangerous crevasses along the first thirty miles, and electronic crevasse detectors mounted on weasels constantly patrol the route to stake out a safe path with dark blue flags every 100 yards. After Mile 30, the markers are spaced at 200-yard intervals. Orange flags mean there are turns in the



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trail, and red ones warn of crevasses nearby. When crevasses are detected, heavy swings grind out to dynamite and fill them in. At thirty-mile intervals on the trail to Century are survival huts stocked with food, clothing and heaters.

Despite these precautions, no polecat and no wanigan unit ever goes out alone. Neither do the helicopters and DeHavilland Otter planes that run between Tuto and Century as often as the weather permits. In Greenland, where electrical storms abruptly destroy radio communication for a week at a time, a lone vehicle or plane halted on the icecap by storm or accident wouldn't have a chance Townsend's swings have been stopped again and again by white-outs, the unbelievably thick ice-crystal fogs that spring up from nowhere to annihilate all visibility. A man who steps out of a tractor into a white-out literally cannot see his own feet on the ground.

"In case of a storm or white-out, the smart thing—the only thing—is to halt your vehicle immediately and wait patiently," Townsend reminds his "swing" bosses regularly.

He ought to know. He broke his own rule last August, and the implacable icecap nearly killed him. Having learned that a heavy swing was crippled on the trail to Century with a shattered generator, Townsend led a rescue party in two weasels to deliver the necessary spare parts. It was an urgent job, for the men on the glacier had no light, heat or radio communication. At one A.M., Townsend's tractor was barely a mile and a half out of Camp Tuto when a tremendous Phase Three storm exploded without warning. Townsend climbed out, found the trail markers and led his vehicle forward through the whirling snow. The wind grew wilder and battered him mercilessly as he plowed ahead another mile. The temperature fell below zero, but he kept going somehow. After a few minutes, he became aware that ice was forming on his unprotected face. He heard the fifty-five-mph gale screaming in across the glacier and realized he had to find shelter for his small rescue party.

"Don't just stand there, Thurman, scratch his name off the preferred-guest list!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He knew there was a weather shack very near, so he set out off the trail to find it. He could hardly breathe, and the ice coating his stiff mittens made it difficult to raise his leaden hands. He kept walking until he tripped, rolled down a snowy slope and crashed against the meteorologists' hut.

He hammered at the metal door, but the noise of the storm drowned out the sound. Dazed and frightened, he got up to attempt to walk back to his weasel.

The storm had cut visibility to a few yards, and his left eye was frozen shut by the ice coating his face. Staggering, panting and praying, he lurched through the blizzard until he ran into the side of his tractor. Hot coffee and the warmth of the heated compartment revived him, and he began to call the weather shack on the radio. It was exactly 100 yards away, but completely invisible. The meteorologists responded by sending out a man at the end of a fifty-yard length of telephone wire. Townsend tied himself to fifty yards of nylon rope and went out to try to link up with the weather expert. By a small miracle, they stumbled into each other, and Townsend was able to lead the rest of his trapped rescue team to the warmth and safety of the hut.

Sometime in September, Camp Century will be completed. Between seventy and 100 GI's and approximately thirty scientists and technicians will move into the tunnels. Generals and congressmen will come to make speeches and fly back to homes and families in the United States. The men of Polar Research will stay underground for six months. When the weather permits, Engineer chaplains, like Father Daniel Byrne and Protestant minister Grover DeVault, will fly out on Sundays, as they have been doing all along, to conduct religious services.

The winter night will come, the wind will blow, and the snow will fall, adding another three feet to the glacier. In the spring, Tom Evans and his men will be replaced by a new detachment of Colonel Kerkering's troops. The team that built Century will fly south to their families, but they won't be quite the same men who came to Greenland. They've built an extraordinary base inside the glacier, but the icecap has put its mark on them too. They won't forget their experience as ice worms for a long time. THE END

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Smoke signals from an engine are a sign it's too late to avoid costly repair bills! Now is the time to prolong engine life with famous FRAM Filters. Have a fresh FRAM Oil Filter installed when you change your oil. It filters out microscopic dirt and stops engine damage. Remember, too, that a dirt-clogged air filter chokes air from your engine and can cut gas mileage as much as 10%! Take 2 minutes to have a fresh FRAM Air Filter installed and you'll save up to 3¢ a gallon on gas. Replace at least every 10,000 miles for maximum gas savings. At home, too, FRAM permachem-treated Air Filters in your furnace and air conditioner keep air hospital clean.

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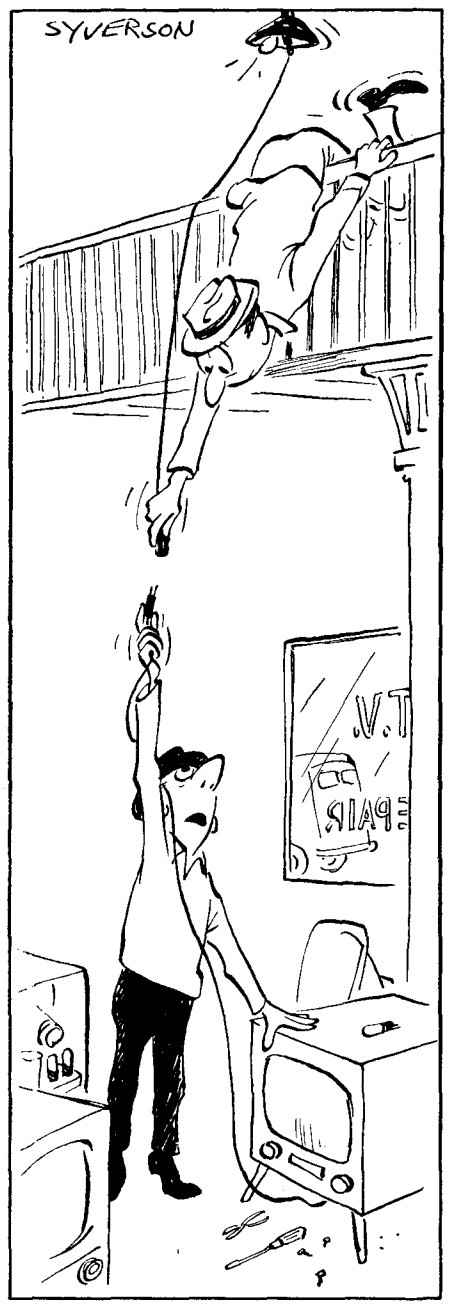

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Confessions of a Happy Man

(Continued from Page 29)

I cannot sing or dance and I never was much of an actor, even though the critics were kind about my work in *People Are Funny* and *Champagne for Caesar*, the only full-length movies I ever made. I confess somewhat wryly that I owe everything I have to an ingenious gentleman named Emile Berliner. He invented the microphone, and without this remarkable gadget there would have been no Art Linkletter on the air. Whether this is good or bad for the nation depends on your point of view, but there are dissenters who claim that when I stand in front of a microphone, it is a clear case of assault with a deadly weapon.

There may be some truth to this charge, but I am one of the few performers in our business who work without a script, and use nothing but a microphone, my natural curiosity and a gush of words to entertain. The big-name comedians all have gag men, but my "writers" are usually the people in the audience and, fortunately for me, they often come up with situations no professional jokesmith could invent.

I was playing back some old tapes recently and came across one such spontaneous bit that clearly demonstrates why I love my work. My program was being broadcast from Cincinnati, and I selected a man in the audience to ask the key question of the show, "What is tall, white and dependable?" I was standing beside my sponsor's product, a large home refrigerator, and the man was supposed to mention it by name so I could follow up with the commercial. Instead—and there is always one such wise guy in the audience—he decided to get into the act himself. "You must mean my wife," he said.

With my regular commercial ruined, I located the character's wife in the audience and asked her to stand up. "I can see she's tall and certainly white," I said. "But does she have a built-in quick-freeze?"

Suddenly confused, the man answered, "Yes."

"And," I went on, "does her upper compartment have room for seventy pounds of food?"

At this point the audience was convulsed, and the amateur comedian was dragged out by his smoldering wife. I know just how the couple felt. I once made the mistake of trying to trade quips with Milton Berle at a banquet, and when his turn came he said, "I predict Art Linkletter will be a great comedian someday. But don't go by me. Ten years ago I predicted Zsa Zsa Gabor would be a Sunday-school teacher."

When I listen to the old pros like Berle, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, George Burns and many others, I often wish I had been born in a trunk backstage and had those long years of training which makes these artists so great. But at an age when they were learning the trade in second-rate theaters, taverns and clubs, I was a high-school boy with no particular interest in anything and a very dubious future. Moreover, I was deeply involved in a tormenting personal conflict about my name and parental background.

My father—at least I thought he was my father—was Fulton John Linkletter, a strange, uncompromising man whose main interest in life was the Bible. He was a part-time cobbler and a part-time preacher, and while we respected and loved each other as father and son, neither of us knew how to give complete affection and understanding.

He rarely gave me advice without quoting the Bible, and when I needed him most, he seemed preoccupied and remote. Several times, going to his room, I noticed him poring over a package of letters and other documents. The instant he saw me he would quickly put the papers into a drawer. This odd performance naturally stirred my curiosity, and one day, when I knew he would be out for hours, I sneaked into his room and examined the hidden bundle.

Perhaps this was a grave mistake. Perhaps not. But that was the day I discovered that my real name was Gordon Arthur Kelly, and that I had been discarded by my parents in Canada and adopted by John and Mary Linkletter. The adoption papers were there; so were the letters from my real parents, asking questions about me. The knowledge that I had another identity in life and that I had been farmed out by parents who didn't want me was a profound shock, as I said earlier in this story.

Yet at the same time I experienced a strange sense of relief. I was now able to shrug off all the bitter truths from which there had seemed no escape. Few young boys have a true sense of values, and I was no exception. It galled me that our neighbors thought Father Linkletter was a "queer religious duck" and knew that he was an obvious financial failure.

Suddenly all this was changed. Now I could dream. I was just a temporary guest in the house. The Linkletters were just "stand-in" parents, caring for me until the day my rich, handsome father would come in a shiny limousine and take me home to a castle. What a sad, warped dream this was, and the only mitigating thing about it is that Father Linkletter, who gave all that he could, never knew what I fancied at the time.

The disturbing knowledge that I was an adopted child made me more restless and foot-loose than ever. I was ready to go. I was sixteen when I finished high school, a somewhat skinny, short and immature sixteen. I felt insecure about going to college with older boys, and I had not decided what I wanted to do in life. On July 15, 1929, with ten dollars in my pocket and no particular itinerary in mind, I made the break.

It never occurred to me that I was running away from home or that this was any kind of flight from reality. I told myself that I wanted to see other places and people and that I would thus be better prepared for college. I could not have defined it at the time, but the real motivation was probably an urge to get even. I wanted to prove to the Linkletters and my real parents that I, the unwanted, adopted boy, didn't need them any more. I may not have recognized it, but a chip-on-the-shoulder belligerency was there, and with any other family background I might very well have become a delinquent. I once asked Archie Moore, the great and ageless boxing champion, how he overcame the transgressions that blighted his boyhood years. "Simple," he said. "I grew up." I wanted to grow up too.

I was away from San Diego for a year and six days, reporting regularly to my foster parents by mail. When I returned, they had moved to central California. I never lived with the Linkletters again, although I cared for them deeply and visited them often.

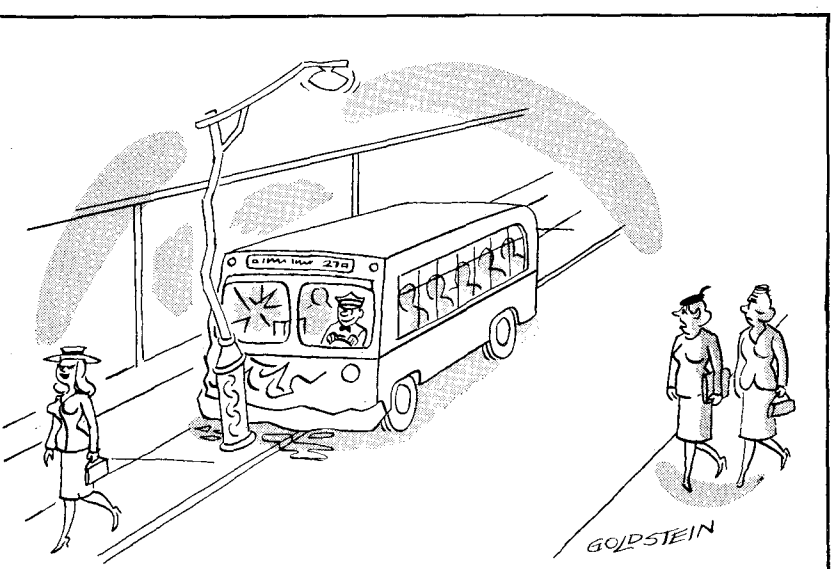
I covered 21,000 miles on this trip—from San Diego to New York and Rio de Janeiro and back—and I came home with my original ten dollars and then some. I kept a daily diary—I had it retyped recently because it was faded and torn—and a nostalgic rereading suggests that it was on this journey that I first realized that "people are funny."

Among other things, I learned to chisel rides on freight trains, outwit the road bulls, cook stew with the bindle stiffs and never to argue with a gun. I was in a box car near Missoula, Montana, when a thug with a .32 stuck up all the bums—including me—and put a slug through one man's leg because he didn't move fast enough. I've been afraid of guns ever since.

I note that when I hitchhiked through San Francisco I wrote, "I don't believe I like Frisco. Too old, dirty, uniform and foggy." This will be disillusioning news to my friend, Mayor George Christopher, considering that my radio and television career struck gold in San Francisco, that I learned to love the people, that I still pay taxes there and that during the long years I lived there I indignantly "chopped up" any visiting oafs who called my beloved city "Frisco."

I see on another page that I worked several weeks as a bus boy in a Minneapolis dive which, fascinatingly named Le Chat Noir, operated as a roadhouse. The joint was packed with low-grade celebrants defying prohibition, and they not only used up all the oxygen with cigarettes but burned holes in the tablecloths. I have studiously avoided cigarettes and night clubs ever since, and when I make the rare exception, something invariably happens to prove that I'm not such a square after all.

Six years ago, for instance, I reluctantly agreed to attend a Hollywood night-club party for a visiting Texas oil millionaire. I was sitting at (*Continued on Page 67*)



"That's not one of his regularly scheduled stops."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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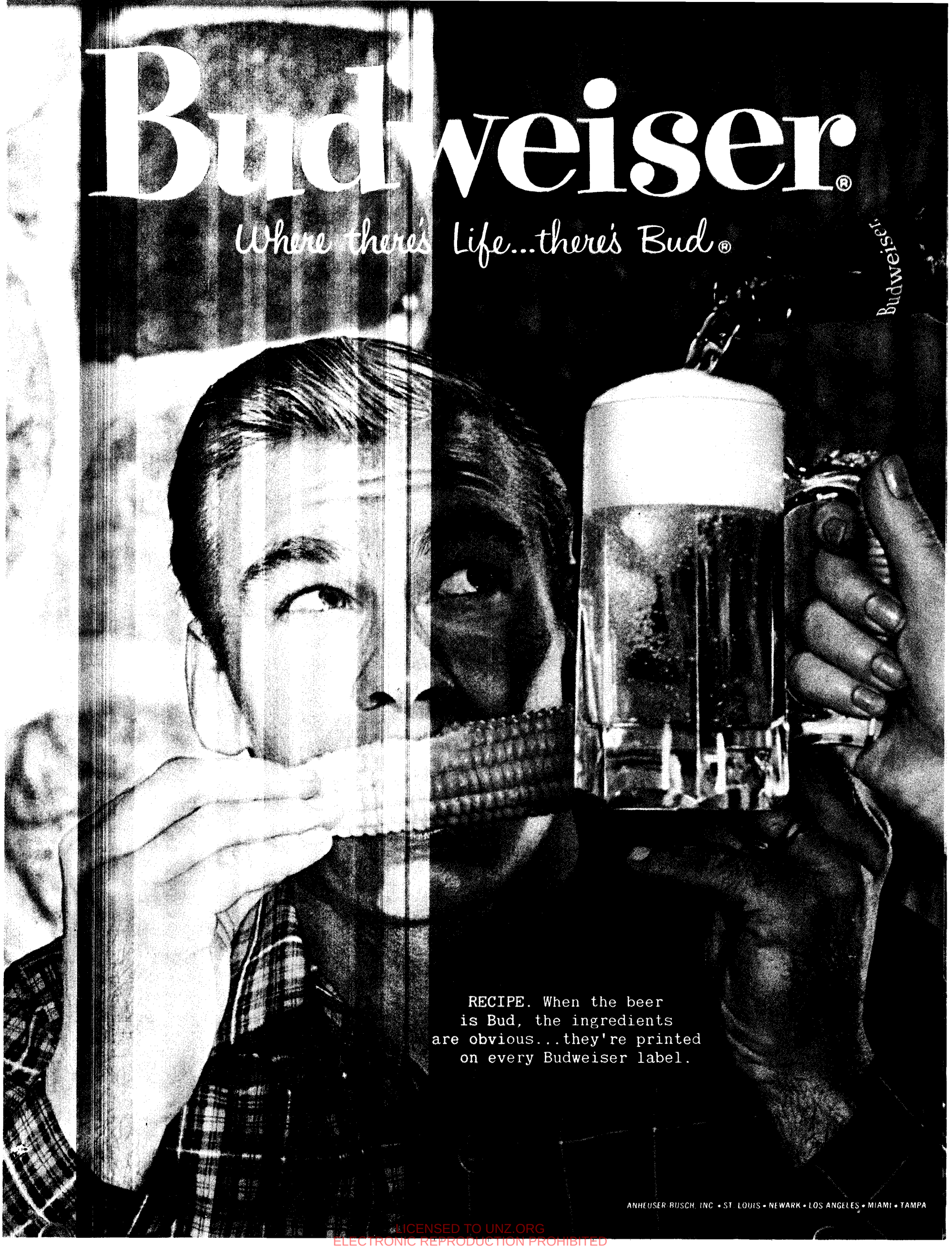
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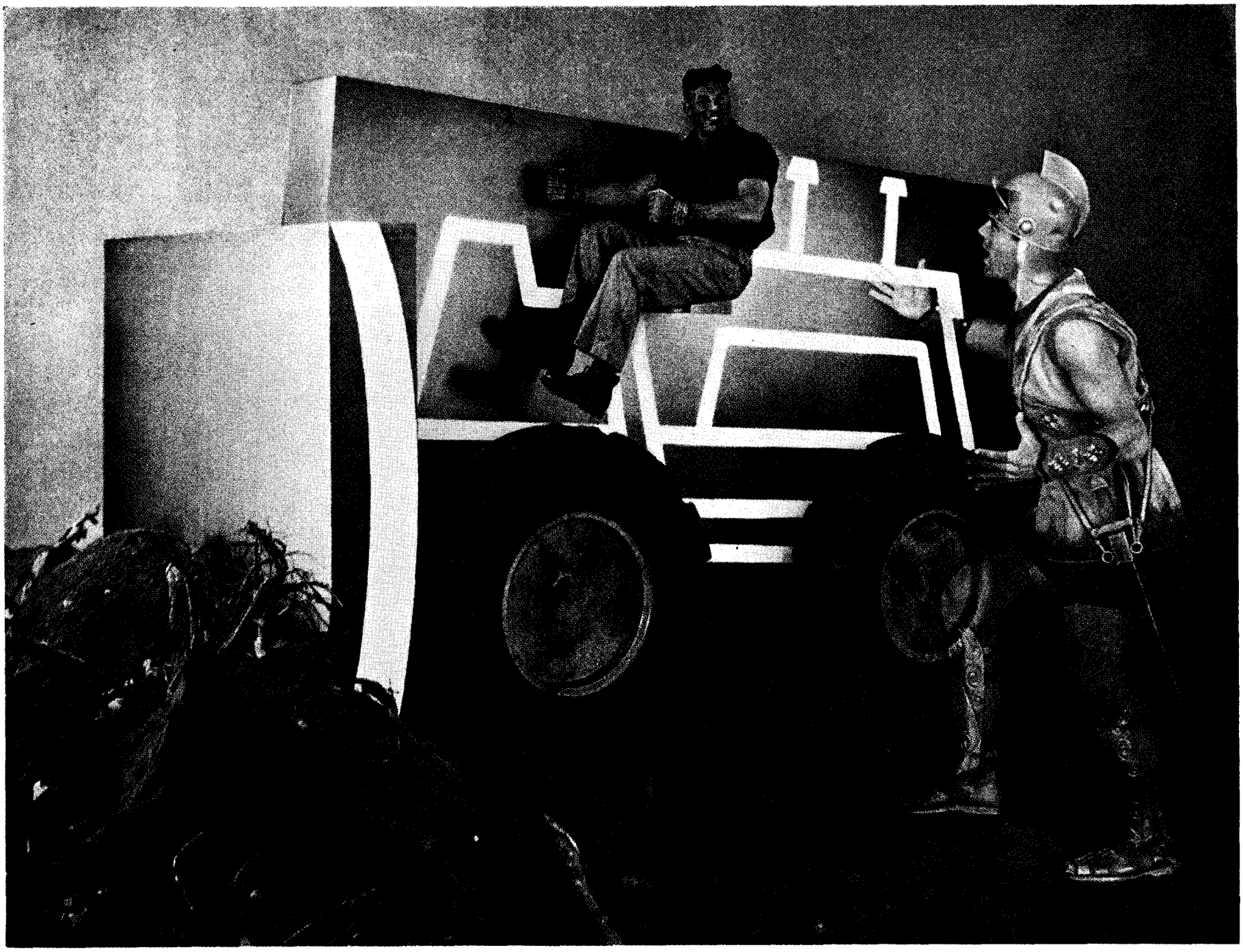

Hail the conquering hero of the highways!

First thing the Romans built after a bout of conquering was roads. Roads, they knew, were the sinews of empire. They also knew, if dimly, that a machine, however rudimentary, is the extension of man's muscle by way of his mind.

One difference between us and the Romans is that we have gone to school a few centuries and have solved a few problems in machine building. Manufacturers of earthmoving equipment have built a mighty power-packing breed of massive earthmoving machines to do the rough, tough job of building highways. The makers of these mighty bulldozers—and other dinosaurs of power—are indeed the modern conquerors in our superb highway construction.

But as efficient as modern highway building is, it, like every other industry, could become even more so, if the purchasing power of public money were protected. Whatever hampers efficiency in highway building, sucks *your* money, Mr. Taxpayer, down the drain of waste. Waste of time or effort or mind or muscle on any job is *expensive*. Waste of man-hours —a full day's wages without a full day's work—is expensive. Control of waste will help control costs and protect the purchasing power of your dollars.

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Steel

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(*Continued from Page 64*) a table with Miss Marie (The Body) McDonald and her then husband, Harry Karl. Someone dropped a lighted cigarette, and the burning end touched twenty or thirty yards of pink-and-mauve tulle that was attached to Marie. There was a sudden eye of flame, and Marie saw herself doing a strip tease with fire. I sat there pop-eyed, I'm afraid, because you don't often see this kind of act, but her husband beat out the flames before the finale. I am sure someone might have blamed me for plotting this as a *People Are Funny* stunt, but fortunately no one has ever seen me puff on a cigarette. Indeed, I was sponsored by a tobacco company for years and I stubbornly refused to hold a cigarette or puff on one to pretend I smoked. I explained to a top executive of the company that I didn't smoke and didn't approve of smoking. He surprisingly replied, "Neither do I."

I came back to San Diego in July, 1930, spent the summer working at the Y and entered San Diego State College that fall.

College was a formidable challenge to me. The Linkletters had no money for my tuition or room and board, and I knew I would have to earn my own way.

Not too long ago, just before his death, I had an urgent letter from C. E. Peterson, then dean of men at San Diego State. He knew I remembered my college days with affection and he reminded me that there are always deserving young men and women who need help from scholarship funds. He suggested I might like to donate some money annually for scholarships and, to emphasize the need, he enclosed what he called a "typical" letter from an impoverished student who was helped along the way in years past.

I read the letter and thought it was pretty corny. It was a masterpiece of the poignant pitch, and I wondered how it had ever got by the eagle eyes of the scholarship-fund committee. I waded through two pages of this "hard sell" commercial—and when I got to the end, I knew Dean Peterson had me. The letter was signed, "Art Linkletter." I sent a check by return mail, and four students each year since then have been helped by this boomerang pitch job.

I was busier than a rooster in a chicken yard during my four wonderful years at San Diego State, but the experience would be nothing but a blur had I not kept a scrapbook. Ah, the vanity of man, who can create his own immortality with scissors and paste! But if I had no scrapbook, I would have to get the information from former classmates all over the world, and there's no knowing what lies they would tell.

I note, for instance, that I wrote a column called "Patio Puns" on *The Aztec*, the college newspaper, and my flair for humor was evident from the beginning. I invented snappy sayings and clever jokes, such as this.

Student in college cafeteria: "Waiter, I can't eat this stuff. Call the manager!"
Waiter: "No use. He won't eat it either."

Needless to say, there was soon a new columnist, and despite implications to the contrary by some critics, I did not save my leftover jokes for my coming television career.

The newspaper clippings about Art Linkletter, Class of '34, fortunately don't tell everything. Among other missing items is the fact that my junior year was secretly financed by a luxurious gambling casino at Agua Caliente, just across the border from San Diego. I say secretly because if my identity had been revealed at the time, there were a couple of hoodlums who might have perforated me.

My assignment was to show up at the casino on weekends, posing as a sort of dissolute but rich college boy. The house gave me three or four hundred dollars in folding money and, while I was gambling, I was to watch for collusion between dealers and customers. Eventually I did catch two dealers paying off to confederates and when I came back the following weekend, the guilty croupiers had mysteriously vanished. I hope they have since gone straight because now that I've confessed, I would not care to meet them on a dark street.

In recent years some of my eager Hollywood friends—knowing that I was once a shill and also that I have a fair-sized bank account—occasionally lure me into card games at their homes.

It is not very flattering to be considered a pigeon, but I comfort myself with the thought that their scheming is a waste of time. When some player raises me five dollars, I turn pale, and if it's a ten-dollar hike, I am apt to faint. I learned long ago in Agua Caliente that gambling is for suckers, and the lesson seems to have stayed with me.

The irony here, though, is the fact that a trusted business associate may phone and say, "Art, we've got sound reports on an oil prospect in Wyoming. It's a wildcat, but how about coming in for ten grand?" I don't hesitate at all and I say, "Count me in." You could easily call such ventures a crazy gamble, but I don't think so. In a card game I can't control the deal or the players, but when I go into an oil well, it is a gamble with controlled elements—or so I keep telling myself.

At the moment I have an interest in eighty-five wells, but some of them won't yield enough to oil my lawn mower. Just last week I blew $5000 or so on a dry hole in Oklahoma, and one of my puckish partners there sent me this telegram.

STRUCK KETCHUP AT 6000 FEET. DRILLED INTO HAMBURGER STAND ABANDONED DURING DUST-STORM IN EARLY '30'S. ESTIMATE WE NEED $5000 MORE TO LOCATE MUSTARD.

I sent the five, but that vanished too. I can't bear to look at hamburgers any more.

Matter of fact, I can't stand Waldorf salads either. During my junior and senior years at college I toiled in the school cafeteria and I probably made thousands of Waldorf salads. There must be hundreds of men and women alive today whose innards are still carrying around bits of walnut shells I accidentally put into these salads. I also served the coffee—gallons of it—and it is no coincidence that I don't drink coffee today.

Some of my skeptical friends in Hollywood often make fun of what they call my Horatio Alger period and press me into service as a waiter for their parties. The greatest performance I ever gave occurred just recently at the home of Charley Correll—he's the Andy of *Amos and Andy*—when I carried in six cups of coffee with one hand. There was only one little casualty. Mrs. Correll saw me balancing her beautiful china and had to be revived with smelling salts.

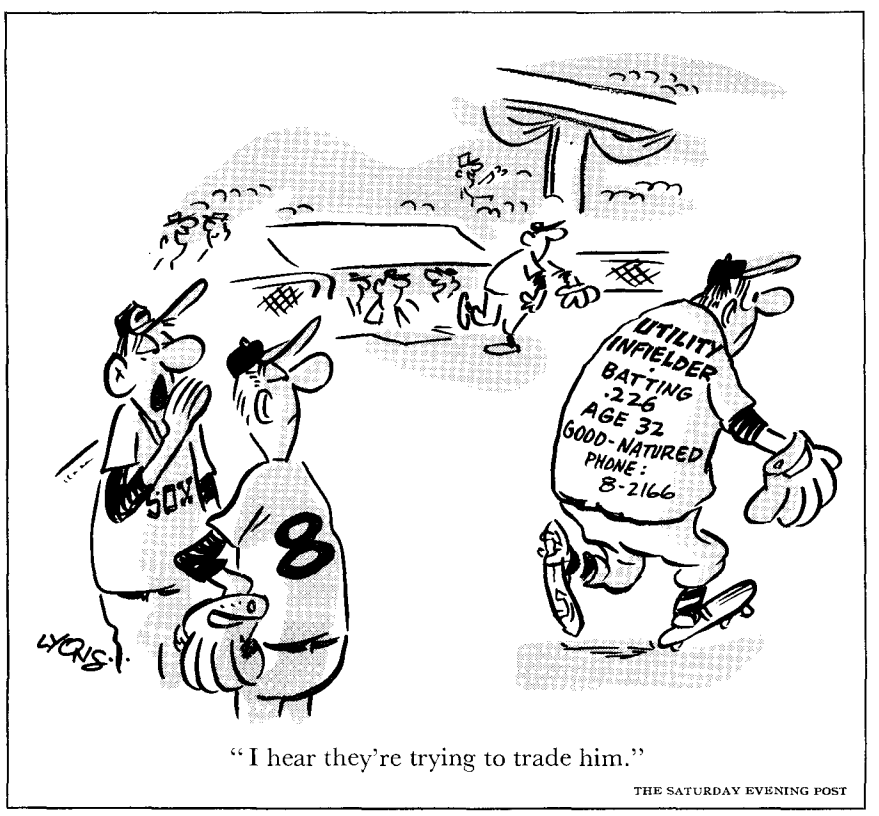
My five children have had many interests in life, and Lois and I have purposely encouraged them to keep so busy that there's no time for trouble.

I suspect they have inherited some of their seemingly inexhaustible energy from me, because when I was in college, I was involved in so many things that I got virtually no sleep. I was president of the Associated Men Students and made speeches at the Rotary Club where, at least once, I was introduced as Arthur Ledbetter. I won three letters in basketball and had the honor of being named all-conference center the year San Diego State won the conference championship.

I was a feature writer on *The Aztec*—I figured this classification was a step or two above that of columnist—and wrote little mystery stories in which the main mystery was how they got printed. There was one which began: "A dank, sinister, ominous blackness hung thickly over the great, blank-windowed home, and there was a shrill, hysterical scream like the cry of a lost soul." My English teacher, Prof. Florence Smith, told me tartly I suffered from an acute case of drooling adjectivitis and suggested that some chilly night I get a nice little fire going and put my thesaurus into it.

I never forgot Professor Smith, because she had great faith in me, wanted me to try for a Rhodes scholarship and hoped I would turn into a fine writer.

Years later, when I made a sentimental return visit to the campus, I made a point of seeing her before I talked to any of the others. I told her about my many successful radio shows and some of the spectacular pageants I had written for the Texas Centennial at Dallas and the San Francisco World Fair. I told her I was then making (*Continued on Page 69*)



"I hear they're trying to trade him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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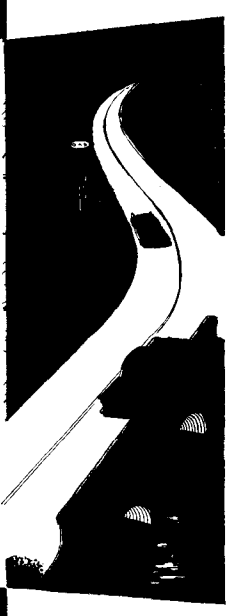

STEEL POLES

Lampposts around access points of modern highways and at service areas are made from Republic flat rolled steel. The graceful taper puts weight with the strength of steel at the base of the post. Steel-tapered poles hold the large overhead highway signs, which are also steel because the strength of steel withstands outdoor buffeting best.

REPUBLIC STEEL
Cleveland 1, Ohio

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the phone," I said brashly. And right then and there I began my ad-lib selling career with a commercial that today would sell a boxcarful of corn flakes.

"But I have never met you, Mr. Linkletter," her mother finally broke in. "Lois does not go out with strange boys."

"Mrs. Foerster," I said, and this turned out to be the greatest soft-sell pitch of my life, "I know you don't know me. But you do know your daughter, and any mother who has brought up a girl the I never did tell Freddy Martin that Lois and I were then engaged; and if he reads this now, he will know why my radio debut was wrecked almost before my career began. As for Lois—well, she never let me forget it, and I imagine, when she wants to cut me down a few rungs, she quietly tells our five children what an ungallant young idiot I was.

Next week Mr. Linkletter tells how his big break came when he was fired from an important job. —THE EDITORS

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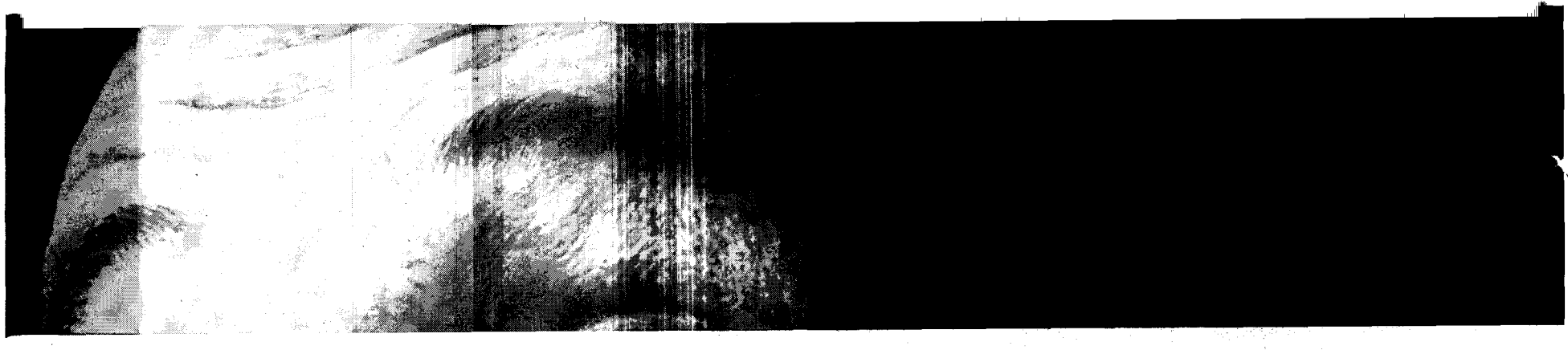

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In winter, for example, this new kind of central air conditioning not only comfortably warms the house, but feeds moisture into the air. The reason: when you heat air, you also dry it out. This irritates nasal passages. It also causes furniture to come apart. Carrier 12-Month Home Air Conditioning puts the right amount of moisture back into the air in winter, just as it removes moisture from humid air in summer.

Year-round humidity control is only one of the benefits of 12-Month Home Air Conditioning that provide more comfort and better health for you and your family. Read about all of them below. Then call the Carrier dealer listed in the Yellow Pages. He has this wonderful new experience in living waiting for you. Carrier Air Conditioning Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

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A unique filter, self-cleaning to maintain its high efficiency, keeps homes cleaner. Furnishings stay fresher. There's less need to dust.

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Cooking and household odors are whisked away. Even air that's heavy with pipe, cigar and cigarette odor is fresh again in minutes.

12-Month Humidity Control
In winter, moisture is fed into bone-dry air that irritates nasal passages. In summer, it is removed from uncomfortably humid air.

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The house is snug and warm in winter, delightfully cool in hot weather, and just right during the seasons in between—automatically.

12-Month Circulation
Warmth or coolness is evenly and quietly diffused throughout the house. There is no stagnation, no stratification. Air stays fresh.

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pigskin preview CONTINUED

EAST

No. 1 TEAM	SYRACUSE
RUNNERS-UP:	PITTSBURGH, PENN STATE, NAVY, ARMY, BOSTON COLLEGE, HOLY CROSS, BOSTON U., VILLANOVA, RUTGERS, COLGATE
IVY LEAGUE CHAMPION:	HARVARD
RUNNERS-UP:	YALE, CORNELL, DARTMOUTH, PRINCETON, COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, BROWN

BEST OF REST: Delaware, Lafayette, Lehigh, Buffalo, Bucknell, Gettysburg, Hofstra, Albright, West Chester, Juniata, Scranton, Bloomsburg State, Lock Haven, Muhlenberg, Temple, Carnegie Tech, California State, Westminster, Geneva, Western Maryland, Franklin and Marshall, Pennsylvania Military College, Lycoming, Slippery Rock, Rochester, Ithaca, Cortland State, Wagner, St. Lawrence, Hobart, King's Point, Haverford, Hamilton, Moravian, Grove City, R.P.I., Union, Susquehanna, Swarthmore, Alfred, Allegheny, Drexel, Lebanon Valley, Washington and Jefferson.

NEW ENGLAND: Connecticut, New Hampshire, Amherst, Tufts, Williams, Coast Guard, Springfield, Maine, Middlebury, Massachusetts, Wesleyan, Trinity, Rhode Island, Vermont, Colby, Bates, Bowdoin, Norwich, Northeastern, American International, Worcester Tech, New Haven State, Bridgeport.

EASTERN STARS: Linemen—Mautino (e), Syracuse; Pyle (c), Yale; Popp (g), Penn State; Ditka (e) and Vignali (g), Pittsburgh; Visted (c), Navy; Vanderbush (g), Army; Asack (t), Columbia; Byrne (g), Boston College; Gruneisen (e), Villanova; Minihane (t), Boston U.; DeHaven (c), Dartmouth; Sundstrom (g), Cornell; Cummings (t), Pennsylvania; Senft (c), Rutgers; DeNeef (e), Hofstra; Agich (t), Geneva; Semcheski (t), Lehigh; Helnecken (e), Delaware; Dundee (g), Pennsylvania Military College; Cheska (e), Amherst; Butler (c), Middlebury; Olderman (t), Allegheny; Conroy (e), Connecticut; Rubicam (c), Springfield; Foote (t), Massachusetts.

BACKS—Baker, Davis and Sarette, Syracuse; Cunningham, Pittsburgh; Bellino, Navy; Kochman, Penn State; Ravenel, Harvard; Zailskas and Kirschenbauer, Army; Tino, Cornell; Koval, Pennsylvania; Scott, Princeton; Amabile, Boston College; Singleton, Yale; Bartos, Lafayette; Terhes, Bucknell; Paske, Colgate; Houseknecht, Muhlenberg; Bukaty, Buffalo; Hebert, Delaware; Cloutier, Maine; Pearson, Rhode Island; Clifford, California State; McCormick, Massachusetts.

SOPHOMORES—Blasenstein (g), Penn State; Sweeney (e), Syracuse; Rekstis (b), Army; Long (e), Pittsburgh; Von Sydow (g), Navy; Day (g), Columbia; Torres (b), Dartmouth; Slusky (g), Cornell; Armstrong (b), Harvard; Kehoe (t), Boston U.; Urquhart (b), Princeton; Hoey (e), Yale; Graham (e), Boston College; King (b), Lehigh; Rettino (b), Villanova; Orlowski (t), Bucknell; Tappen (e), Rutgers; Irwin (b), Colgate; Waggoner (b), Muhlenberg; Rubino (t), Delaware; Mayer (g), Amherst; Council (b), Gettysburg; Szumczyk (b), Trinity.

The all-conquering boys from Syracuse, poised to defend their national championship with six returning regulars, seventeen other lettermen and an eye-filling contingent from the unbeaten freshman squad, exude rare confidence. It's traceable, perhaps, to this statistic—last season's team averaged more than 6.12 yards every time it handled the ball, while restricting opponents to a meager 1.98 yards per play.

There is residual margin for continued success, albeit less overpowering. End Fred Mautino anchors another big, tough line, and fullback Art Baker, halfback Ernie Davis and quarterback Dave Sarette, proved campaigners, assure a scoring wallop.

Other top contenders in the East must try new quarterbacks. With many-splendored Richie Lucas gone, Penn State converted Dick Hoak from left halfback. State also made line switches to beef up the guard and tackle posts. Pittsburgh, thin at tackle, relies on consistent guard Larry Vignali, all-round end Mike Ditka and a strong running corps featuring fullback Jim Cunningham.

Navy, buoyed by its 43–12 clobbering of Army in last season's finale, booms a Mr. Inside-Mr. Outside combination in two veteran Joes, halfback Bellino and fullback Matalavage, but searches for signal callers to replace Joe Tranchini and Jim Maxfield. Army hopes breakaway runners Roger Zailskas and George Kirschenbauer can offset the sag its passing attack suffers through the graduation of Joe Caldwell.

At Boston College, new coach Ernie Hefferle inherits imposing sophomores, all eying a bowl bid by 1962. Holy Cross figures to be stronger defensively. Boston U.'s green backfield faces fearsome Penn State and Syracuse in the first two games. Villanova attempts new twists on offense, and Rutgers, also under a new coach, changes to the double-wing formation. Better-balanced Colgate should improve its two-seven record.

For the Ivy League championship, Harvard's experienced personnel, flourishing when magician Charlie Ravenel is at quarterback, should edge Yale, unusually strong up the middle with a valid All-American center candidate in captain Mike Pyle.

Cornell's attack adds sting as senior Marcy Tino moves to fullback and left-handed Dave McKelvey takes over quarterback. Dartmouth rebuilds around its only two 1959 regulars, center Ken DeHaven and halfback Al Rozycki. Princeton has problems at end and center. Columbia, strongest in years, can climb. Pennsylvania's defending champions, riddled by graduation, lean on tailback George Koval's passing in new coach John Stiegman's single-wing formation. Brown hasn't one outstanding player.

"Little" Delaware's line, averaging up to 225 pounds, must throttle Bucknell's spectacular passer, Paul Terhes, to keep the Middle Atlantic crown.

SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	CLEMSON
RUNNERS-UP:	NORTH CAROLINA, WAKE FOREST, DUKE
SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	V. M. I.
RUNNER-UP:	VIRGINIA TECH.
ABOVE AVERAGE:	MARYLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEST VIRGINIA

BEST OF REST: N. C. State, The Citadel, Virginia, Richmond, William and Mary, Furman, George Washington, Lenoir Rhyne, Davidson, Wofford, Appalachian State Presbyterian, Newberry, Catawba, East Carolina, Western Carolina. Maryland State, Emory and Henry, Guilford, Johns Hopkins, Randolph-Macon, South Carolina State, Washington and Lee.

SOUTHERN STARS: Linemen—Hawkins (c), North Carolina; Osborne (t), Clemson; Collins (e), Maryland; Browning (g) and Moorman (e), Duke; Allen (e) and Wolff (t), Wake Forest; Fewell (t) and Bodkin (g), South Carolina; Shuba (g), V. M. I.; Moore (t), North Carolina State; Zeno (g), Virginia Tech; Rakowski (g), Citadel; Jepson (c), Furman; Coolbaugh (e), Richmond.

BACKS—Snead and Bonecutter, Wake Forest; Gabriel, North Carolina State; Arrington, Duke; Shingler, Clemson; Farris, North Carolina; Costen, South Carolina; Betty, Maryland; Dyer, V.M.I.; Nettles, Citadel; Stoudt, Richmond; Hale, William and Mary; Angelica, Furman; Wilt, George Washington; Farmer, Lenoir Rhyne; House, Davidson.

SOPHOMORES—McGuirt (b) and Glaze (b), Clemson; Martin (c), Wake Forest; Leggett (b) and Berry (g), Duke; Marslender (b), North Carolina; Hrezo (g), Maryland; Kilrea (b), South Carolina; Moore (b), North Carolina State; Breen (g), Virginia Tech; Herock (b), West Virginia; Zimmerman (t), Wofford; Cuozzo (b), Virginia; Katz (g), Citadel; Soleau (g), William and Mary; Rose (b), Catawba; Davenport (e), Randolph-Macon.

If all the golden-arm passers live up to their potential, Saturday afternoons in the Carolinas this autumn will resemble mass missile launchings. Clemson, with Lowndes Shingler on the launching pad and an exciting sophomore fullback in Bill McGuirt, is picked to retain its Atlantic Coast Conference championship, although only four starters return from the Bluebonnet Bowl varsity.

North Carolina's vast 1959 talent, untracked by coach Jim Tatum's death, recovered under Jim Hickey to sign off the season with a 50–0 massacre of Duke; carry-over momentum is furnished by twenty-one lettermen, including three qualified quarterbacks and outstanding center Rip Hawkins. Wake Forest, with the league's only new coach, Billy Hildebrand, takes to the air piloted by skilled Norman Snead, whose twelve touchdown passes last year peg him high on the pros' draft list. Duke's youngest squad in ten years has line worries, a typically hard schedule—and the A.C.C.'s best running back, perhaps, in junior Joel Arrington.

Maryland will score often on bold quarterback Dale Betty's accurate tosses to maneuvering end Gary Collins. South Carolina's meat-eating line cannot hide the backfield's deficiencies. North Carolina State's weak running dulls the efficacy of superb passer Roman Gabriel. About the best victory-starved Virginia can hope for is to reduce opponents' scoring; its defense yielded 39.3 points a game last year.

The Southern Conference title probably won't be resolved until the final game of the season between doughty V.M.I., with another highly resourceful first unit, and Virginia Tech, fearful of "senioritis." At West Virginia, new coach Gene Corum's main worry is linebackers. Surprising Citadel boasts even more speed than last year's eight-game winners. William and Mary has dangerous runners. Furman is bolstered by many transfer athletes. Richmond's line is shallow. George Washington's new coach, Bill Elias, unveils a formation with three slot backs. Davidson, needing ground punch, shifted end Danny House, ace pass receiver, to halfback. Lenoir Rhyne rolls toward a sixth straight North State Conference championship.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	MISSISSIPPI
RUNNERS-UP:	ALABAMA, AUBURN
ABOVE AVERAGE:	GEORGIA TECH, GEORGIA, TENNESSEE, L. S. U., VANDERBILT, FLORIDA, KENTUCKY, MISSISSIPPI STATE, TULANE
No. 1 INDEPENDENT:	MIAMI

BEST OF REST: Florida State, Memphis State, Mississippi Southern, Chattanooga, Louisiana Tech, Tennessee Tech, Eastern Kentucky, McNeese State, Middle Tennessee State, Florence State, Southwestern Louisiana, Louisville, Southeastern Louisiana, Tampa, Western Kentucky, Jacksonville State, East Tennessee State, Austin Peay State, Sewanee, Morehead State, Florida A. & M., Tennessee A. & I. State.

SOUTHEASTERN STARS: Linemen—Nutting (t), Georgia Tech; Rice (t), Auburn; Dye (g), Georgia; Price (g) and Brewer (e), Mississippi; Neighbors (g), Alabama; Goode (c) and Suggs (t), Mississippi State; Hodge (g), Kentucky; Mangham (e), L.S.U.; Novak (g), Miami; Riggs (e) and Binkley (c), Vanderbilt; Letner (e), Tennessee; Hinton (g), Louisiana Tech; Bushofsky (g), Austin Peay State.

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BACKS—Gibbs and Blair, Mississippi; Tarkenton and Brown, Georgia; Bird, Kentucky; Dyas and Hunt, Auburn; Nugent and T. Mason, Tulane; Cartwright, Tennessee; Deal, Florida; Gros and Harris, L.S.U.; Morris, Vanderbilt; Wright, Memphis State; G. Mason, Tennessee Tech; Gossen, Southwestern Louisiana; Childs, Florida A.&M.

SOPHOMORES—Libertore (b) and Skelly (b), Florida; Williamson (g), Georgia; Gann (b) and Winingder (b), Georgia Tech; Canale (b), Tennessee; Burson (b), Auburn; Estes (t), L.S.U.; Hutchinson (e) and Counts (b), Kentucky; Longley (b), Vanderbilt; Piper (b), Alabama; Holcomb (g) and Kellum (t), Tulane; Weaver (b), Mississippi State; Starling (e), Florida State; Griffin (b), Memphis State; Ladner (b), Southeastern Louisiana.

Prophets are becoming accustomed to shocks in the Southeastern Conference. Georgia last year and L. S. U. in 1958 catapulted to championships after being picked to languish in the lower half of the league. Any 1960 dark horse must, as they did, crowd in front of Mississippi. Speed and striking power are such built-in Mississippi fixtures that they tend to obscure a dogged defense which permitted only twenty-one points last season. Such vigilant goal tending may slacken, but with all-purpose senior quarterback Jake Gibbs wheeling and dealing, the Ole Miss attack can't miss.

The hard-nosed survivors of coach Paul Bryant's austerity regime at Alabama have acquired enough ball-moving finesse to increase their touchdown output considerably. Auburn has huge tackles and packs true fullback punch in Ed Dyas, also an expert place kicker.

Georgia Tech could ride high on sophomore Stan Gann's rapid development at quarterback and the rousing tackle play of shot-putter Ed Nutting. Both Tech and Georgia have new line coaches. Georgia's potency—except for mobile Pat Dye at guard—is in the backfield, directed by the adroit passer and playmaker, Francis Tarkenton. Tennessee improves at every position and in Pittsburgh transfer Mike Lucci, for a change, has a center who can make the long snap-back so vital in the single wing. L.S.U., without Billy Cannon and twenty other lettermen, puts a heavy load on quarterback Darryl Jenkins. Florida's fortunes under new coach Ray Graves also rest largely on the quarterback, 140-pound sophomore Larry Libertore, who has permission to "gamble a little."

Vanderbilt, strong in the middle, readjusts both offense and defense to compensate for the loss of invaluable halfback Tom Moore. After October first, Kentucky's explosive halfbacks will have faced three hard tests—Georgia Tech, Mississippi and Auburn. Changing from the double wing to the T, Mississippi State stresses passing. Sophomore linemen could brighten Tulane's dark outlook.

For its usual gaudy national schedule, Miami parades unusual line strength. New coach Bill Peterson at Florida State counts forty-four sophomores among sixty-eight players. Of the smaller independents, Memphis State blooms fastest.

MIDDLE WEST

BIG TEN CHAMPION:	ILLINOIS
RUNNER-UP:	MICHIGAN STATE
ABOVE AVERAGE:	IOWA, OHIO STATE, NORTHWESTERN, MICHIGAN, PURDUE, INDIANA, MINNESOTA, WISCONSIN
No. 1 INDEPENDENT:	NOTRE DAME

BEST OF REST: Detroit, Xavier, Dayton, Marquette, Miami U., Bowling Green, Ohio U., Western Michigan, Kent State, Central Michigan, Southern Illinois, Ohio Wesleyan, Marshall, Toledo, Baldwin-Wallace, Wittenberg, Youngstown, Akron, Wooster, Otterbein, Muskingum, Heidelberg, Denison, Marietta, Capital, Oberlin, Albion, Butler, Valparaiso, St. Joseph's, Wheaton, Bradley, Hillsdale, DePauw, Wabash, Western Illinois, Coe, Alma, Carleton, St. Olaf, Hope, John Carroll, Wayne State, Hiram, Ball State, Evansville, Western Reserve.

MIDDLE-WEST STARS: Linemen—Maltony (g) and Beabout (t), Purdue; Faison (e), Indiana; Rutgens (t), Illinois; T. Brown (g) and Larson (c), Minnesota; Pottios (g), Notre Dame; Manders (c), Michigan State; Cross (e) and E. Kimbrough (e), Northwestern; Tyrer (t), Ohio State; Halstead (e), Michigan; Derleth (e), Wisconsin; Shaffer (t), Marquette; Hannon (g), Xavier; Urick (c), Ohio Wesleyan; E. Brown (e), Albion; Goosby (g), Baldwin-Wallace.

BACKS—Mack, Notre Dame; Thornton, Stock and Purdin, Northwestern; B. Brown, Illinois; Adderley and Ballman, Michigan State; Matte, Ohio State; Hollis, Iowa; Allen, Purdue; Costello, Xavier; White, Capital; Cooper, Muskingum; Brooks, Ohio U.; Casey, Bowling Green; Triplett, Miami U.

SOPHOMORES—Glinka (b), Michigan; Rutkowski (b) and Burke (t), Notre Dame; Rogers (e), Iowa; Francis (b), Ohio State; Azar (g) and Bobbitt (t), Michigan State; Bloom (b), Purdue; McQuiston (g), Iowa; Mudd (t), Michigan State; Carlson (b), Richter (e) and Matthews (g), Wisconsin; Moore (b), Indiana; Cverko (t), Northwestern; Huzicko (t), Xavier; Gross (b), Detroit; Timura (b), Dayton; Jeter (b), St. Joseph's; Parrish (g), Denison.

At the end of the 1959 season Illinois was the strongest squad in the Big Ten. Twenty-five of the thirty-six players who enabled Ray Eliot to retire on such a happy note are back and banging under new, adept head coach Pete Elliott, who, although only thirty-four years old, has had coaching experience at Oregon State, Oklahoma, Nebraska and California. Illinois should finish No. 1 in the Big Ten, with over-all speed and depth offsetting the loss through ineligibility of ace halfback Johnny Counts and the graduation of Bill Burrell, roving linebacker credited with 132 tackles in last year's campaign.

The first brother-vs.-brother coaching duel in Big Ten history takes place when the Illini go to Ann Arbor on November fifth; Chalmers (Bump) Elliott masterminds Michigan. There are thirty returning Wolverine lettermen, mostly juniors. Michigan could be the most improved team in the league if key sophomores came through.

Some of the sturdiest sophomore muscle in captivity is to be found at Michigan State, but the top Spartan assets are holdover halfbacks Herb Adderley and Gary Ballman and husky center Dave Manders. At Iowa, where less than one fifth of the squad has any varsity experience, the load is on quarterback Wilburn Hollis and durable linebacker Sherwyn Thorson, with select sophomores injecting speed. Ohio State, lighter and quicker, forsakes grind-it-out ball control for a looser attack, hoping to improve last year's three-five-one record, the worst since 1947.

Northwestern's backfield, with quarterback Dick Thornton's ankle healed and fullback Mike Stock in top form, may prove even better than the 1959 unit that scored 174 points; in the line, the key experiment is at center, where Jim Andreotti left a void that two men are trying to fill—265-pound Ike Smith on offense and lean Larry Onesti on defense. Purdue's best linemen return, but the loss of six experienced backs puts added strain on Bernie Allen's throwing arm. Indiana, sentenced by the N.C.A.A. to four years' probation and barred from the Rose Bowl for alleged recruiting violations, was declared ineligible by the Big Ten to compete for the 1960 conference championship. Indiana will be permitted to play its schedule, but games with league opponents won't count in the standings.

Minnesota stresses running power with a strengthened backfield including three senior fullbacks; main worry is pass defense. Wisconsin, 1959 conference champion, faces the biggest drop with only two regulars returning—end Henry Derleth and guard Ron Perkins.

Notre Dame's fortunes hang heavily on the repaired knees of halfbacks Red Mack and George Sefcik, fullback Gerry Gray and guard-captain Myron Pottios. They were among thirteen players sidelined by surgery last season. The quarterback crop was so depleted that a sophomore may direct 1960 operations. Only four seniors are among the first thirty-three squadmen, perhaps validating coach Joe Kuharich's timetable notation: "We're at least a year away."

Xavier of Cincinnati thrusts its strongest bid ever to outstrip independent rivals. Marquette unveils the tallest slot back in football, George Andrie, six feet seven inches.

MISSOURI VALLEY

BIG EIGHT CHAMPION:	OKLAHOMA
RUNNER-UP:	KANSAS
MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	TULSA
RUNNER-UP:	NORTH TEXAS STATE
ABOVE AVERAGE:	MISSOURI, COLORADO, IOWA STATE, OKLAHOMA STATE, NEBRASKA, KANSAS STATE, CINCINNATI, WICHITA

BEST OF REST: Northeast Missouri State, Iowa Teachers, William Jewell, Drake, College of Emporia, Huron, Washington U., Southeast Missouri, Missouri Mines, Pittsburg State, Augustana, North Dakota, Kearney State, South Dakota.

MISSOURI VALLEY STARS: Linemen—Lakes (c), Wichita; Cox (t) and Milstead (g), Oklahoma; Romig (g), Colorado; LaRose (e), Missouri; Beaty (t), Oklahoma State; Esslinger (c), Iowa State; Basham (g), Kansas; Kirbie (t), North Texas State; McDole (t), Nebraska.

BACKS—Hartline, Oklahoma; Watkins, Iowa State; Weidner, Colorado; West, Missouri; McClinton and Hadl, Kansas; Dillard, Oklahoma State; Keeling, Tulsa; Oblak, Cincinnati; Mills, Northeast Missouri State.

SOPHOMORES—Coan (b), Kansas; Cook (g), Oklahoma; Hall (t), Colorado; Elder (e), Kansas State; Russell (b), Missouri; Thornton (b), Nebraska; Liscio (t), Tulsa; Hawkins (g), North Texas State; Zyskowski (b), Wichita.

With Oklahoma on indefinite N.C.A.A. probation because of a booster group's refusal to disclose the records of a recruiting fund, the bowl incentive broadens for all other Big Eight teams. The champion or runner-up—excepting Oklahoma—goes to the Orange Bowl and, by a 1960 ruling, any of the rest may play in nonconflicting December postseason games. Oklahoma's long reign as conference champion is threatened by its rivals' steady improvement, but Bud Wilkinson possesses enough first-rate material to stay on top. His immediate task is to prime the Sooner attack, spearheaded by fullback Ronnie Hartline, for two early intersectional visitors, Northwestern and Pittsburgh. Up-and-coming Kansas will find out early—against Texas Christian and Syracuse—whether runner-punter John Hadl fits as a quarterback.

Missouri's stubby, hard-hitting line and swift backs can better last year's six-four record if Daryl Krugman clicks as a passer. Colorado returns every starter and ten top reserves. Iowa State worries about powerful fullback Tom Watkins's shoulder injuries. Oklahoma State's brightest surprise is Tommy Jackson, wingback windfall from Texas, and Nebraska is loaded with talented transfers. New coach Doug Weaver at Kansas State accents defense.

Houston's withdrawal reduces Missouri Valley Conference football competition to four teams, with the championship a toss-up between Tulsa, quarterbacked by senior ace Jerry Keeling, and North Texas State, always tough. Cincinnati can't replace its Jack Lee-Jim Leo aerial combination. New coach Hank Foldberg changes Wichita to the multiple T.

Dale Mills of Northeast Missouri State, who gained 2743 yards the past two seasons, tries for his third straight small-college rushing championship.

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SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	TEXAS
RUNNERS-UP:	T.C.U., ARKANSAS, BAYLOR
BEST OF REST:	S.M.U., TEXAS A. & M., RICE, TEXAS TECH.
BORDER CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	NEW MEXICO STATE
RUNNERS-UP:	ARIZONA STATE, ARIZONA, TEXAS WESTERN, HARDIN-SIMMONS, WEST TEXAS STATE

BEST OF REST: Houston, Trinity, Abilene Christian, East Texas State, Texas A. & I., Lamar Tech, Arkansas State, McMurry, Stephen F. Austin, Prairie View, Arkansas A. & M., Southern, Southwest Texas State.

SOUTHWEST STARS: Linemen—*Lilly (t), T.C.U.; Holub (c), Texas Tech; Lee (g), Texas;* Harris (c), Arkansas; Davis (e), Baylor; Christian (c), S.M.U.; Lively (g) and B. King (c), Rice; Cowley (t), Trinity; Witt (g), New Mexico State; Pelton (g), Hardin-Simmons; Rhoades (c), Arizona State; Matz (t), Arizona; Bentley (e), Arkansas State; McLeod (e), Abilene Christian.

BACKS—Collins and Cotten, Texas; Alworth, Arkansas; Bull and Stanley, Baylor; Dawson, T.C.U.; F. Jackson and Gregory, S.M.U.; Rieves, Houston; Sims, Texas A. & M.; R. Jackson, Rice; Atkins and Johnson, New Mexico State; Jones, Arizona State; Furman, Texas Western; Oates, Hardin-Simmons; Wilson, Arizona.

SOPHOMORES—Gibbs (b) and Morrison (e), T.C.U.; Martindale (g), Texas; Goodwin (b) and Choate (e), Baylor; Flake (b) and Schoenke (b), S.M.U.; Hogan (t) and Caffey b), *Texas A. & M.; Nichols (g) and Raesz (e), Rice; Hunt (b), Texas Tech; Payne (b),* Hardin-Simmons; Cupchak (t), Arizona State; Kolesar (g), New Mexico State; Hernandez (t), Texas Western; Logan (b), West Texas State; Pressley (b), Texas A. & I.

After proving that three's company last year, with a trio of teams tying for first place, the Southwest Conference now wonders if four's a crowd. Texas, T.C.U. and Arkansas return top-drawer squads, but must fight off fast-rising Baylor.

Texas may not be up to its 1959 level defensively, yet it casts the longest shadow because of the easy end-to-guard transition accomplished by senior Monte Lee and the scoring punch of halfback Jack Collins. At Arkansas, junior halfback Lance Alworth becomes the "flyman" in coach Frank Broyles's attack.

The championship which has eluded Baylor for thirty-five years may come within reach of the line-smashing rampages of Ronnie Bull and a pair of active 240-pound tackles, Pete Nicklas and John Frongillo. But the most talked-about tackle is giant Robert Lilly of T.C.U., which also has an exciting quarterback prospect in Sonny Gibbs. T.C.U. has the advantage of playing contenders Texas, Arkansas and Baylor at home.

S.M.U. puts more emphasis on the running of Frank Jackson and Glynn Gregory. Sophomore plums promise coach Jim Myers something better than the two conference victories he has to show for two years at Texas A. & M. It's Rice University now instead of Rice Institute, but the problem's the same—a search for backs to match a good line. As Texas Tech competes in its first S.W.C. race, leathery E. J. Holub should shine. Houston, a "big independent," depends chiefly on fullback Charlie Rieves.

In the touchdown-happy Border Conference, Pervis Atkins of New Mexico State and Nolan Jones of Arizona State again tangle for national scoring honors.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

No. 1 INDEPENDENT:	AIR FORCE ACADEMY
RUNNER-UP:	MONTANA STATE
SKYLINE EIGHT CHAMPION:	WYOMING
RUNNERS-UP:	UTAH, UTAH STATE, NEW MEXICO

BEST OF REST: Colorado State U., Brigham Young, Denver, Montana.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE: Idaho State, Colorado State, Adams State, Colorado College, Colorado Mines, Western State.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS: Linemen—Peterson (t), Utah; Memmelaar (c) and Hamilton (e), Wyoming; Hardage (e), Air Force Academy; Olsen (t), Utah State; Magoffin (c), Brigham Young; Knox (e), Colorado State U.; B. Jones (g), Idaho State; G. Smith (g), Denver; Gullick (t), New Mexico; Schmitz (g), Montana State; Capshaw (e), Colorado Mines; Gregor (t), Montana.

BACKS—Mayo and Quinlan, Air Force Academy; Hill, Wyoming; Keys, Colorado State U.; B. Brown, New Mexico; Dunn, Brigham Young; Hall, Idaho State; D. Camilli, Utah State; Lee, Utah; Lewer, Colorado State.

SOPHOMORES—Glass (e), and Santiago (b), New Mexico; Kohl (t), Air Force Academy; Wright (b), Wyoming; Overton (b), Utah; Escandon (b), Denver; Aldridge (e), Utah State.

Air Force Academy, acquiring football tradition in a hurry, again demonstrates that the game is not for heavyweights alone. Its trim, spirited line provides remarkable protection for Rich Mayo's passing, which last season gained 40 per cent of the team's yardage. A perfect ten-game slate is possible for experienced, superbly balanced Wyoming if Chuck Lamson, late of Iowa State, lives up to expectations at quarterback.

Utah is improved by two straight better-than-average freshman squads. Utah State has enlisted some impressive California junior-college transfers. New Mexico's new head coach, Bill Weeks, must replace eight regulars.

Colorado State University is paced by long-gainer Brady Keys. Brigham Young again could exhibit the nation's longest punting with Gary Dunn. Denver's squad is two-thirds sophomores. Montana repairs football's most vulnerable forward wall, perforated for 2921 yards last year.

PACIFIC COAST

BIG FIVE CHAMPION:	SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
RUNNER-UP:	WASHINGTON
No. 1 INDEPENDENT:	OREGON
ABOVE AVERAGE:	U.C.L.A., OREGON STATE, WASHINGTON STATE, CALIFORNIA, STANFORD, COLLEGE OF PACIFIC, SAN JOSE STATE, IDAHO

BEST OF REST: Fresno State, Nevada, Santa Barbara, California Poly, San Francisco State, Humboldt State, Los Angeles State, Whittier, Sacramento State, Chico State, San Diego State, Redlands, Willamette, Occidental.

PACIFIC COAST STARS: Linemen—Marlin McKeever (e), Mike McKeever (g) and Ficca (t), Southern California; Meyers (e), Allen (g) and Gegner (t), Washington; Baldwin (c) and Luster (e), U.C.L.A.; Kammerer (g), College of Pacific; Urell (g), *Oregon; Hinshaw (t), Stanford; Chamness (c), San Jose State; Brown (g), Fresno* State; Bain (t), Whittier.

BACKS—Schloredt, Washington; Norman and Face, Stanford; Traynham and Charles, Southern California; Kilmer and R. Smith, U.C.L.A.; Grosz, Oregon; Bates, California; Lincoln, Washington State; Kasso, Oregon State; Tunnicliffe, Santa Barbara; Fuller, San Francisco State.

SOPHOMORES—Barnett (t), Oregon; Del Conte (b), Southern California; Gold (b) and Bebelaar (t), California; Scheyer (t) and Mitchell (b), Washington; Bauwens (g), U.C.L.A.; Casey (b), Oregon State; Stanton (b), Washington State; McMaster (t), Whittier; Sparrow (b), College of Pacific; Fannin (b), Idaho.

It may well be that 1960, beginning with last January's Rose Bowl game at Pasadena, will mark the renaissance of Pacific Coast football. The entire starting line-up and twelve other lettermen of the Washington squad that crushed Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl are back. Quarterback Bob Schloredt returns to direct offense, and defensive alignments again are called by perceptive guard Chuck Allen.

The Washington-Southern California game probably will determine the Big Five representative in the Rose Bowl. As usual U.S.C. bulges with splendid athletes, with strapping linemen Marlin and Mike McKeever doubtless the outstanding twins in the history of football. U.S.C. is imperiled more by intersectional games than by league competition.

An infusion of muscular sophomores at U.C.L.A. generates more running power to blend with tailback Bill Kilmer's passes, but there is concern over a schedule quirk—U.C.L.A. meets Purdue on September twenty-fourth, then doesn't have another game until October fifteenth. California's new coach, Marv Levy, from New Mexico, a Phi Beta Kappa not scared by the university's high scholastic standards, picks his varsity on defensive ability; the 1959 Golden Bears gave up 223 points in losing eight games.

Stanford was even worse on defense, yielding 261 points and winning only three games, although leading the nation in forward passing. With No. 1 marksman Dick Norman back on the firing range, Stanford strives mightily to realize more from such a property. Work-horse quarterback Dave Grosz is the mainspring of Oregon's consistency, and agile tackle Steve Barnett is boomed as "our best sophomore interior lineman in ten years." Oregon State fields a sound first team, is shy on line reinforcements. Washington State's hopes are harnessed to triple-threat Keith Lincoln.

At College of the Pacific, enormous Carl Kammerer is such an omnipresent linebacker that he's called "The Big Trap." Idaho added eighteen transfers—probably a record. San Jose State, Whittier and Santa Barbara enjoy a national reputation for high-frequency passing.

My preratings of the top twenty teams and the players most likely to attain All-American recognition appear at the beginning of this article. Some individual selections:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Robert Lilly, T.C.U.
BACK OF THE YEAR: Jake Gibbs, Mississippi.
SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Steve Barnett, Oregon.
SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Bill McGuirt, Clemson.

A word about my Lineman of the Year, the extraordinary Mr. Lilly, who not only is huge (six-five, 251 pounds) but also most agile—he recently was voted the best tumbler in his college class. He brings to mind the old story about Bronko Nagurski, the fabled Chicago Bears' bruiser of the 1930's who supposedly first attracted the attention of touring University of Minnesota recruiters who asked for directions, by picking up his plow with one hand to point the way. About Lilly, they tell a story with a more modern touch. It seems that he made his reputation by playfully lifting parked sports cars—one end at a time—and setting them down faced in the opposite direction.

THE END

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Why Do They Misbehave?

(Continued from Page 31)

doubtless the same ones by which she had been brought up, and by which most of us were reared. Why, then, the rebellion? Or is it just the "hostility urge" of which I spoke a moment ago? If so, why does it seem worse than it did a generation past?

I submit that the teen-ager is the more or less innocent victim of what would have to be called a social conspiracy if it were not so manifestly an accidental combination of factors active in our society today. Not that all the factors themselves are accidental: some of them are very calculating indeed. For example, let us look at the so-called "teen-age market," designed to assure the young boy or girl that he or she is an adult and that the world has been remade for him. Eugene Gilbert, a current expert on youth, points out that the predominant market today for musical recordings is the teen-age group. In other words, record manufacturers have teen-age tastes—*existing* tastes—to consider when choosing recordings. And what they choose you and I know only too well. The cult of the disc jockey, that high priest of current taste; the cult of the smoke-filled, bongo-drumming, so-called night club which serves liquor to anybody old enough to walk; the cult of the fast sports car—these are all aimed more or less in the direction of young people who can't wholly be blamed for not knowing better. And then there is the teen-age columnist, the self-styled expert who gives facile advice to lovelorn, impatient or just precocious youngsters, whose egos are further inflated by this tolerant counselor who takes them so much more seriously than their less "permissive" parents.

So we build up the teen-ager and tell him that he is a life-sized consumer. And the bigger his bankroll—that is, the more favored his parents by fortune, or the luckier or harder-working he is in holding part-time jobs—the greater the temptation. It is remarkable how many of our young people get through this jungle unscathed.

Having built up the teen-ager, society proceeds to confuse him further by being permissive just when it ought to be the reverse. Whatever "progressive education" did that was good (and I am sure that there was *something*), it left in its wake a dynasty of confused adults, doubtless the earliest victims of the theory, who are so perplexed as to just what to insist upon and what to permit that they deny nothing, thus affirming nothing. Society now says in effect: "Dirty books are not dirty; swear words are not profane; pornography is art; promiscuity is liberalism; nihilism is courage; agnosticism is openmindedness." And the adolescent, allowed by social sanction to do pretty much what he chooses, is baffled when his parents try to make him do what *they* choose.

Then there is the pressure of materialism. This may take the form of status-seeking (a sixteen-year-old boy with a forged draft card has achieved status), or it may merely take the form of wanting to make a lot of money in order to keep it or, alternatively, to throw it around. Exhibitionism, seeking approval of the group, was an adolescent phenomenon long before Vance Packard began seeking the seekers of status. But it has never been so encouraged as it is now being encouraged by a social system which places increasing value on the size of one's income-tax bill, the length of one's car or the price of one's hat. What is an adolescent to think of a society in which one of the recognized pinnacles is a $100,000 coming-out party?

Now society has built up the adolescent as a "consumer" and told him that it doesn't much matter what he consumes as long as he can pay for it. It further tells him that he must "belong" and "conform," but shows him no ideals worth conforming to. Walter Lippmann, speaking of modern education, says this: "We have established a system of education in which we insist that while everyone must be educated, yet there is nothing in particular that an educated man must know." "Or believe," we are tempted to add.

And then society tells this same adolescent that to get even this type of education he must compete and compete and compete again. Anyone living in a secondary boarding school for half a day can sense the pressure on the older boys in this vital, status-filled matter of college. All the other pressures have prepared him for it, though atrociously. To "belong," to be what his flatterers tell him he is, he must *get into a good college.* And whereas a reasonably prepared, pleasant, socially acceptable youth could expect admission to a "name" college a generation ago, the chances are that the same young man today may be lucky to get into even an institution of which his father has never heard.

A young man just about to be graduated from our school came into my office in tears one May afternoon several years ago. He had been both happy and successful—in all things other than academic—during his school career. But, waving a form letter of rejection from Status University, he wept, "I've wasted four years of my life." Of course he hadn't, but it took a long automobile drive in the country and a good deal of sympathetic sternness to restore him to a belief in himself and in his perfectly real accomplishments as a person. What frustrations are attendant on this crucial decision: "I'm letting down my father" . . . "I'm dumb, I'll always be dumb" . . . "I'm not as good as my brother" . . . "I've wasted my life"—these are all thoughts, spoken or unspoken, of boys and girls who are disappointed in their college or even school aspirations.

And the lucky one who gets into "the college of his choice" is not necessarily any luckier. Society has taught him to consider college admission as an accolade, a high plateau on the uplands of status. Filled as he is with this concept, is it any wonder that after a few bewildered weeks as a freshman he asks himself, "Why am I going to college at all?" Many independent and public schools attempt through guidance to anticipate this problem; we think we are successful in many cases, but certainly not in all of them by any means.

If we need any further manifestation of pressure, let us just look around us. At the opening meeting of our student body in January, 1960, I read to our school the entire list of front-page headlines from the New York *Journal-American* of New Year's Eve, 1959. They ran something like this: WIDOW BRUTALLY MURDERED; FRUITLESS STEEL TALKS; QUILL THREATENS STRIKE; KHRUSHCHEV ADAMANT; TRAFFIC TOLL 100 DAILY; ENGAGEMENT BROKEN, GIRL SUICIDES AT 18. If we were merely to confine ourselves to the international situation, with the twin threats of war itself and personal involvement in it, we would have enough. Whether these young men feel these things consciously or not—and it is not a fit subject for prying—there is no doubt that the social and political pressures of our time are never far from their senses.

So much for the pressures. They exist and they are active and they are insidious. We schoolmasters pay admiring tribute to parents who know how to deal with them.

Physicists know that when a pressure exists it must be relieved. "Letting off steam" is one time-honored way of accomplishing this purpose, but it is not the only one and certainly not the most reassuring.

A schoolmaster learns to expect these manifestations of "steam"—rock-'n'-roll music emanating from the ivy-covered bell tower; masters' sports cars neatly deposited in the middle of the quadrangle, with the distributors thoughtfully removed; school bells ringing at regular intervals in the unearthly hours of the early morning. So long as they are not malicious, they are at least bearable and, within the circumstances, normal.

But a generally more reliable way to solve the "pressure problem" or the "pressure principle" is to look for the cause. And this, fortunately, is very simple: the teen-ager wants to be recognized; he wants to be somebody. He always has, ever since Romeo married Juliet (there was a teen-age problem for you!) or Joan of Arc beat the English, or the "boy stood on the burning deck." And it is usually the search for this recognition that leads him to stop at Vanity Fair on his way.

What the young person of today needs above all else is peace—peace with himself. Most of them, left alone, come to some sort of armistice with themselves sooner or later, but one is never sure that hostilities are over. This sort of peace involves recognition; and it is our job as teachers and parents to see that this recognition comes in a way which will lead to happiness in the future.

The first form of "peace" which a young person seeks—and often the only one he is consciously seeking—is with his contemporaries, his "peers," if one wants to invade the weird semantic jungle of siblings and personality norms. Most of you have heard of the game called "chicken" in which two young fools drive cars straight at each other until one gives way; he is the "chicken" and he has lost face. It is our job, among other things, to show that the "chicken" is really the one who lacks the moral courage to brand foolishness for what it is even at the risk of condemnation by a group.

It is also our job to set standards of personal conduct which, if followed, will lead a young person to be accepted by his contemporaries without exhibitionism, fawning, conformity or precocity. It is

NEXT WEEK

IS THERE A "WOMEN'S VOTE"?

By Sidney Shalett

HOW I FLUBBED IN SAN FRANCISCO

By Art Linkletter

INSIDE BLAIR HOUSE:

WHERE THE PRESIDENT'S GUESTS UNWIND

By Robert and Patricia Cahn

WHAT GOT INTO THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES?

By Myron Cope

IN COLOR:

HAWAII'S MUSIC MAN

By Frank J. Taylor

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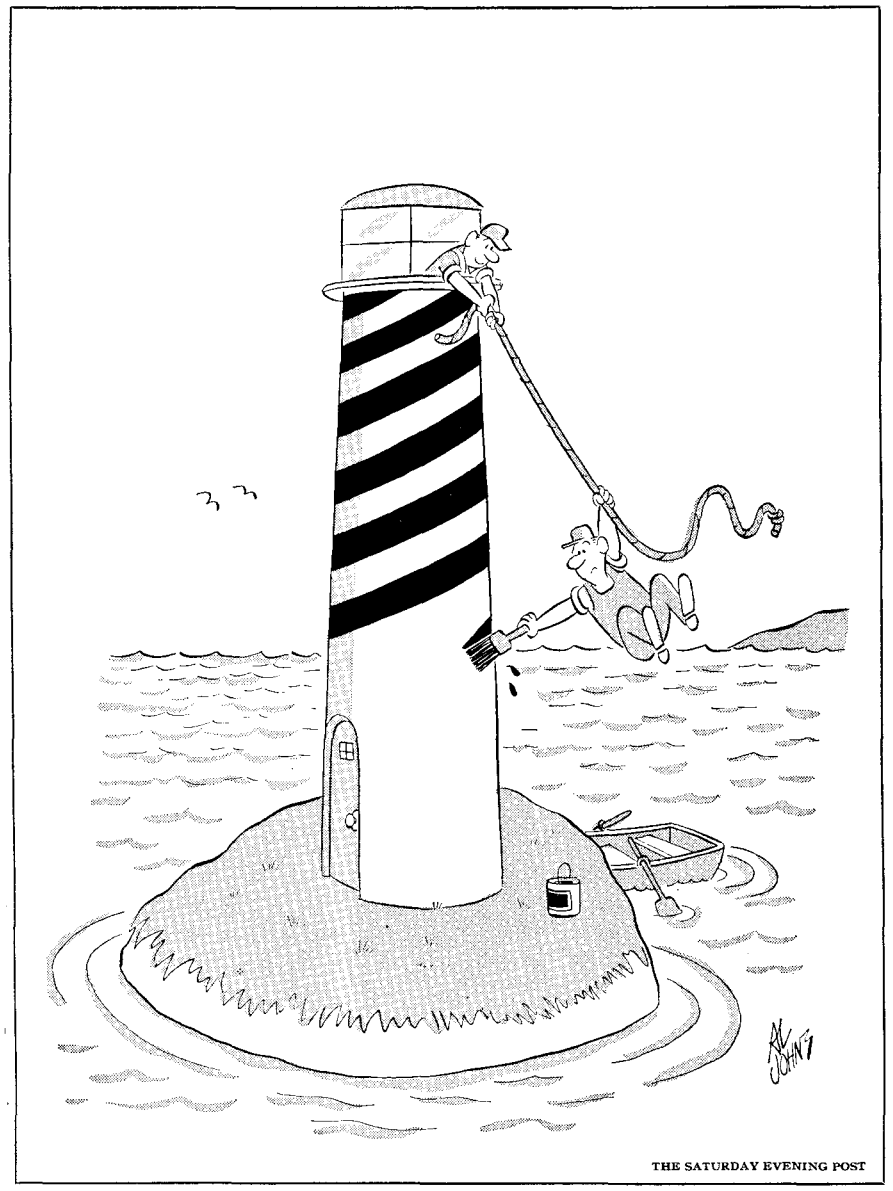
axiomatic that the president of a school class is a highly respected person; he is respected for the qualities which boys and girls admire, not for those which they merely pretend to admire. In breaking through the false front which frequently characterizes adolescent efforts to conform, we can often—particularly when alone with a boy or girl—find our own beliefs and hopes mirrored in the *real* beliefs and hopes of our companion. If we can teach boys and girls to be themselves, to know what is right and to do it, they will find acceptance coming as a by-product, and they will need to find no false or showy ways to attain it. They will have found peace.

The second type of peace an adolescent must make is with us, his parents and teachers—mainly the former because they are much more important. If, by our actions and our example, we can show that the generations are not really at war; if we can find good reasons for doing ourselves what we tell the young to do; if we can be consistent and mean what we say; if we can be companions and not merely disciplinarians, we shall have done that most important of things: we shall have made friends with our children. This takes careful managing, obviously; it must involve a respect for the child and not merely an insistence that he respect us. But if we can show him that the life of an adult is not so very different from his own, that he has a place in it; that he is recognized as a junior partner in the family without, perhaps, full voting rights, we shall have begun to succeed. For when a young man or girl is at peace with the adult world, the semibarbaric symbols of rebellion against that world will quickly seem even more foolish and empty than they are. The adolescent will have found his second peace—with his elders and what they represent.

But this is not quite enough. In this world of secular influences another peace must be made. Among other pressures upon the adolescent the pressure to be "free" is strong. That is why he rebels or tries to do so. And among his freedoms he counts freedom from religious convention. At twelve he becomes a church member; at fifteen he begins to doubt; at seventeen he reads an agnostic book; and at eighteen he sometimes finds it too much effort to find his way back to faith. For, after all, he is "free." And yet he is not at peace, because his appetites begin to rule his reason; and soon his reason itself rebels against the tyranny of appetite. This is a long and often a slow process. It cannot be hurried; it cannot be forced. But it will come, especially if reason has as its ally faith. And here we have an immense advantage if the second peace has been made, and if the practice of faith is an accepted part of family living.



One fine boy who was a leader in our school gave me the privilege of his conversation during his own search. Toward the end of his last year in the school he led a chapel service, concluding with the following prayer which he wrote himself as an expression of his quest and his creed:

O God:
Through the confusing years of our youth
and growth
Put out Thy hand to us now and again
Through some beautiful thing,
Some selfless human act,
Or some friend's good counsel,
That our confidence may be restored,
And that we find our full strength to do
Thy will.
Amen.

Other boys and girls, less articulate than he and outwardly more skeptical, feel the same sense of need and the same outpouring of hope.

Young people today are eager for faith. They lack it most when they need it most: when their peace is not made and when they are struggling between appetite and reason. They are suspicious of that which is established or dogmatic; they seek that which is new and dynamic. Would we have them otherwise? For only if they can find in the church or synagogue—whatever is their own form of worship—that which is ever new and ever dynamic, would we wish them to be part of it. "In my Father's house are many mansions" is a comforting line for a confused boy who lives very close to God, but very far, in his mind, from the church. I believe that these young people for whom we care so much are hungry and thirsty for faith, and that most of them will find it if they have not already done so in their hearts. And this is the third peace.

The journey from pressure to peace is not so different in its essentials from that which many of us have traveled. There are, perhaps, more billboards on the highway advertising the allures of Status City, more detours tempting doubt and delay; but the road is clear. We—parents and teachers of America—are fortunate in having traveled at least the first mile on this delicate journey. And for our young people we are, I am sure, willing to go the second mile as well.

Champion's Choice (Continued from Page 30)

"She's three miles down the road in a motel, isn't she?"

"Well?" Joie said.

"Well, what? You talked to her for forty minutes on the telephone this morning, didn't you? And last night for an hour?"

Joie got up from the rubbing table. "We're that kind of a family, Lou. We like to keep in touch."

"Lemme put it this way then," said Dolan. "Either I'm crazy, or your wife ain't gettin' the kind of mileage she should get from a four-cent stamp."

Joie just grinned and threw a few harmless punches at the air to loosen up. He'd never mentioned to Dolan that since Eddie Bergen, his manager, had died, it had been almost necessary to have Helen and their daughter near him, if not exactly with him, through the abstinence and effort of these training grinds. Managing your own affairs, you needed someone you could believe in when you turned away from the larcenous jungle the fight game had become. Dolan, perhaps because he was honest, did not pretend to be a manager. He was just a fellow you hired to have in your corner when you needed him—a kind of genius with an aseptic pencil, or those swift coagulants you had learned to rely on when an eyebrow busted open.

"All right, Lou," Joie said, "let's go to work."

They went out into the crowded gym, where he raised a hand in greeting to those who called his name and to the busload of Mexicans who sat in a shy but solid body on the far side of the ring. They were the passionate adherents of "Rockabye Ruby" Guitterez, whom he was scheduled to meet for fifteen rounds in the ball park Monday night. They had come for a clinical look at the enemy; but at his greeting, their faces brightened. A few of them waved back, and one of the bolder young men, grinning slyly, began to thump lightly on a bongo drum.

"It won't be this social Monday night," Dolan reminded him. "Why bother to be charmin'?"

Joie didn't say, but he was well aware that young *Señor* Guitterez had many gifts. He was known as "the Bongo Baby" for his skill with the instrument being slapped so rhythmically at the moment by one of his admirers, as "the *Taco* Tornado" for his blinding speed, and as "the Sheik of Monterrey" for his comeliness. Joie did not object to any of these endowments. What concerned him was the fact that Ruby, at twenty-two, was twelve years younger than himself and could fight like five cats trapped in a sack.

"Stand still while I put the gloves on," Dolan said.

Joie stood still and saw now that Sonny Halpern, his chief sparring partner, was already in the ring. He worked two rounds with Sonny, a strong and bull-necked artisan with the style of a laboring tractor. Joie moved through the workout in his relaxed and feather-footed way, frustrating Sonny with feints and counterpunches, nudging him off balance, jabbing, stabbing, managing always to be where Sonny didn't want him to be. The Mexicans, silent and watchful, exchanged worried glances.

"*Ole!*" one of them said reluctantly.

The non-Mexicans, standing around, moved closer to the ring, and there was no doubt that Joie had captured the respect, if not the reverence, of them all. This was his trade. It was the thing he knew how to do. His present sharpness had been until now the hoped-for thing, the elusive peak of performance at which his labors had been aimed. He was sweating sweet and rich, like a basted goose. His craftsman's pride was pardonably inflated as another sparring partner climbed into the ring, and Sonny Halpern stepped down. This was when Joie, rinsing his mouth, saw a rather tall man come in, shake the rain from the rim of his hat, then approach Calhoun at the back of the gym. Dolan, holding the water bottle, followed Joie's gaze.

"What's the matter with you?"

"The one in the gray raincoat—talking to Calhoun."

"What about him?"

"He's the one that came to the house about a month ago, back home. I never learned his name."

"The one with the proposition?"

"That's right. He wanted to know if I'd talk to a friend of his."

"Otto Pflamn?" said Dolan.

"He didn't say that, of course, but I knew he wasn't from the Y.M.C.A. You ever see him before?"

"Never," Dolan said, "but that don't mean anything. Otto wouldn't send anybody to your house who would be recognized. He uses new talent all the time."

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Joie went back to work then because the mechanical bell ended the minute's rest, and the new sparring partner, like Sonny, was the busy, determined type. Joie jabbed him with a left hand, moving into the pattern the task required. But the fun was gone from the workout. He had never missed Eddie Bergen more.

The rain continued through a kind of gray-flannel afternoon, but at three o'clock the crowd was gone. Joie dressed warmly in a pair of old slacks, a woolen shirt and a sweater. He found Calhoun on the main veranda, poking a broom handle into a troubled drain.

"I talk to a lot of people," Calhoun said, his back to Joie. "How'm I supposed to remember them all?"

"This one came in just when I'd finished working with Sonny," Joie reminded him. "He wore a gray raincoat and he was talking to you like he didn't need an introduction—a tall, blond feller without much expression on his face."

"I'm only the landlord here, Joie." Calhoun tugged a quantity of interlocked and very wet leaves from the drain. "I got an open house for anybody who can pay his bill."

"You mean he boards here?" Joie said.

"I didn't say that." Calhoun tossed the clump of leaves over the rail of the veranda. "I didn't say a thing."

He walked off, waddling, wide as a wagon, the broom in one hand. He did not much resemble a man who had written a manual on calisthenics, along with the popular paperback, *How to Look Nifty at Fifty*. Joie felt like walking after him and slugging him in the fat and arrogant head, but there would be no profit in that. Calhoun, for all his bad manners, had a talent for both discretion and practical disengagement while deep in the fight game's strange affairs. George Koenig, a sports writer, stepped out on the porch then with a freshly drawn, high-collared glass of beer. He looked over his shoulder at the departing figure of Calhoun, but he did not say anything.

"I thought you'd gone home," Joie said.

"I was in no hurry. I thought we'd talk a bit."

George sat down in one of the several wicker chairs, and Joie sat next to him. They'd been friends a long time. Koenig was an ex-Amherst boy from whom the ivy had been slow to fade—despite the company he kept. A learned *aficionado* and chronicler of the prize-fight business, he wrote "think pieces" about its more interesting facets. He wrote them superbly and without condescension, as though the bin of history would be void if there were not a footnote to record that Joie Bates, the welterweight champion, had been born in the same hour the great Harry Greb had died, in 1926.

"I think I can beat this kid," Joie said. "It's one of those things that happen when you're my age. All of a sudden you've got it; every move is right, but you don't know how long you can hold it."

"Sonny Halpern's not Guitterez, Joie."

"I know that much. I'll have to gamble with Ruby to slow him down, or he'll eat me up in fifteen rounds." He watched the rain for a moment before he spoke again. "I want to win this one, George. I want my last fight to be the best I ever made."

"Your last fight?" Koenig said.

"That's unofficial and just between us, George. Only Helen and Dolan know."

"This was Helen's idea?"

Joie shook his head. "My own idea."

"You never had a better one," the sports writer said; he waited for Joie to speak again.

"I always promised Eddie Bergen I'd walk out of this business with a full set of brains and all the skin on my head. But it's more than that too. You know?"

"I don't know unless you tell me."

"Well, with someone like me, it's a big thing to be a champion. You could say it's a substitute for a diploma on the wall, or a license to pull somebody's teeth. It says I was a journeyman, not a meatball, George. It's what I've got to offer my family, besides the money in the bank. I want to quit while I'm ahead, like Tunney and Marciano did."

"No other reasons, Joie?"

"Reasons like what?"

"Like Otto Pflamn? Or trying to manage your own affairs without Eddie, the way things are today?"

"Otto could be overrated," Joie said evasively. "He's been playing 'What's My Line?' with a Senate committee for so long you fellers can't think of any other thief. I can name you a hundred and five." He stood up then, hunching his shoulders against the increasing dampness.

"You don't want to talk about it?" Koenig said.

Joie shook his head. "Eddie never ran for help with these people. He said it was cheaper and a lot less trouble to spit in their eye. Besides, I can't go screamin' 'Cop!' when I haven't even been approached."

"Not at all?" Koenig said too rapidly. "Not even once?"

"Look, George, if you've been talkin' to Dolan, forget it. When he's not drinkin', he sees goblins every night." They started inside. "Say 'hello' to your wife for Helen and me—and don't let your imagination gallop off with you."

Late that evening, in Joie's room, Dolan ran some films of Rockabye Ruby Guitterez's last three fights. Joie gave the pictures his scholarly attention, hoping to discover some useful flaw in Ruby's man-the-lifeboats method of attack. It was not encouraging.

"It's like goin' to a hangin'," Dolan observed. "When you've seen one, you've seen them all."

The door from the corridor opened then, as though by itself. There was only the cone of light cast by the small projector and the faint whir of sound it made. The men who entered the room were like two walking silhouettes.

"Turn the light on," Joie said.

Dolan turned the light on and the projector off. The tall man with the bland face and the gray raincoat did not say anything. He deferred to Otto Pflamn, the rather short but tidily constructed man who was with him. Dolan stared at the two of them, his face pale.

"You can step outside, please," Otto said, but Dolan didn't move. He was scared, but not as scared as prudence might recommend. The tall man then took a quiet step in Dolan's direction. He had a hand thrust deep into the pocket of his raincoat.

"Do what they tell you," Joie said. The tall man smiled at this and opened the door to the darkened corridor. Dolan, undecided, looked again to Joie. "Be brave some other time," Joie said. "We're not gonna get athletic—not tonight."

Dolan stepped outside, and the tall man closed the door. Otto Pflamn looked with interest at the screen and the projector. "It's nice to see you doing your homework, Joie."

"What's nice about it?" Joie said.

Otto sat down and tried to look benevolent. He was an offbeat but impressive celebrity who wore an air of mystery as he wore his three-hundred-dollar suits, to great advantage. He had never spent a day in jail and could himself, without benefit of counsel, quote the statutes defeating the attempts by several states to bar him from their race tracks, baseball parks and boxing arenas.

"It's nice that you've been looking at the facts," Otto said. "It's like with a horse race—pictures don't lie. You might have beaten this kid five years ago. You can't do it today."

"Thanks for telling me."

"You can't box him fancy, Joie. At your age you don't have the legs for fifteen rounds. And if you try to punch it out with him?" Here Otto seemed actually sympathetic. "Smart as you are, you cut like cake in your last two fights. That old scar tissue around your eyes is like a set of zippers. That's no news to you."

"I've got Dolan for that," Joie reminded him. "There's nobody better at the job, not even Whitey Forbes."

"This boy will climb over you like the fire department," Otto said. "He won't let up. You'll bleed like a tomato omelet before it's gone five rounds."

"What are you worried about then? Why'd you bother to come here?"

Otto smiled. "Accidents happen, Joie. Some people call them miracles. I couldn't afford one.

"You've been a champion so long that people can't remember the last time you were licked. Even with the Mexicans hockin' their sombreros, you'll go in there the favorite. Why? Because people are stupid and bet their money sentimentally. You'll go in there favored over this tough kid, when the fact is you should be fightin' his old man." Otto pointed now to the anonymous man in the gray raincoat. "My friend here called on you a month ago. His suggestion was simple, the same as mine—work with us, not against us. I don't care whether you fall on your face or blow the decision in fifteen rounds. Nobody knows about the bundle you can win on this fight. That's what makes it tax-free. My friend says he reminded you of these advantages, but that you weren't even polite."

"Get out of here, Otto," Joie said. "You and this spook you hired to front for you in public places. You never did business with Eddie Bergen, you bum. You won't do any with me."

Otto looked at him, undisturbed. "This isn't the only way to handle it, Joie. It was just my courteous way."

"Get out before I throw you out!"

Otto Pflamn stood up. He turned to the nameless man at the door, and neither of them seemed disappointed or surprised. The tall man held the door open for Otto, then followed him outside. The door closed quietly, and there was no longer even the sound of the rain. Joie, from the window, saw a patch of moon shining yellow-bright behind the fast-breaking clouds. He waited at the window without hearing, as he had expected to hear, the sound of a departing car. And Dolan had not come back. Joie walked uneasily along the darkened corridor at the top of the stairs in the vast and ancient house.

"Lou?" he called. "You down there?"

After a moment he heard Dolan's voice—distant, strange and indistinct. It somehow conveyed the image of a grown man trying not to weep aloud in pain. He heard the sound of the car starting as he was running down the stairs.

"Lou?" he kept calling. "Lou?"

Dolan sat frail and bewildered at an oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, staring mutely at his long and bony, trembling hands. He held them a bit above the level of the table, as though he dared not set them down. Only one of his fingers was bleeding, but all of them had begun to swell and would soon be sausage-fat.

"They"—Dolan started, "they broke my hands. Two other monkeys I never seen before. They used a homemade blackjack on me when Otto gave them the word."

Joie placed his hands on Dolan's thin shoulders for what comfort this might provide. "I'll call a doctor," was the best he could say.

"A doctor, hell," said Dolan. "Call Whitey Forbes. You'll need a guy with two good hands in your corner Monday night."

Calhoun came shuffling into the kitchen then, his fat feet naked and a robe around the improbable girth of him. "What happened here?"

"You don't know?"

"Look, Joie—let's not pretend this world was made for Eagle Scouts." He looked at Dolan's hands. "I didn't know what they might do."

"You talked to the one in the gray raincoat this afternoon," Joie said. "You could have kept them out, Calhoun, if you weren't afraid of your skin."

"It happens I've only got one set of skin," Calhoun said. But the shame was clear on the fat man's face as, avoiding Joie's gaze, he turned away. "I don't know anything about what happened, but I'll call a doctor," he said.

The next day was Sunday. It was bright as a bombburst, and the heat was climbing well in (*Continued on Page 78*)

"Let me know if he annoys you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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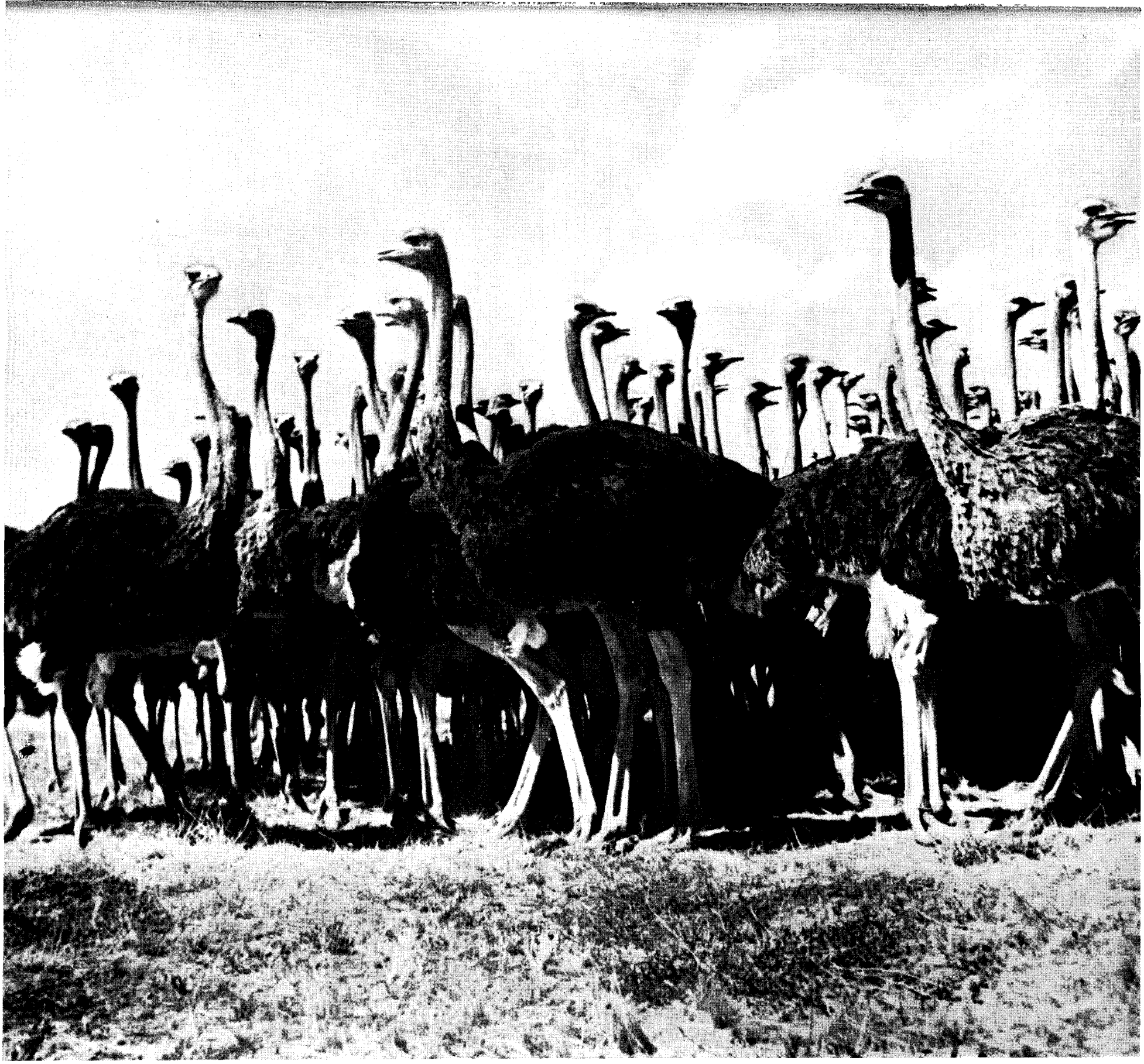

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(*Continued from Page 76*) advance of noon. Joie came back to Calhoun's after attending church with his wife and daughter. He went directly to Dolan's room.

"So what are you gapin' at?" Dolan said. "I'm sittin' here havin' a saucer of coffee. Relax." His fingers were set in separate splints, giving each hand the appearance of a fielder's glove fashioned from virgin gauze. "I can lift it like this—if I don't spill it over my chest," he explained.

He demonstrated slowly, raising the saucer to his lips. Joie, nodding approval, almost wanted to weep. It occurred to him that, holding Eddie Bergen's memory so precious, he had perhaps undervalued the friendship of this brave and emaciated little man.

"You didn't tell Helen or the kid about last night, did you, Joie?"

"No," he said. "I figure they worry enough. I won't phone again until the fight is over. Then I'll drive back to the motel. You get in touch with Whitey Forbes?"

Dolan shook his head. "I tried to, but I couldn't work the dial on the phone. He's at the Grace Hotel. He's got a boy in the semifinal, an' they checked in yesterday. Lemme talk to him if he's there."

Joie dialed the number, asked for Mr. Ernest Forbes, then helped Dolan fit the receiver between his hunched left shoulder and his ear.

"Hello, Whitey? . . . Who do you think it is? It's me. . . . Look, I don't want to go into a buck an' wing about it, but there was a little accident; I —— What do you mean, you heard about it? . . . Listen, Whitey, if it's money, Joie don't pay off in lentil beans, he —— I see, Whitey. . . . Well, I think I heard that line before. . . . This other feller only had one skin to lose; he didn't say his scalp. You are more original. . . . No hard feelin's at all—except you should break both legs durin' the semifinal, Whitey."

He let the disconnected phone fall from his shoulder.

"Otto got to him?" Joie said.

"That's right," Dolan answered sadly.

Rockabye Ruby Guitterez weighed a hundred and forty-six and a half pounds, or eight ounces more than Joie, on the official scales of the State Athletic Commission. This was on Monday, at one o'clock in the afternoon. There were few amenities. The Mexicans departed, puzzled, if not offended, by the champion's lack of cordiality. Ruby himself, a handsome boy, looked back over his shoulder. From the street below you could hear the soft, busy beat of the bongos.

"Was I wrong?" Joie said to Dolan.

"Let's say you weren't charmin'," Dolan said. "This kid, his brothers or even his old man, they wouldn't know Otto Pflamn from second base."

"Well, maybe yes, maybe no," said Joie. but it seemed to him that reason was on the side of Dolan. If you had money on Rockabye Ruby, you would naturally leave well enough alone. A deputy commissioner stopped Dolan to ask him what had happened to his hands. He said he had tried to steal a hot stove, and the commissioner laughed, rather more than the remark was worth.

"Who'll be handling things in Joie's corner tonight?" the commissioner asked.

"Sonny Halpern," Dolan said, and this was true.

Joie, walking ahead, saw the tall man standing by a water cooler in the long hall leading to the stairs. There was no need for the gray raincoat today. Joie thought it might assist his spirit some to punch the tall man in the mouth, but he was aware the deputy commissioner, talking to Dolan, wasn't more than thirty feet away.

"Otto sends his best regards to you," the tall man said. "He says when you take your shower after the fight, you might want to use this."

He put something in Joie's hand, and Joie looked at it.

"A nice bar of soap from that motel where your family's staying," the tall man said. "Friends of ours picked up this sample when they were looking around. They'll be moving in today. It's part of that insurance we talked about."

Joie stared at him, the fear so big in his belly that he couldn't speak. He felt as though the blood was running out of his arms.

"I'll be waitin' out by the stairs to hear how you feel about it," the tall man said.

Joie tried to think, but he couldn't. He bent to the water cooler in a kind of reflex action, as though hiding his face might help. The water ran over his stiff lips. He drank none of it. Dolan, free of the commissioner now, walked up to him.

"Helen and the kid," Joie said. "Heaven help me, Lou. They've got a couple of goons at the motel."

"Let 'em sit there for a month," said Dolan. "They won't find Helen or the kid."

Joie didn't believe him. "Please, Lou," he said in his confusion. "Please."

"George Koenig and Sonny got them out of there this morning," Dolan said. "We didn't want to tell you, but I had a talk with George last night. He thought something like this might be the next thing Otto would try."

"Where are they now?" Joie said, the hope coming alive.

"They're at the deputy commissioner's house, in town here, the feller I was talkin' to."

Joie gaped at him.

"Him and George went to school together," Dolan said. "Like alpha an' beta, as the Greeks would have it—the same fraternity. He says you're the first one ever stood up to Otto, an' that's what this business needs. You know what I mean?"

"I think I do," Joie said.

He walked with Dolan until they reached the wide and elegant stairway that descended to the street.

"Well?" the tall man said. "I told you I'd wait until I learned how you feel."

This was when Joie hit him, and the tall man collapsed, before rolling, like a length of log, for half a dozen steps. He was not unconscious.

"I feel fine," said Joie, stepping over him. He didn't bother to look back.

Joie did not resent the role of dragon slayer, but it seemed to him, at nine-eleven P.M., that the whole script had gone wrong. The dragon, for instance, was seated in the third row, ringside, with a sixty-dollar Panama hat to shade his shrewd (*Continued on Page 80*)

Same Old Trick

When a missile goes over the
moon, I'm a guy
Who can read the report
without arching a brow;
Though a jump such as that is
remarkably high,
It was done long ago by a
common old cow.

William W. Pratt

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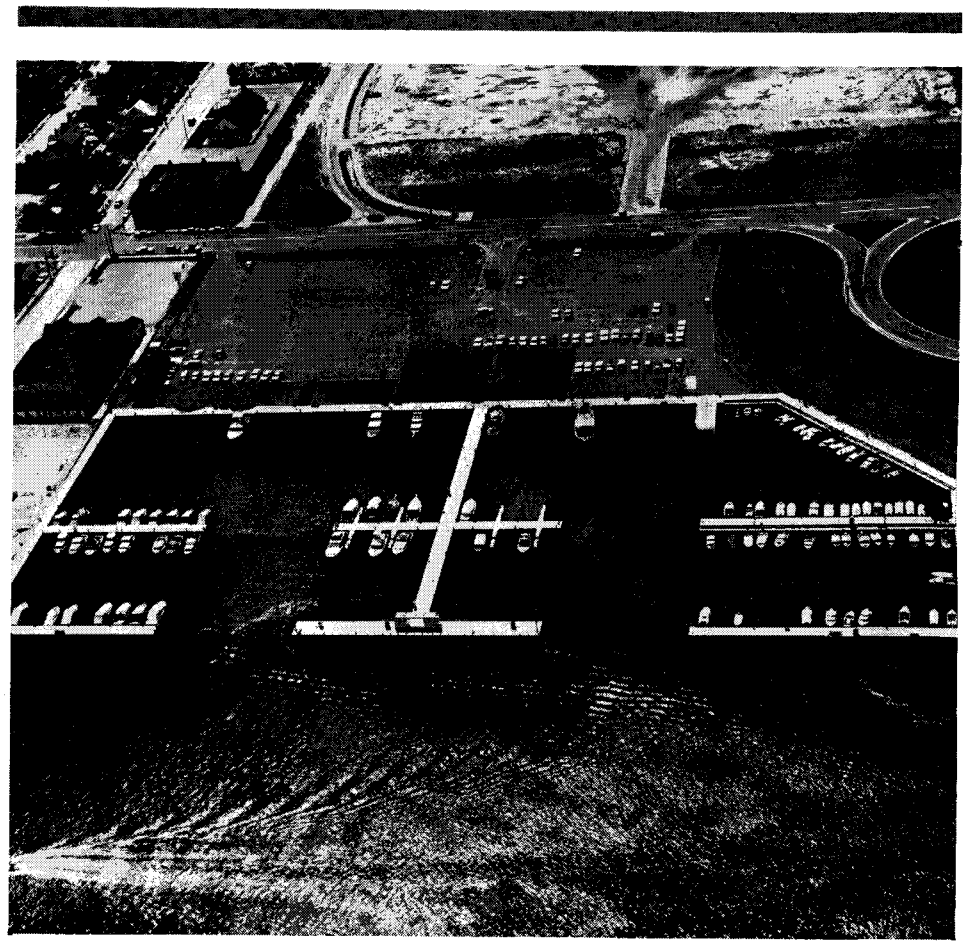

How a Long Island township built a first-class marina

A few years ago there were six acres of swampland next to Hempstead Township's recreational area at Point Lookout on Long Island. Edward P. Larkin, Presiding Supervisor, and the Hempstead Town Board decided to make something out of it, and today, Hempstead has the largest and most modern marina on Long Island. In recognition of Mr. Larkin's work, a leading New York newspaper recently awarded him a commendation and plaque.

AUSEREHL & SON CONTRACTING CORP. built the 170-boat dockage using over 1,000 pressure-creosoted piles and 500,000 board feet of WOLMANIZED® pressure-treated lumber. "With this material it should stand for generations," says company president Julius Auserehl.

Pressure creosoting protects the piling from water erosion and Toredo worms—a sort of underwater termite that makes mincemeat out of untreated wood. They won't go near creosote. Above the water line all the exposed lumber and decking was treated with WOLMAN preservative for permanent protection against rotting, decay and termites. WOLMANIZED lumber is clean, odorless and it can be painted.

Koppers ordered all the lumber cut to size and shipped it in from the West Coast. It was pressure-treated at Koppers Port Newark plant and delivered to the construction site ready to be installed. Because of pre-cutting and prompt delivery, AUSEREHL doesn't have to maintain a lumber stockpile for this type of work.

The marina was completed last year and already Hempstead Township has found that the conversion of swampland to a modern boat facility has been paying the community big dividends . . . both recreational *and* financial. Check the coupon for complete information about pressure-creosoted wood or WOLMANIZED lumber.

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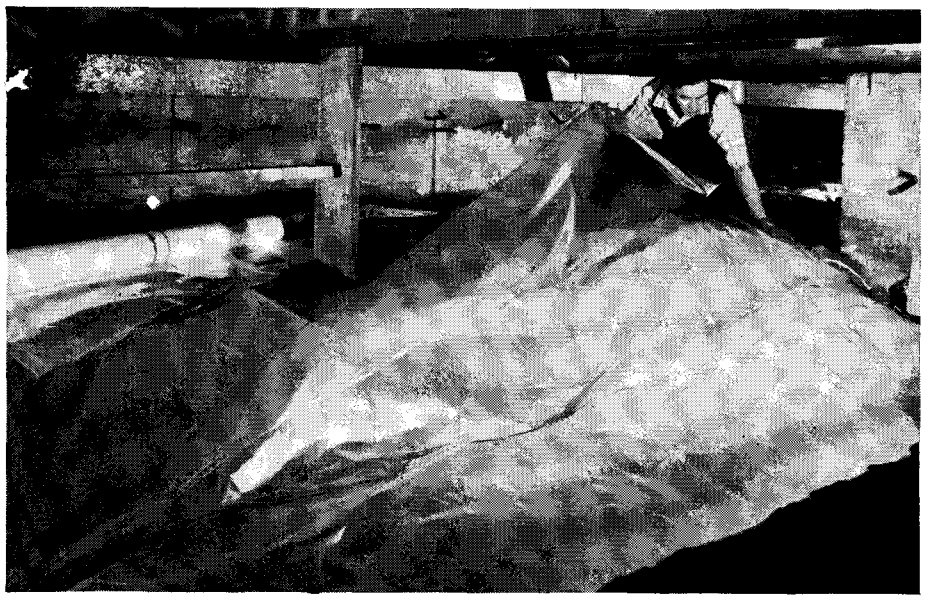


Here's a new way to keep your basement dry

Mr. Bruno Tyler recently bought a new tri-level home in the Westchester area of Chicago. The foundation is 30′ x 30′, of which half is a basement and half is crawl space. It's a fine home, but Mr. Tyler suspected that moisture penetration from the crawl space was making the basement excessively damp. He also noticed a lot of condensation on the inside of his windows. He put in a dehumidifier and it produced *a bucket of water every day!*

Mr. Tyler knew about a new Koppers product called DURETHENE® polyethylene film. He had heard it was a good moisture barrier, so he put sheets of DURETHENE film on the ground under the crawl space and weighted down the edges with dirt. It has completely stopped moisture penetration from this area—which amounted to 80% of the moisture coming into the home. And condensation on windows is no longer a problem.

Though you can install DURETHENE film in a matter of minutes, it makes a *permanent* moisture barrier. It won't rot or dry out and crack, and it's unusually strong and resistant to rips or punctures.

If you have a crawl space beneath your home, install this low-cost permanent protection against the results of excessive moisture—mold, paint or plaster peeling, warping or buckling of floors and tiles. You can buy DURETHENE film at most lumber dealers. If you plan to build a new home, ask the contractor about DURETHENE as a water vapor barrier for flashings, foundation wall and under concrete slabs. Don't wait till moisture damage happens—know how to prevent it. Check the coupon.

How a plastic got its foot in the door

Inside this refrigerator car door is an 89-pound slab of DYLITE® expandable polystyrene, molded by the LANDIS INDUSTRIAL COMPANY of Santa Clara, California. This Koppers foamed plastic forms a tight, moisture-proof, non-sagging insulation. DYLITE freight car doors are better-insulated and weigh 400 to 500 pounds less than conventionally-insulated doors.

The door liner, developed by LANDIS, is molded of tough CYCOLAC® plastic made by the MARBON CHEMICAL DIVISION of BORG-WARNER CORPORATION. These doors are now being installed on 1,025 new PACIFIC FRUIT EXPRESS COMPANY cars, temperature-controlled from 10°F to 70°F.

DYLITE forms a light, smooth-skinned part at any desired density. It's an excellent low temperature insulator, and can be molded to almost any size or shape. DYLITE is strong, durable, moisture- and vapor-resistant, and non-shrinking. Check the coupon for complete information about this remarkable insulating material.

CYCOLAC *is a registered trademark of* BORG-WARNER CORPORATION

How they prevent corrosion on America's biggest construction job

When the NEW YORK STATE POWER AUTHORITY's $720,000,000 Niagara Power Project is completed, honeymooners will never see a lot of it . . . it will be underwater. Considerable study went into the selection of a coating material to protect the hundreds of tons of steel that will be submerged for years. Selected was a tough, coal tar coating called BITUMASTIC® No. 50, produced by Koppers.

One of the toughest jobs assigned to BITUMASTIC No. 50 is the protection of the 78 trash racks that will catch debris as it's sucked toward the main power plant intakes. The racks look like giant prison cell doors, formed by 2-inch flat steel bars. The racks were sandblasted clean, then sprayed with three coats of BITUMASTIC No. 50. In spite of the battering these racks will take, the coating will stick tight and protect the steel from corrosion. Trash racks coated this way at Grand Coulee Dam were checked after *six years underwater,* and they were in excellent condition.

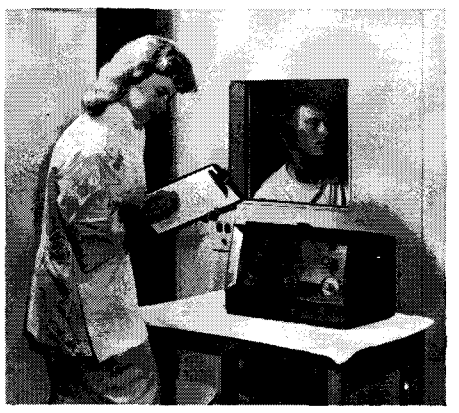
Recent laboratory tests have revealed the reason for the excellent corrosion protection of coal tar coatings. The strong, tight benzene-ring structure of coal tar molecules offers a near-perfect resistance to water and oxidation—a characteristic found in no other coating material.

BITUMASTIC No. 50 is one of a family of Koppers coal tar coatings and enamels, each designed for a specific kind of corrosion prevention. Check the coupon.

Silence for sale

To make a truly valid hearing test, it has to be conducted in silence that's almost supernatural. A new type of soundproofed audiometric room provides that golden commodity. The room is ventilated but it shuts out virtually all outside noise. The subject wears a pair of earphones and an operator sends through sounds that cover the human limits of perception. When the subject hears a sound, he presses a button and the operator can record the complete range of his hearing. It's about as thorough a hearing test as can be devised.

The audiometric room is made by Koppers Metal Products Division from SOUNDMETAL® panels insulated for maximum soundproofness. They reduce outside noise as much as 55 decibels. The room can be put together and taken apart within a matter of hours. Disassembled, it can be carried in a station wagon. Standardized, modular design permits future expansion of the room. Industrial



employers who conduct physical examinations will find the audiometric room a valuable tool, and helpful in settling hearing disability claims.

The same materials and principles of construction of the audiometric room could be applied to industries with a severe noise problem. A quiet office can be built in the middle of a fabricating plant floor. Check the coupon for complete information.

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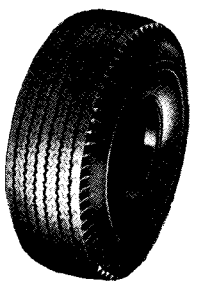

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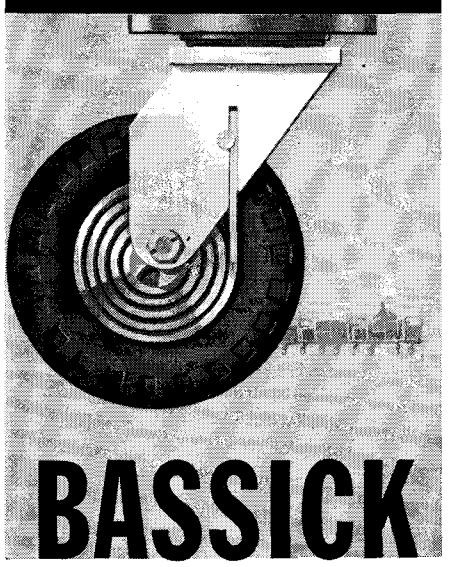

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(*Continued from Page 78*) eyes from the ring lights' brazen glare. Joie, on the contrary, was flat on his back. The lights were a penance hard to bear, and there were noises in his head, exclusive of bongo drums, that he had never heard before.

"Two!" the referee said. "Three!" He held that many fingers in front of Joie's face. Joie rolled over and got to his knees. "Four!" the referee said. "Five!" And Joie got up too soon.

"Stay down!" Dolan shouted from the corner. "Take your time!"

Joie should have taken a longer rest, but he had risen from indecent pride. The referee wiped the rosin from Joie's gloves and signaled Rockabye Ruby to resume. Ruby came forward with determination—and also with a touch of gallantry you could not help admiring. He touched gloves with Joie in a gesture of respect before he knocked him upside down again. The bell brought a reprieve.

"What round is it?" Joie asked in his corner.

"Sixth comin' up," said Dolan.

'What happened to the third and fourth?"

"Never mind what happened. You were doin' fine until the bomb went off. Save your breath now. Breathe in deep."

"Am I cut bad?"

"No, just a little. Sonny's fixin' it good. You box this tamale careful for a while. Don't try to slug with him."

Joie walked out for the sixth round feeling at least two thirds alive. Contrary to Dolan's instructions, he walked into Ruby rather than away. He hit him with a nice right hand, then tied him up in a clinch. The referee came between them. Joie ducked under Ruby's next assault, turned and twisted him, then bombed him with another right. Ruby merely looked more determined.

"*Mátalo!* Keel heem!" a south-of-the-border voice implored.

It was not meant literally, but you would not believe in its innocence from the fury of Ruby's response. Joie was bleeding now, though he didn't know how badly. The brawl continued through the balance of the sixth. Walking to his corner, Joie had an unobstructed view of Otto Pflamn. Otto smiled thinly, almost prissily, like a man whose investments are secure. Sonny Halpern, already in the ring, wiped Joie's bleeding face with a sponge, then forcibly sat him down.

"Lay back an' don't move your head," said Dolan. "Let's have a look at that eye. . . . Easy now, Sonny, like I told you. This is not a veal cutlet we're tryin' to repair."

The referee came over to look at the patching of Joie's brow. "I don't like it," he cautioned Dolan, "but I'll give you another round."

Joie walked out for the seventh, aware there was not much time. He gambled, drilling a straight hand to Ruby's jaw. The young man sat down promptly on the seat of his pants, and the roar of the crowd erupted from the bleachers to the double-decked stands. A seat cushion and somebody's hat sailed gaily into the ring. The bongo drums were still.

The referee shouted, "Two!"

Ruby, on his knees now, with his finger tips against the canvas, was a little stunned, but otherwise all right. He didn't need more time. He got up at "Three!" Joie met his charge with another calculating right hand, but the punch was high. Ruby drilled his red gloves into the meat of Joie's ribs. Joie spun the boy around and belted him. They fought then without art or caution for a minute and a half. Joie backed away from the action for only one reason—he could no longer see. Ruby had become a moving shadow, with a ball bat in his hands.

"Grab 'im, Joie! Grab 'im!" Dolan shouted.

He fell into a clinch and successfully locked Ruby's straining arms. He used every trick his hard trade had taught him until the glad sound of the bell. He walked in the general direction of his corner, but it wasn't until Sonny grabbed him and sponged him clean that he was able to see the pink-scalped figure of Whitey Forbes climb through the ropes of the ring.

"They can only hang me once," said Whitey, "and I ain't too sure I care."

Joie, leaning back in gratitude and submitting to Whitey's efficient hands, was unable to see the face of Otto Pflamn. But he was patched and ready and breathing clearly through one nostril when the bell rang, calling him back to war.

"You're the champion of the world," Dolan whispered to him softly. "I guess you oughta know what to do."

It took three more rounds. Joie fought flat-footed, swapping speed for power, slipping inside the punches now and scorning to back away. In the clinches he chose to let his weight hang dead while Ruby heaved and struggled to be free and, with the needless effort, spent much of his strength. Ruby went down in the tenth from a short left hook that Joie dropped neatly inside the arc of a desperate, from-the-shoetops right. Ruby hit the floor with his shoulder blades, the rosin dust rising with the impact and his mouthpiece falling free. He got up at "Six!" with his dark eyes vague, but ready to fight. Joie hit him again.

Joie walked out from under the heat of the shower a bit unsteadily. There were bruises on his hide as varied and multicolored as a fifty-dollar tattoo. Dolan handed him his T shirt and his shorts.

"Probably the greatest fight since Zale and Graziano in the Chicago Stadium," George Koenig said with professional appreciation. "What do you think, Joie?"

"I think I'd like some orange juice," Joie said, "if it doesn't make me sick."

He continued to dress and was polite and grateful to the deputy commissioner, whose name was Harold Frick. Mr. Frick, like George Koenig, was a very nice fellow, Amherst, 'Forty-two. He said again what he had said before, that Calhoun and Whitey Forbes were no longer too frightened to testify and that Otto Pflamn, for the first time in his sheltered life, was about to see the inside of a jail. The attendant at the door handed in the glass of orange juice.

"Sip it easy," Dolan cautioned.

"Thanks," Joie said. "Thanks for everything, Lou."

After a while they all left, and it was quiet under the grandstand where they walked. Outside of Ruby Guitterez's dressing room, a small group of the faithful still remained A young and very pretty girl was crying softly. This was Ruby's wife, somebody said, and the small man in the wide, wide hat was his father. The elder Guitterez, at Joie's approach, removed his hat.

"*Bienhecho*," he said soberly. "Well done."

Joie smiled as best he could through his swollen face, but his eyes grew moist as he passed the small, heartbroken man. *It's a helluva business*, he was thinking and he was happy to be free. THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joe's supporters in city council arrived late at a meeting to elect a new city commissioner, so Lou won a majority vote of those present. Joe's pals, however, moved to reopen the voting. With their added votes, Joe won. Lou then went to court to have the election declared in his favor.

"The moment they voted me in, effective immediately, I became commissioner," Lou argued. "There was a quorum, and the vote was perfectly legal. Now I can't be removed from office except for cause."

"Parliamentary bodies such as city council are always allowed to take new votes if they wish to change their minds, provided they observe the rules," counsel for Joe replied. "In this instance, all was in order. Lou's momentary election was just a fluke anyhow."

If you were the judge, which candidate would you uphold?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Lou won. The court said that while council might vote all it pleased, no subsequent vote could divest him of the office to which he had been duly elected.

Based upon a 1958 Connecticut decision.

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Alibi for Murder

(Continued from Page 39)

stolen fruit. It was simply bitter in his mouth. Bartholomew sat for a few minutes, trying to think of something else to do. Finally he put the light out wearily and went up the stairs to bed. It was not until he was halfway up that he realized he was tiptoeing as he had for years because Old Garth had claimed to be a light sleeper! He put his heels down firmly and went up the rest of the stairs as a man should in his own house.

It was the next morning. Saul had had no sleep and he had cut himself shaving. When he bent to kiss Jemima, her poodle, Sir Galahad, had bitten him. Not hard, but it was the principle of the thing. They had not found Rick. Saul stared morosely at one of Jemima's art-class products, a lake scene.

"Are you sure it's hung right side up?" he asked.

Jemima sniffed and fed Sir Galahad a titbit, for which he sat up arrogantly and barked shrilly. Saul winced, thinking that one of these days either he or that poodle would go!

Jemima's ample figure was snugly encased in a red flowered breakfast coat that clashed with her hennaed hair, but which she wore anyway because red was Saul's favorite color. She poured Saul a second cup of coffee and made no answer to his remark about her painting.

She said instead, "That nice boy, Rick, couldn't kill anyone. You can tell that by looking at his picture. What's the matter with you?"

Saul helped himself to another piece of Jemima's famous French toast. He said behind his newspaper, "M'm-m."

"So why do you want to arrest that nice boy? Antek says he plays like an angel. The violin, he plays. So why should he be killing people?"

Saul lowered the paper and said wearily, "Jemima, do I tell you how to run your house? Do I tell you what to have for breakfast?"

"So what has breakfast got to do with it? I want to know why you are trying to arrest this nice boy, when it's plain he didn't do it?"

"All right," said Saul. "Why is it plain Rick didn't do it? He's been a troublemaker from the day he was born."

"So have you. How many times have you been busted to patrolman? What did the chief call you in the juvenile bureau? A troublemaker, that's what he called you. So *you* get arrested for murder?"

"I wasn't caught in the woods with my jacket stained with the murdered man's blood and stolen jewels in my pocket. I didn't escape by kidnaping a girl at gun point."

"You just didn't happen to get surrounded. It could have been anyone. And he just ran away because he was scared. Any boy might get scared with you yelling at him. He didn't hurt the girl."

"But he must have killed Old Garth. There was no one else there. No one could have got away."

"So you will kill this young man, this fine musician, because you cops are stupid enough to let the real killer get away." Jemima slammed her coffee cup into the saucer. "What if you had happened to be sitting in the woods? I ask you, would that prove you did the murder?"

Saul said politely, "I'm sure the chief would be very interested in your views."

Jemima glared. "So I'm not a citizen? A taxpayer? Just because I got a little excited when I talked to him when he busted you out of the juvenile bureau!"

Saul grinned. He leaned over to pat her plump hand. "He's scared to death of you, Jemima. He's left standing orders that any cop that lets you get within a block of him is fired without cause."

Jemima sniffed. "It has to be Old Garth's son. He gets all those millions, doesn't he? It stands to reason. So Rick was mad. Antek says he would never kill anybody. And if Rick did, why would he sit in the woods and play the violin, with the police sirens all over the place?"

"The chief says he always was brazen."

"The chief. What does he know? What do you say?"

"Well," Saul reached cautiously for the butter. "It does seem a mite strange."

"A mite strange! It makes no sense at all. It has to be Old Garth's son. All that money, and everyone knows the old man led him a dog's life."

"Unfortunately Old Garth's son was seventy-five miles away at the time and can prove it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"In this shade you'd better use about f3.5 at one fiftieth of a second."

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"How can the son prove it? Have you checked his alibi?"

"Well, so far as I have his statement, it seems straightforward enough. He got to Pangulch at nine, left his car at a garage where he was known, went to the bank where he was also known and did some business there. He got some figures to work from, registered at the Mountain House and called his father from there. He swears he didn't leave the room, and the clerk swears he didn't either. When Johnny Farrer found him, he had done a couple of hours' work on figures he only got that morning. His car didn't leave the garage. He'd have no point in making untrue statements that he would know could be checked. His statement was detailed. He stopped and talked to a couple of tourists driving over to Pangulch. Felice Harris and Heather both corroborate the time he left Gadsden. There's no doubt he got the figures that morning from Johnny and did a couple of hours' work on them. If he went out, he would have had to go through the lobby, and the clerk would have seen him. He's well known in Pangulch; if he had been on the streets, someone would have seen him. There must be a record of the phone call to his father."

Jemima sniffed. "Very tidy."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Everything," said Jemima. "It's an alibi, that's what. Two people to prove what time he left. Talking to tourists on the way. Telephone call to his father. Car in the garage. Papers he worked on, left with Johnny Farrer. If you had to account for several hours of your time yesterday, would it be that tidy? That many witnesses, all handy like? Did anybody actually see him in Pangulch at the time of his father's murder?"

"He was supposed to be alone in his hotel room. Nobody should have seen him. I'm trying to find out if anybody did, though."

Jemima beamed. "You're a smart man, Saul. Eventually."

"Well." He kissed her glumly, raising a threatening hand to Sir Galahad. "If you don't mind being the wife of a patrolman again. Bartholomew Garth will probably own half this town, and he isn't going to take kindly to my snooping into his private life, with the killer of his father as good as sentenced."

Jemima laughed. "I've been the wife of a patrolman for thirty years, off and on. Blue always was your most becoming color. I'll shake out the mothballs and press your old uniform."

Sir Galahad barked.

"Anyhow," said Saul, brightening, "patrolmen can't afford poodles."

That morning, Bartholomew rolled over in bed. He reached sleepily for the phone. He saw the clock. He sat bolt upright in horror. It was ten o'clock! Old Garth would —— He remembered then. Old Garth was dead. He had killed him!

He made himself comfortable against the pillows. He picked up the phone when it rang. "Hello?"

"Bartholomew?" the voice had the whisper in it, the break, that could only belong to Felice. "I hope I didn't wake you."

"No, of course not. I've been up for hours. There are so many things to see about." He tried to make his voice sound sad, but knew he did not do very well.

Felice murmured, "I know how hard it all must be for you. The shock. I wish there were something I could do."

"Thank you. There's nothing anyone can do."

"Have they caught that terrible Rick yet? The one who killed your father?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard."

"You don't sound very indignant. You haven't any doubt he did kill your father, have you?"

"I'll testify at the inquest this afternoon. I'm leaving it up to the police."

"Oh, yes," Felice's voice changed subtly. "The police. Saul Milstein was just here. As a matter of fact, that's one reason I called you. He asked some very peculiar questions."

"Peculiar? What do you mean?"

"About you," said Felice. "If Rick Donelli killed your father, why should Saul be asking questions about you?"

"What sort of questions?"

"All sorts of questions. How did you get along with your father? Did your father ever say anything about you when I typed his letters? Who your friends were? If I was sure you didn't come back yesterday?"

Bartholomew's hand shook so that he nearly dropped the receiver. "Why would he ask that?"

"I don't know. It seemed so strange. I thought as your friend I should call you. At least I hope I'm your friend."

"Of course. Of course, Felice." His mind was miles from friendship. The telephone call to the hotel at 11:20, he thought. It had to be that. Somehow Saul Milstein had got hold of it. He would have no other reason to be checking.

Felice said, "Bartholomew? Are you there?"

"Yes. I'm here."

"I know what a strain all this must be for you. I want to help. Of course, I know you can't see anyone publicly, at least before the funeral, but my apartment is very private. No one would see you come or go. You can walk over from your place, so your car wouldn't cause comment. Wouldn't you like to come to dinner tonight? You don't even need to talk if you don't want to. I just want to help you bear your grief."

He thought cynically that yesterday he would not have been invited to Felice's very private apartment. Old Garth might have been invited in his day, but not Bartholomew. Felice was a girl with her eye on the main chance. Bartholomew today, with Old Garth gone, was a different proposition from Bartholomew yesterday. Today he had money, influence, and Felice was losing no time in making her play for him.

Well, he had his own eye on the main chance too. He might as well begin to enjoy his new position, to get a little of the freedom and gaiety he had always wanted. It would do him good to get away for a few hours. Besides, he wanted to question her about what Saul had asked and she had answered.

"I don't think ——" he hesitated deliberately. "But I suppose tonight is not any different than any other night, really. I mean, it sounds awful, but he's just as dead ——"

"As he ever will be," she said. "You must think of yourself now. You gave him so many years of unselfish devotion."

That's the line, he thought, *years of unselfish devotion.* If he could get her to tell that to Saul Milstein!

"I'll be there," he said. "About seven?"

"Fine. How do you like your steak?"

He had almost forgotten how he liked it. It had been so long since Old Garth had abolished steak as an unnecessary expense. "Rare," he said.

"Fine. I'll just wave it at the fire."

"See you then. Good-by." He jumped out of bed and took a few dance steps around the room. Not tonight, of course, but later, at a discreet interval, he could take Felice out to dinner at a good place, the best place in town. They could dance.

He whistled happily under the shower. Let Saul Milstein ask questions. If he didn't have that phone call!

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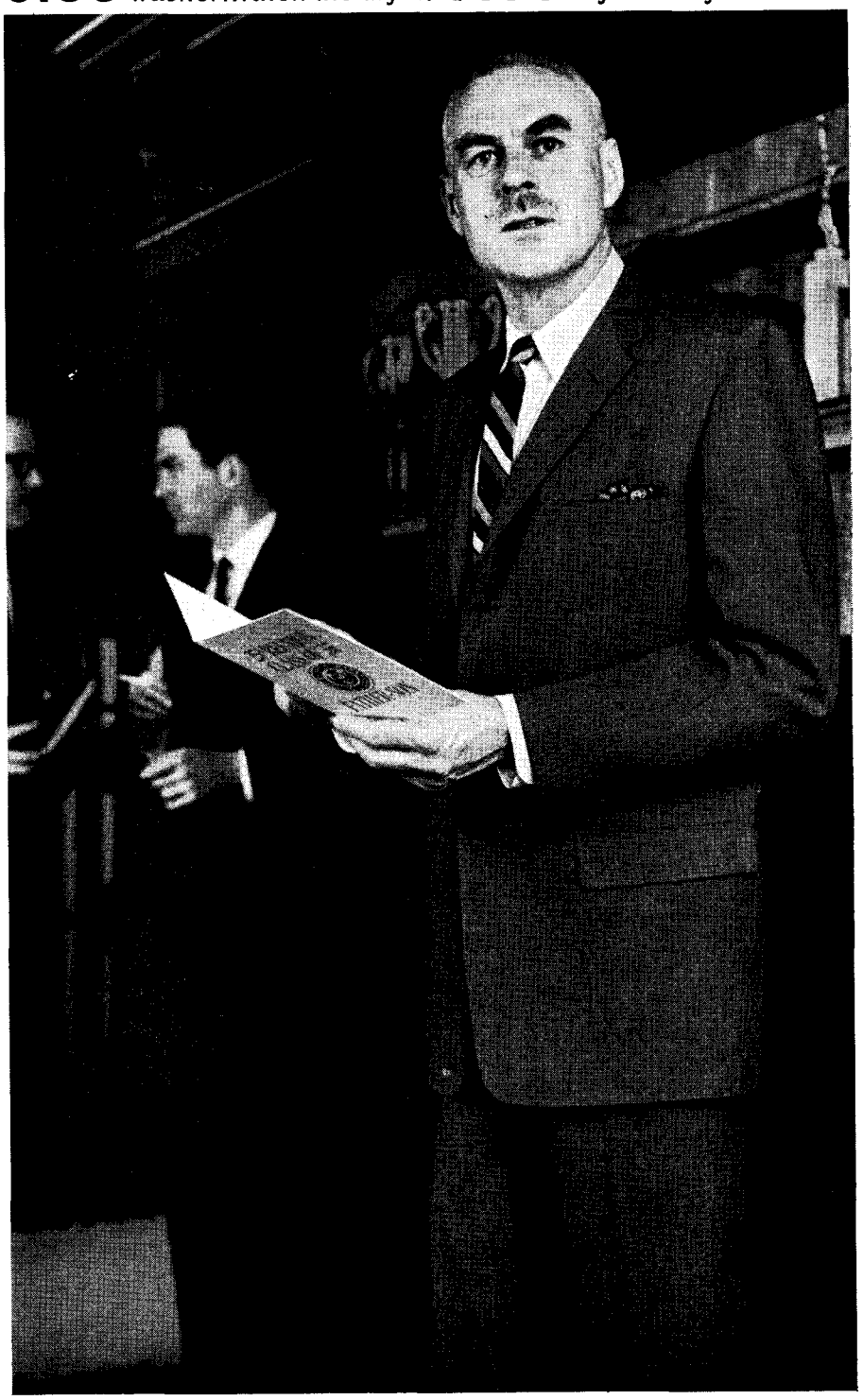

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That evening Felice Harris gasped as she opened her door. "You!"

Rick Donelli pushed her aside. He kept one hand in his pocket. "You must have seen my picture in the paper. You know who I am. Don't make any noise and you won't be hurt. I only want to ask you some questions."

Felice backed cautiously into her small living room, expensively furnished in the best modern furniture. She sank down on the huge red sofa. She wore a flowing green chiffon dress, very simple and very well cut and fitted.

"What kind of questions?" she asked him.

Rick looked around the room in obvious awe. The good modern water colors on one wall, the striking colors and fabrics—green walls, red sofa, black pillows—were new and strange to his way of life. There was a dinner table set with flowers and candles and pretty dishes. He shifted uncomfortably, his jeans even tighter over his lean hips because he had a hand in his pocket.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, sit down," said Felice. "I'm not going to scream, and you're not going to shoot me. You probably haven't even got a gun."

Rick took his hand out of his pocket—empty. "How did you know?"

Felice smiled. "I haven't much education, but if there's one thing I do know, it's men. Have you had anything to eat?"

"Yes. Thanks." Rick's dark eyes burned into her, staring. "Why should you want to help me?"

Felice shrugged. "Say it's my day off and I'm bored. Or say I like to see a sucker get an even break."

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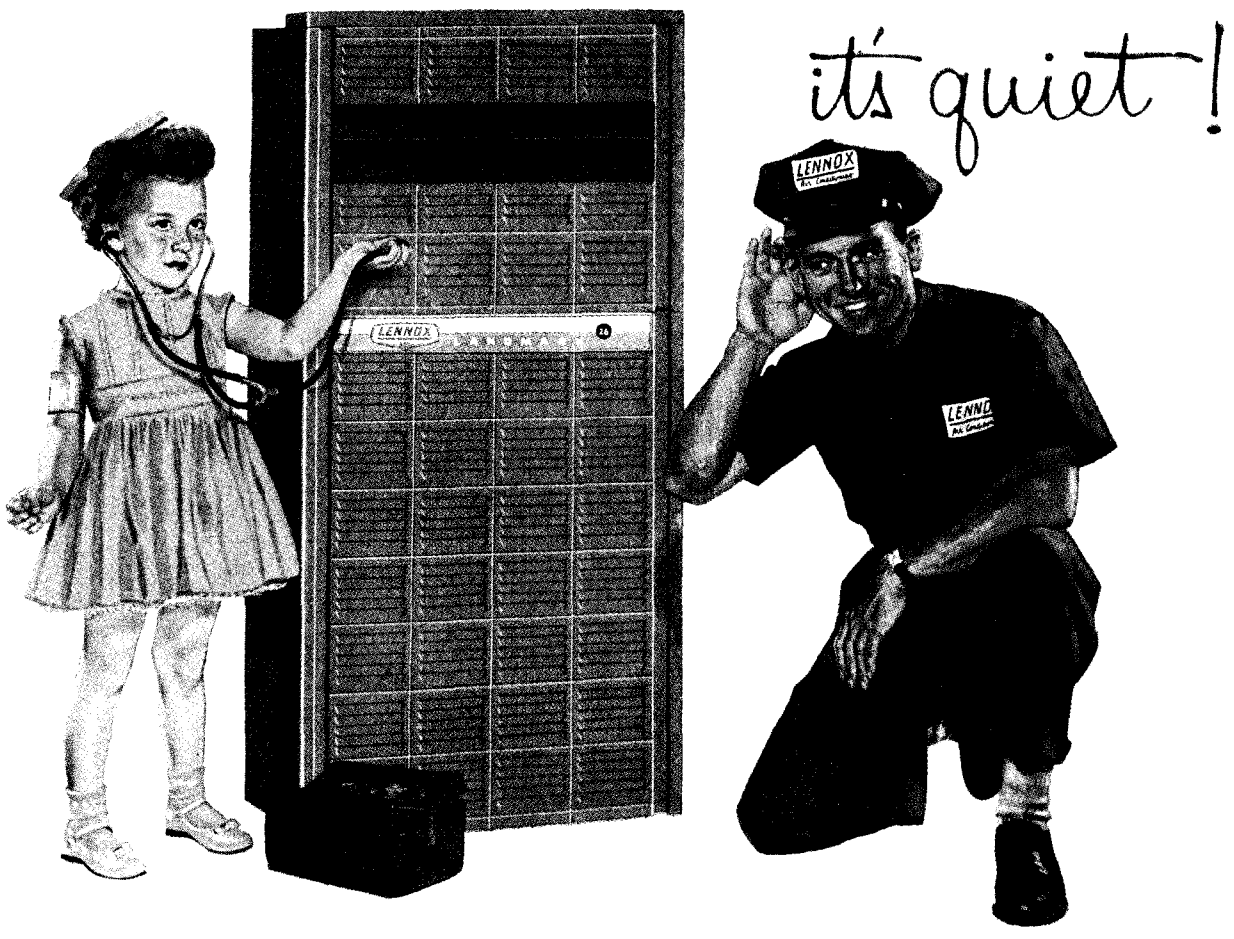

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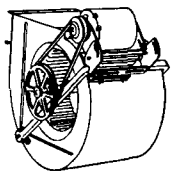

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Rick pushed back his blond hair. "You don't think I did it?"

"I think you'll probably go to the gas chamber for it. But no, I don't think you did it. What questions do you want to ask me?"

"Well, you were at Old Garth's just before I came. I thought maybe Old Garth said something about expecting someone else."

She shook her head. "Sorry. He paid me by the hour and he was so tight he never wasted time on idle conversation. He just dictated the letters and told me to leave the front door unlatched. He didn't even say who was coming. What ever gave you the idea that old skinflint would lend you the money for a violin?"

Rick said, "It wasn't my idea. Antek knew him somehow. And he thought—— Are you sure nothing happened while you were there?"

"Well, his broker called a couple of times, and his son called from Pangulch."

"You're sure he called from Pangulch?"

Felice smiled. "I'm sure."

"Did you hear his voice?"

"No. I just heard the hotel operator talking to Heather, but Old Garth heard him, and he certainly knew his voice. He told him to get home to get his lunch."

Rick got up to pace the room restlessly. "You were the last one there. There must be something you can remember that would help me!"

"Look, kid, I've been in tight spots myself. My sympathy is always with the underdog. When I go to a football game, I pull for whichever side is losing. Same way in a prize fight. I'm for you. If I could help you, I would. The best thing for you to do is scram. Far and fast. Have you got any money?"

Rick shook his head stubbornly. "Somebody killed Old Garth. I'm going to find out who!"

Felice shrugged. "I wish you luck. But if the cops find out you're here in town instead of in the mountains, you won't have much time to look."

"You won't tell them?"

"No. I won't tell them. But Bartholomew Garth is due here in a few minutes for dinner, and if he sees you ——"

Rick stared at her. He looked at the flowers, the candlelit dining table. "This is for him?" Felice nodded.

"But his father was just killed yesterday. The inquest was today, and the funeral isn't until tomorrow."

"We're old friends," said Felice smoothly. "But if you don't want to run into him, perhaps you'd better go out the back way."

The doorbell rang. Rick said, "Thanks anyway."

"I'm sorry I couldn't really help you."

"Maybe you have," he said slowly. Felice let him out the back door and went to buzz the button to let Bartholomew in. She patted her chic red hair in front of the mirror and let her eyes run approvingly over the clinging green chiffon. Green was her lucky color. She dabbed some extra perfume behind her ears. She moved with her tantalizing model's walk to the door and opened it.

Antek patted the head of his small pupil at his old piano. "That's all now, Stevie. You tell your mother you played your piece very well today. I am sure she will be proud of you at our little recital next Sunday."

Stevie was small and squirmy. He squirmed around on the piano bench and ran for the door as fast as his sturdy young legs would take him.

Saul grinned. "Hardly one of your more eager converts."

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Antek smiled gently. "I'm afraid that Stevie's mother is more interested in his becoming a musician than he is."

"No charge, I suppose?"

Antek shrugged his thin shoulders. "Her husband ran away and left her with six children to support."

"So you give them free music lessons."

Antek's soft voice said, "It is all that I have to give now, those music lessons. And it is such a pleasure to be able to give them."

Saul sat down in a worn leather armchair. He sighed. "My feet hurt."

"A hard day?" Antek was polite, but not curious.

"Chasing all over Pangulch. Jemima got the fool idea that Bartholomew must have killed Old Garth. So I was checking his alibi."

"And did it check?"

"All the way down the line. His car was in the garage the whole time. There was a record of the call to his father. Johnny Farrer at the bank showed me the work he did while he was there on figures he got that morning. The clerk swears he didn't leave the hotel, and nobody else saw him on the street."

Antek said, "And yet you are troubled, my old friend."

Saul nodded. "After thirty years of living with Jemima, I've got to the point where I don't discount her hunches. Call it intuition, whatever you like. She's sure there's something fake about this alibi. And like she says, it is pretty neat. Except that no one actually saw him in Pangulch at the time of the murder. Which is his alibi, after all."

"It seems unnatural that a man should kill his own father."

Saul grinned. "Not so unnatural, if you knew Old Garth. All that money. And when he cracked the whip, the son jumped."

"I do not, of course, wish to point suspicion at any man. But if the real killer could be found, so that Rick could be cleared ——"

Saul frowned furiously. "Ten men and two helicopters I've got looking for that Rick Donelli. And not a sign of him. Are you sure you don't know ——"

"We have been over this, my friend. I will not help you."

"Not to catch a murderer?"

"Rick is not a murderer. He could not be."

Saul got up glumly. "Well, if he isn't, he's got some tall explaining to do to get out of this."

"No jury would believe his story, though it is the truth?"

Saul shook his head. "He was the only one there, and we had the place surrounded almost instantly ——"

Antek said gently, "I think, my friend, that it is better we should not go over this further now. Let us play chess?"

Saul nodded. They played chess.

Heather glanced back over her shoulder nervously. For some silly reason, she could not get over the idea that she was being followed. There was no one on the street, at least on the parts of the street that were illuminated. She had always walked home from the library without fear. Strangely she was not afraid now. She heard nothing, no footsteps behind her.

She told herself firmly that this was pure imagination. The excitement of the murder and her kidnaping had simply upset her nerves a bit. She was jumpy. Why on earth should anyone be following her? No one had ever paid that much attention to her. No one was paying it now.

Still she looked back over her shoulder again as she went up the front steps. Bartholomew had said he was going out—she supposed to the funeral parlor. She was alone in this vast twenty-three-room-and-grand-ballroom edifice. True, tonight Bartholomew had left lights burning all over the house, in marked contrast to the one dim porch light Old Garth had permitted. But always before the house had had the fierce old man with his bull-like roar in it. Old Garth had been no actual protection, but a sound, a presence to be reckoned with. Not that there was anything of value here, but no one, thought Heather, would have dared to rob the house with Old Garth in it alive. *And yet someone dared to come in with a knife to kill Old Garth and take the few paltry jewels.*

There was no one behind her, no one on the street. Heather put her key in the door and went in. The hall seemed strange with all the lights on. She had not yet had time to change from the twenty-five-watt bulbs Old Garth had insisted on to the big ones Bartholomew now wanted, so there were patches of dim light, and then shadows cast by the old hatrack, the massive clock and the door of the coat closet, which was ajar.

Heather's heart thumped. *I closed that door when I left. I know I did. Of course, if Bartholomew went out afterward . . .*

She moved warily toward it, ready to spring back, to scream and run if there was the slightest movement. She reached it and looked inside. She drew a deep

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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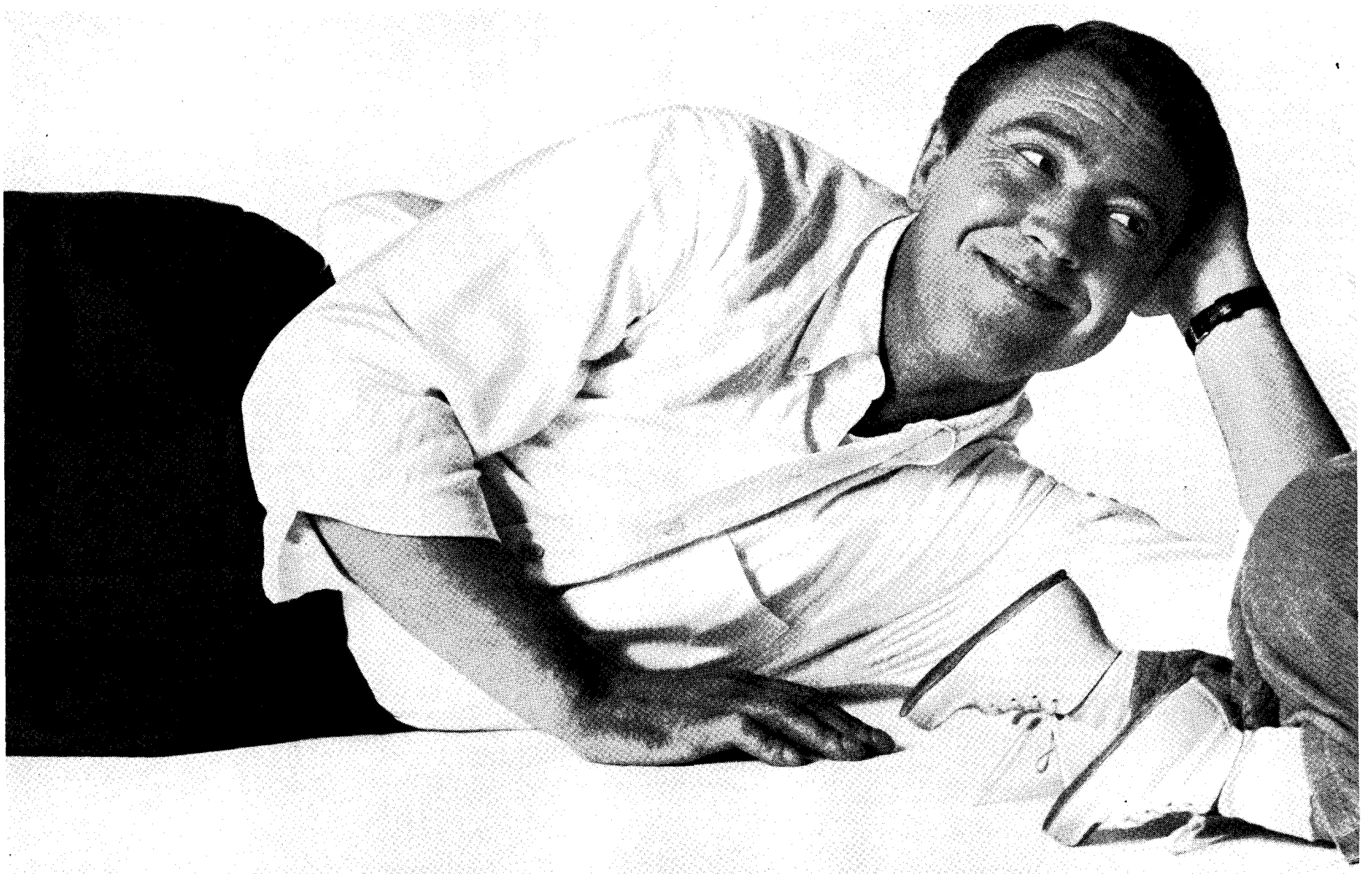

breath in sheer relief. She was simply jumpy. There was no one there!

She laughed aloud, a little wildly. She thought that she really must see about getting another job as soon as red-haired Saul Milstein told her she was free to leave. She wanted to leave this great gloomy ghost-ridden mansion.

She hung her cheap corduroy coat up carefully. It would have to last until she was graduated and was making a real salary. She hesitated in front of the mirror on the cloak rack. It was an old cheap mirror, like everything else in the house, but she could see her new short hair, curling at the edge of her face, and the new blouse she had recklessly indulged in today, spending her last three dollars in cash. She had told herself that it was, after all, simple respect to wear something nice to Old Garth's funeral, and her black suit was really quite shabby, had indeed been quite shabby when she inherited it. Defiantly she took out the new ten-cent-store lipstick, bright red.

A man's hand touched her shoulder, hard, but not hurting. Rick Donelli said, "Now, that's better! You cut that mop of hair."

She opened her mouth to scream, but his other hand went over it. In the mirror she could see them both, her large blue eyes frightened, his blond hair so close to her black, and his dark, brooding eyes. He grinned at her.

"No screaming," Rick said. "All right?"

She nodded, and he released her. There were marks on her cheek, for his fingers were very strong, but they did not hurt. She rubbed them almost in wonder that he could at once be so strong and so gentle.

"Now I smeared that pretty lipstick," said Rick. "Go ahead, put some more on. It looks good. And you know, in that blouse you got real shape."

"Oh!" she said, her cheeks flaring.

Rick took the lipstick from her and put it on her lips, his hand deft and steady. "Now. . . . Like that. You see what a difference it makes? Like I told you."

"If you think I got this blouse and this lipstick and cut my hair because of what you said!"

Rick laughed. "Well, you hadn't got any of them yesterday."

"I—it was so hot today and I thought less hair—and the blouse is for the funeral."

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HAROLD COFFIN

"And the red lipstick?"

"Oh!" she said. "What are you doing here anyway? How did you get in?"

He sobered instantly; the momentary gayness was gone. "Tonight I came in the jimmied window they claim I came in yesterday."

"But why? I thought you were in the mountains, safe."

"You wanted me safe?"

"Why should I care whether you're safe or not? If you killed Old Garth ——"

He took her small hand gently in his. He said quietly, "Why should you care? And why should I have to be sure the police found you, that you weren't still wandering, lost in the woods? I don't know. It isn't the time—for either of us. No money, no hope, no future. But I guess it happens like that."

Heather said a little breathlessly, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Rick caught her quickly against him. He kissed her hard. She struggled; then found herself, incredibly, not struggling. When he released her, she stared at herself in the old mirror in utter amazement.

Rick said bitterly, "That was what I was talking about. Not that it matters now. If anybody had ever told me that a little, mousy, white-faced, blue-eyed coed would be the one—after all this time and when it's too late anyway!"

Heather said, "I know you didn't kill Old Garth, Rick. I heard you playing the violin first, and I heard someone else on the back stairs. But they don't believe me. Not really. They seem to think I'm—I'm prejudiced. That you threatened me. Or because you're young and nice-looking," she hurried on, "they think maybe you made love to me. They think because no other boy ever looked at me—not really, I mean—that I ——"

Rick laughed. She turned away, and he pulled her back with a strong gentle hand. She said, "How can you laugh! They'll kill you!"

Rick was serious again. When his smile was gone, the tiredness was very evident around his dark eyes, and the strain and worry. "There's only one way I can clear myself, Heather. To find the real murderer."

"But how can you? The police can't find anyone else. And they're looking for you!"

"I don't know how I can find him. But what else can I do?"

Heather said, "I looked around the woods this morning, Rick. I thought there might be something the police somehow missed."

"And was there?"

"Not really. All the police found was a cap that could have been lost anytime. But at the far end of the woods there was a sharp branch, and on the branch was something Lieutenant Saul Milstein thinks might be dried blood."

"And if it is," Rick said excitedly, "it might prove there was someone else in the woods after all, who got away!"

"I said that, but Saul said there was no proof the blood came at the same time, or that I didn't put it there to help you."

Rick sighed. "It was a good try. Thanks anyway."

"You'll have to give yourself up. You may get shot otherwise, and what can you do that the police can't? Anyone who helps you will go to jail."

"I'm not asking you to help me."

"And I'm not helping you! If you think you can come in here and smile and kiss me and get me to spend years in jail as an accessory to murder!"

Rick leaned against the stair balustrade, which swayed dangerously, having needed repairs for years. His loud shirt was an incongruous note in the faded yesteryear glamour of the old house, as was he himself, with his brash youth, his blue jeans, his almost arrogant strut.

His young voice was angry and strained. "I won't kiss you again. Don't worry about it."

Heather said, "Just because I'm shy and don't talk much!"

"Don't talk much! You talk all the time."

She thought about this in wonder. *To other people I don't talk much, but to Rick I talk and talk and talk.*

She said, "Oh, you make me so mad!"

There was a heavy knock on the door. They looked at each other. Then Heather said unsteadily, "Who—who is it?"

"Milstein. Police. May I come in?"

She threw back her short hair defiantly. She walked to the door. "Yes."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Last Two (Continued from Page 22)

Jenkins and lived on what they had brought in with them or gone without.

"*Salve atque vale*," he said. "A final swim?"

She nodded; they joined hands and walked down the path and out onto the small, ramshackle wharf. The little lake, closely bordered with hemlocks, was calm and still.

They took off their clothes and stood for a moment, brown in the sun, and then dived in.

The man was halfway through his breakfast before he noticed that the girl was having nothing but coffee. "Well," he said, swallowing the last piece of canned bacon. "What's the matter, no biscuits, no bacon, no eggs? You don't like eggs, maybe?"

"I don't like eggs," she said. "Every time I think of eggs I wonder what's happened to old Jenkins. I like him."

"He likes you, too," the man said, and grinned. "Whatever it is, it must be serious. It would take a lot to make him miss coming in here every week to see you in your shorts."

"Darling, don't talk like that. He's nice, and I'm afraid for him." She looked at him, with her eyes suddenly wide and serious. "I'm really afraid for him," she said again.

He stared at her, caught up by her tone. "Why, Evie?" he said. "Have you had a dream, or something? A female intuition?"

She shook her head. "I don't know what it is," she said unhappily. "A feeling, a thing—the plane didn't go over today."

She was talking about the single daily flight of the small airline that usually went over about the time of the before-breakfast swim. They always dived in when they heard it coming; it was a sort of game not to be caught standing on the wharf.

"That's right," he said. "It didn't. Now that I think of it, it didn't go over yesterday either. And maybe not before that. I'm not sure; I'd sort of forgotten it."

"I had too," she said. "Why didn't it go over, do you think?"

"They've probably discontinued it."

"You don't think it had anything to do with old Jenkins?" she asked.

He stared at her. "Old Jenkins?" he asked in a baffled tone. "What would an airline have to do with him?"

"Darling, I don't know. I was only thinking about what he told us, about the time when everybody was dying with the flu, the Spanish flu, and he and his wife came here and lived and didn't get it. He said the air currents here were different from anyplace else, it was high here and the air came down and nobody else breathed it first and so there weren't any germs. Oh, I don't know what I mean."

"Evie," he said. "Evie."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I know it sounds silly, about the air and all. And that flu. I don't think we were even born then, but my mother told me that people died by thousands."

He looked at her, concerned and nonplused by what had happened to her and the day, the affectionate calm of the morning and the sunny pleasure of the swim; he felt lost and—as usual—a little outraged by the feminine trick of adding together entirely unrelated things to produce a troublesome answer that in a great number of cases was right.

"You think ——" he began, and stopped. She shivered a little, and he got up and went around the table and kissed her. He was surprised to find the taste of salt on her cheek, the taste of tears; it gave him, suddenly, a feeling of mortality and an apprehension of the future. "Evie!" he said. "Come, old girl. We're making too much of nothing. Something will catch us if we go on like this. Let's pack."

She wiped her eyes with the back of one hand and gave him a forlorn smile. "All right," she said. "I'm sorry, darling, but all of a sudden I felt that something awful had happened to the world and a few people would have to start all over again." She sniffed and stood up.

"Well," he said, "it wouldn't be the first time. Nor the second either, I'll bet. It's just leaving here that's got you down, but you're overcompensating. Academic life's bad enough, but it's not that bad." He turned her around and gave her a light, spanking pat. "You go get the clothes and things together, and I'll load up the cans we have left."

He went into the kitchen, piled up the things to go with them and began to march in and out and load the old station wagon.

By the time he was finished with that, the girl had got everything else together and changed her clothes. "You go sit in the car while I bring out the rest, and change," he said. "You can take a last look at the lovely scenery and breathe the pure country air that no one else has breathed on."

"I'll help," she said. "I feel better now."

"Oh, no. I'd rather shed *my* parting tears in private. Good-by, now."

She smiled at him and went out. He carried out the bed linen and towels and clothes, the typewriter and the rest of the stuff and laid it all on the cans on the station wagon's floor and went back into the bedroom for the last time. The stripped bed and empty bureau had already given the room a forlorn and deserted look, and he got out of his shorts and into slacks and a sport shirt quickly, for the events of the morning had left a sort of puzzled melancholy on him and he wanted to be gone. He fastened his belt, pulled down the two shades on the south side and turned toward the one on the east, but before he reached it he saw the rectangle of light that was reflected through it from the lake on the other wall and stopped in his tracks. The branches outside the window were stirring in the light breeze, and their shadows formed a spidery, skeletal figure that moved—the words "mopping and mowing" came into his mind—and seemed to be swinging a scythe; the figure of death.

He stared at it, and the hair on his neck stood up. "Good Lord!" he said, and got his legs moving and ran across the room and pulled the shade down so hard that it ripped off the roller. He left it on the floor and almost ran across the living room, went out the door and locked it, and then by an effort slowed his pace as he started for the car.

They had purposely left the long lane into the cabin so untended that he had to get out of the car frequently and hold branches back, while Evie drove the car. They bumped cautiously along, often stopping, and finally came to the dilapidated gate. He got out to open it and almost stepped on the egg box in the grass, flattened and half disintegrated by rain, with a few scattered pieces of eggshell around it. Old Jenkins had been there; he'd got that far and dropped the eggs or left them, and gone away. He stopped in midstride and then thought of Evie and

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moved again, quickly raising his head so that she wouldn't follow his glance and see the cardboard on the ground. He raised the gate and pushed it open and gestured her through, then closed it after the car and climbed in. "Let's go," he said.

She looked at him. "How do you know it's all right?" she asked. "You didn't even look up and down the road the way you usually do."

"It's all right," he said, and cursed himself. He could still see the fragments of eggshell in his mind and knew somehow that they signified the end of old Jenkins; and now he could feel a premonition of terrible trouble that laid a chilling hand on his spine. He didn't look at her. "It's all right," he said. "I can't hear anything; there doesn't seem to be anybody around for miles. They must all be at a country fair, or something."

"Could we go?" she asked in a small voice.

"Evie ——"

"Just for a little while, as we go by. They might have cotton candy, and I haven't had any for years. Please?"

"All right," he said, and she started the car.

The little secondary road twisted emptily about over the hills for several miles before it joined the main highway at a small village where there was a crossroad store. They saw several herds of cattle in the fields and one small herd that had broken out somewhere and was scattered along the road, but they didn't see any people or cars. Although neither of them said anything, a feeling of tension began to build up in the station wagon.

They came over the crest of the hill above the store and the whole valley lay before them. There were no people around any of the few houses in sight; the highway ran the length of the valley, and there wasn't a car in sight. She stopped the station wagon.

"It's no use pretending any more, is it, darling?" she asked. "Something dreadful's happened."

"No," he said. "There's no use pretending. Maybe we can find out what it is."

Her hand came over and took one of his; they drove down the hill. There was a car halfway down with two flat tires and a bundle of rain-beaten rags that had once been a man lying at the foot of the steps up to the porch of the store. Without speaking they drove on past, on to the highway; it was in both their minds to find a larger, more impersonal place where they wouldn't have to step over a dead man to get in. They moved closer together and drove through the empty world, passing an occasional broken-down car or some once-beloved object grown at last too awkward or heavy, and finally came to the county seat. The signs of precipitous flight increased as they got into the town, and then, intermittently on the breeze, came the lingering, sweetish smell of death behind the walls.

"We can't stay here," he said. "But stop a minute, and I'll go into that store."

"No raise, Durkin, but effective the fifteenth of next month you may start calling me by my first name."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She stopped the car and sat watching as he went into the store with the sign NEWS over the door; she could see him through the big window as he quickly went through the papers on the counter. The loneliness of the empty streets and houses seemed to echo in her ears. A cat came around the corner of the building and stared at her, and she thought of how it was going to be in the future—the slow disintegration of everything, the echoing emptiness, the way they would have to live, the possibility of finding a few other people somewhere.

He came out of the store and got into the station wagon, and she started it as soon as the door was closed, driving out of the town again. "As nearly as I can make out," he said, "somebody began to push one of the little countries around, and the little country had developed secretly a new and terrible virus because it couldn't afford to develop atom bombs, and when they were pushed too hard, they used the virus. Because it was new nobody had any resistance to it, and it went like a brush fire. The little country was decimated in an appallingly short time, and it swept on from there, all around, and they couldn't get it stopped.

"A number of virologists thought that the virus couldn't live long in the air at lower than body temperature and had to be spread by personal contact. They tried to keep people where they belonged, they tried to get police and troops out to keep people from moving around, but there wasn't time; the people were so terrified that they fled anyhow, scattering the thing. Just like they all ran away from here. It's ironic, isn't it? When we went to the cabin early in the summer, it was the two biggest powers who were going to blow up the world or kill everybody with fallout, someday or other."

They had come to the top of the hill over the empty town, and she pulled up to the side of the road and stopped. "Ironic," she said. "Ironic is a man's word." She turned to him, and he put his arms around her, and she began to cry. She cried for a long time, until there were no tears left, and then raised her face to him. "Oh, darling," she said. "I'm sorry, but there was so much to say good-by to."

"I know," he said. "Maybe we can find somebody else, if we're lucky. It will be very hard and very lonely. We'll be able to find enough gas to go somewhere where it's warm and learn to farm or hunt and start everything all over again." He was silent for a long moment. "It will be awfully lonely. If we'd ever had any kids it wouldn't be so ——"

"Adam!" she said, sitting up. "Adam, I was going to tell you at breakfast! We *are* going to have one! Adam, we are!"

"Oh, Evie!" he said. "Eve!"

They embraced, crying and laughing at the same time, above the empty town that was already beginning its slow, stealthy metamorphosis into dust and the artifacts waiting to be unearthed in the future.

Little Miss Holdout (Continued from Page 37)

east of Suez that I forgot some class assignments and got two Incompletes. After never even holding my hand, Ben proposed anyway, ending with the surprise clincher that his little wife back home would be delighted with me. How could I tell him I wanted only a partner, not a team? I then entered my career phase.

I really wouldn't mind being one of those heart-of-gold, brain-like-a-steel-trap newswomen you hear about, so I went down to the *Telegram* for a job.

"Experience?" the assistant managing editor finally asked.

"None. But I have to start somewhere."

That obviously convinced him, because he smiled like Doctor Caligari opening his cabinet and went away while I counted the visible males in the city room—twenty-seven there, and who knows how many more out on assignments!

"There's an opening in society," he allowed on return. "A Miss MacAffie's getting married."

That's all I needed. Any job open because a girl's getting married obviously has all sorts of opportunities.

I'll get to Charley Paisley, but first you have to understand about being a society reporter. I bet you think it's just one gay, mad whirl of coming-out parties and diplomatic receptions and always wearing a big hat with roses and eating *petits fours* off frail china plates—at least, I did. Well, there's some of that occasionally, but not for the newest girl in the department.

It's more like getting a cauliflower ear from listening on the telephone and a stiff neck sorting more mug shots than are in the FBI files and brain fatigue trying to find a different way of saying that Josephine Audrey Sycamore is going to marry Harold Hooper on the tenth of June and everybody's glad, glad, glad.

I suppose you're wondering about those men at the *Telegram*, all twenty-seven-plus you'd expect to look like trench-coat ads and talk like a cross between Edward R. Murrow and Damon Runyon? Trench coats, hah! Most of them carried those plastic rain kimonos that fold up in little bags; and when they talked, it was about their nasturtiums in Maywood or how their wives made cheese dip in Evanston. They were more paired up than passengers on the Ark.

There were exceptions, of course, but with the stiff competition, I could have looked like Horace Greeley for all anyone noticed.

Well, no. Harv Nystrom noticed me. He was a staff photographer with springy red hair that gave him a sort of foxy look. We covered a charity bazaar together, and he noticed that I couldn't use a light meter, couldn't hold a fifteen-pound flash attachment overhead for ten minutes without quivering and that under extreme stress I tend to confuse left and right in getting people's names for cutlines under pictures. I identified the bazaar chairman as her archrival, and vice versa, making them both pretty peeved. Harv took all the blame from the assistant managing editor without a boo. But also, without words, he and I agreed to live and let live—as far apart as our careers allowed.

There's one thing about working with brides. They are generally ready to love, honor and obey everyone. But sometimes their mothers aren't. That's how I met Mrs. Paisley—Charley's mother.

Her daughter Celeste married an engineer from Buffalo, and I personally wrote a very nice story with a one-column picture and let it go at that. Any of the girls or even Miss Weems, the society editor, would have done the same. But the next day the mother of the bride came in and declared total war. Didn't we know who she was? Or her son-in-law's family in Buffalo? Honestly, we didn't, so I handed her over to Miss Weems for soothing. And then I saw Charley standing at my desk.

He was so Ivy he all but needed pruning and so male he probably had tattoos on his feet. "If you don't mind, I'll wait for my mother here," he said.

(*Continued on Page 90*)

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(*Continued from Page 88*) He could have waited for the millennium the way I felt. Dark and lean, he was so exactly right that even Miss Weems glanced up speculatively, and one of the girls came over with a question she'd just asked five minutes before.

Charley mentioned that newspapers fascinated him and that he once had a letter in the New Haven *Register*, but that's all he'd ever written. I implied that newspapers fascinated me too; but that I really worked only so I wouldn't be an idle social parasite all the time.

"I suppose all you girls are debs," he remarked with marvelous naïveté. "I mean, they'd want girls who know who's who and all that."

I allowed that might be so, carefully keeping my voice down. He made me feel as if my name made news all over the Midwest.

Miss Weems was finishing up the cape work with Mrs. Paisley and leading up to the moment of truth when I realized I might never see her son again. But our minds must have been reading each other.

"Look," Charley murmured, with that boyish glance he probably perfected in kindergarten, "would you have dinner with me sometime—like tonight?"

I would—and nearly fainted onto my desk spindle.

You probably know places like the Spectrum. You may get there at eight, but if you're sitting down before nine-thirty, it's because you've been overcome by smoke. Meantime, you're standing in elegant steerage quarters, happily gasping out the story of your life. Everything sounds exciting, and with Charley smiling down, I admit I did garnish the bare facts a bit.

Charley talked about himself too—how he loafed through a good college and now was starting a Midwest branch of his uncle's machine-tool business and hardly knew Chicago. He seemed awfully contrite over his lost opportunities—like never learning Manet from Monet and never reading the right books. I wasn't sure *Pilgrim's Progress* would help him sell more tools, but this did make him sound ready to settle down.

Charley kissed me good night in front of the apartment house, and he must have liked it, because he did it again.

"Call you tomorrow," he murmured.

In a voice that would have made Lorelei turn in her golden comb to the enchantresses' union and quit, I echoed, "Call me tomorrow" and knew he had to struggle desperately to leave me.

I saw Charley almost every day for two weeks, and at work the girls were beginning to sound like Patrick Henry on taxation without representation. It isn't exactly as if I neglected my work or talked about Charley all the time. I just felt so good.

One thing was bothering me, though. I had all but told Charley that if my family wasn't one of the local Four Hundred, at least we were Number Four Hundred and One—and yet, where were all my socialite peers? He never asked direct questions, but mentioned that maybe he was keeping me from seeing my friends. And I don't think he meant my cousins who go to Tomahawk, Wisconsin, every summer. He meant the gay, traveled, moneyed set whose darling I let on I was. Too bad there weren't any.

But there were, really. It came to me one day when Miss Weems was checking assignments.

"Who would like to work Saturday night?" she asked. It was like asking who'd like to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Everybody had an ironclad excuse but me. Besides, I knew the girls were getting a little thin around the lips because I'd already borrowed too much time off. So I announced, "I would!"

"Fine," Miss Weems said. "You can cover the dance out at the Sloanes'."

"Another Highland Park fling?" one of the girls groaned. "That won't get Harriet Sloane married off."

"What would you do—give trading stamps?" Miss Weems, who was forty-seven herself, took parental problems to heart. "The girl is just painfully shy."

"When she came out," somebody else said, "it was like the ground hog. She took one look at society and went right back in again for six weeks."

I did remember Harriet Sloane from Northwestern. She was long-legged and favored too-young print dresses and had a wistful kind of wouldn't-your-child-love-to-win-a-pony expression. Only she looked like the pony. But she'd always been nice to me. Maybe that's what bothered me—Harriet's always being nice. Anyway, happy myself, I could be accommodating. Honestly, it was an afterthought that I could take Charley along too.

Engagements were being announced left and right that week, so when my phone rang at four-thirty, I was ready. The male voice sounded strangled.

"*Who* is the bride-to-be?" I enunciated. "Louise O'Br——That's my name!"

"I'm only asking to talk to you." He cleared his throat again. "This is Harv Nystrom—you know, up in photo. I just got the picture assignment at the Sloanes' Saturday night and I see you're doing the story. What time shall I pick you up?" He didn't give me a chance to answer. "Maybe we could duck out after the second mazurka or so and go to a movie. I mean, I don't want you to think I'm still sore about that bazaar mixup. Those things happen."

Well, so do these, I thought. Too bad I had to plunge the knife in and even twist it. "Sorry," and I winced for him, "but I'm going with a friend and I believe he has plans for later. Harriet Sloane is a classmate of mine, you know. But, of course, we'll see you there, Harv."

"Sure," he croaked manfully.

Harlow Sloane, the after-dinner-mint king, lived on a North Shore estate about the size of Soldier Field and about as inconspicuous. That night, there were so many big, moony Japanese lanterns bobbing around you could have read the Tokyo *Asahi Shimbun* in the peony beds.

I was bobbing a little myself as Charley and I swung into a dance near the conservatory. The Sloanes had been so grateful that the paper was rallying to what must have seemed to them like The Lost Cause. Harriet herself had been delighted to see me. Someone must have told her about print dresses, because she was wearing a pale green that didn't overwhelm her for once.

"You'll stay—the whole evening?" She whispered it to me, I thought, but Charley answered, "You may have a hard time getting rid of us." Sometimes his tones would make a pear blush for being so dumpy.

We were just going into a nimble cha cha when I saw Harv Nystrom lounging in the doorway.

"Any time you're ready," he said and grinned evilly.

"Ready for what?" Charley asked me. I hadn't exactly mentioned that I was there to mix business with pleasure—meaning I'd have to line up picture possibilities, group people for shots, maybe help with the lights and certainly get identifications.

"To help the *Telegram*'s Cecil Beaton do his job," I answered, stiletto sharp. "Some men are so helpless—and you know how we newspaper people stick together."

Charley didn't have any printer's ink in his veins, so he wandered off to wait for me.

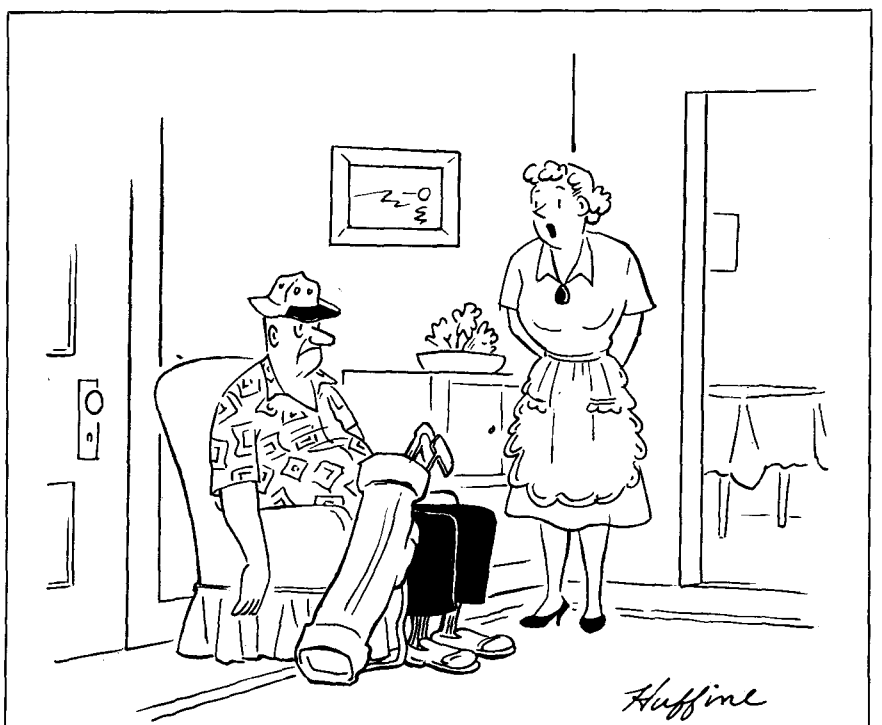
"If there's anything I hate it's a poor sport," I muttered and followed Harv inside.

I didn't know what he was doing, but Harv was like a kid who just got a box camera for Christmas. He took pictures of everything and everybody at the dance. We got people on the stairway, under the stairway, over the stairway and all but sliding down the banister rail.

"Aren't you running out of film?" I puffed, crawling up the stairs past Harv to get two more names.

"Orders," he murmured blandly. "The chief wants lots of pix. Plenty of big names here."

Well, I had a big name, just for him—*rat*.



"Well, which holes do we have to thank for this spoiled weekend?"

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The few times I saw Charley, he was talking to Mr. Sloane or dancing with Harriet or getting Mrs. Sloane some punch. I looked around so often I started thinking of what happened to Lot's wife. Finally Harv must have sensed that the breaking point was near and folded his camera.

"Like some punch?" he said. "Mrs. Sloane asked me to stay."

"What did you promise her, the front page?" I snapped. "Besides, I have an escort, remember?"

"Had" would have been more like it, because Charley was nowhere around. I ended up under a potted palm while Mr. Sloane told me how he invented Dinner Deelites—the Candies With a Moral. I managed to nod and smile in all the right places, and really, if I hadn't been so owlish, he would have been pretty good company. I was feeling sorry for a nice father like him with a liability like Harriet on his hands when he suddenly said, "Now tell me. Why isn't a nice girl like you married? Young men must be blind these days."

He was feeling sorry for *me*, and it was unbearable.

"I expect I will be someday," I mumbled girlishly and, pretending to know someone across the floor, I excused myself and escaped to the powder room.

I emerged with new resolution, collared Charley and death-marched him in for some supper, a fast waltz and an even faster exit. We hardly talked all the way home, although he hummed that persistent song about someday I'll find you, moonlight behind you—which always reminds me of a bloodhound. When he kissed me good night, it was like a rubber stamp marking me PAID IN FULL; and while I was sure somebody had just been cheated, I thought about it until I went to sleep and couldn't decide who.

Harriet's engagement to Charley was announced three weeks later. The first flash ran on Page One in a little box next to an item about the four-minute mile. Very appropriate, I thought and burst into tears.

It was my day off, so I didn't have to face the raspberry fugue at the *Telegram* just yet. I had time to think how Charley had used me to meet Harriet and had traded my tender heart for a million dollars' worth of candy. I drew a mustache on Harriet's picture and felt worse. I was just reaching for another hanky when the phone rang.

"Hello," I started cautiously, all set to say, "No bets today," and hang up.

"Now listen, Louise," Charley demanded. "Don't hang up."

"I know. It's all a ghastly mistake, and you're simply sick."

"I'm dead serious."

The first part suited me. "O.K. You win an additional million if I talk to you three minutes. Are we on TV?"

"Keep still!" Charley insisted. "I wanted to tell you first, Louise—about Harriet and me—but it just happened last night, and your publisher's sister dropped in, and Mrs. Sloane ——"

"We'll put that in VISITORS FROM ALL OVER."

"Look, I've been trying to tell you about us for days, but how?"

"How do I love thee? Let me count the cash."

"All right. If you laugh at love, what can I say?"

"You love Harriet?"

"Yes. And she loves me. Listen, maybe you think I'm a model heel, but I never went out of my way to meet any of your friends. *You* introduced Harriet and me, you know, and we'll never forget that. We think you're the nicest girl we know."

(*Continued on Page 93*)

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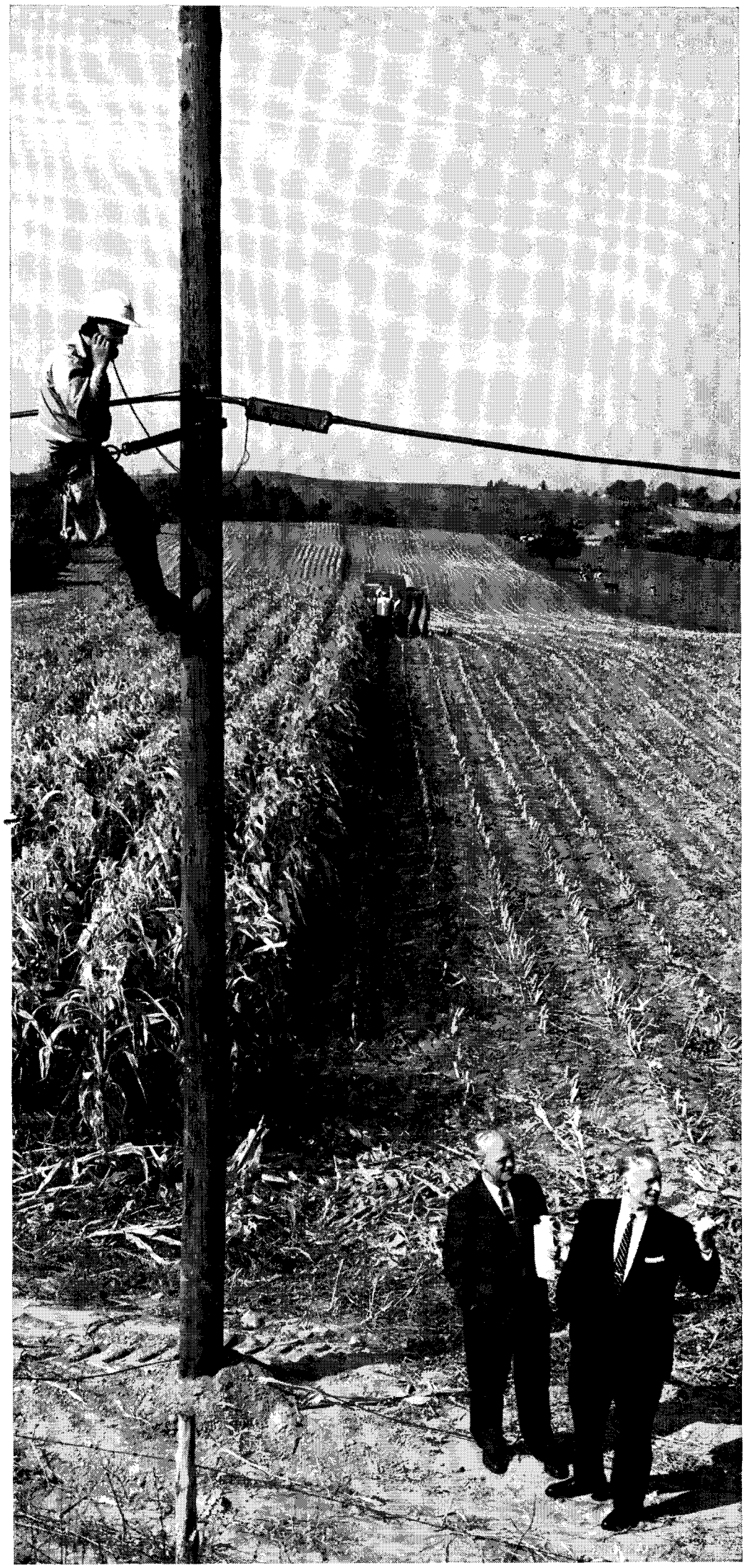

3,000 new homes will grow here *and telephone service will be ready.*
Rochester Telephone's chief forecaster, Mark Clark, surveys the area with President Bill Kern.

Next Crop: 3,000 Telephones

Like so many cities, Rochester, N.Y., is growing *outward.* Here's the story of this cultural-industrial center of a half-million, and the investment an *Independent* telephone company is making in its future.

Rochester Telephone Corporation is America's largest non-system independent telephone company. It serves a thriving city famous for cameras, music, precision instruments and progressive city planning. The responsibilities of its dynamic president, W. A. (Bill) Kern, call for skilled planning of an equally high order.

Take the recently-completed HEnrietta dial exchange, for example. Just twenty minutes from downtown Rochester, this modern, automated switching center now overlooks a rolling cornfield. But according to telephone company forecasts, it will soon be the center of a 3000-home community. Telephone service will be ready when the new homes arrive.

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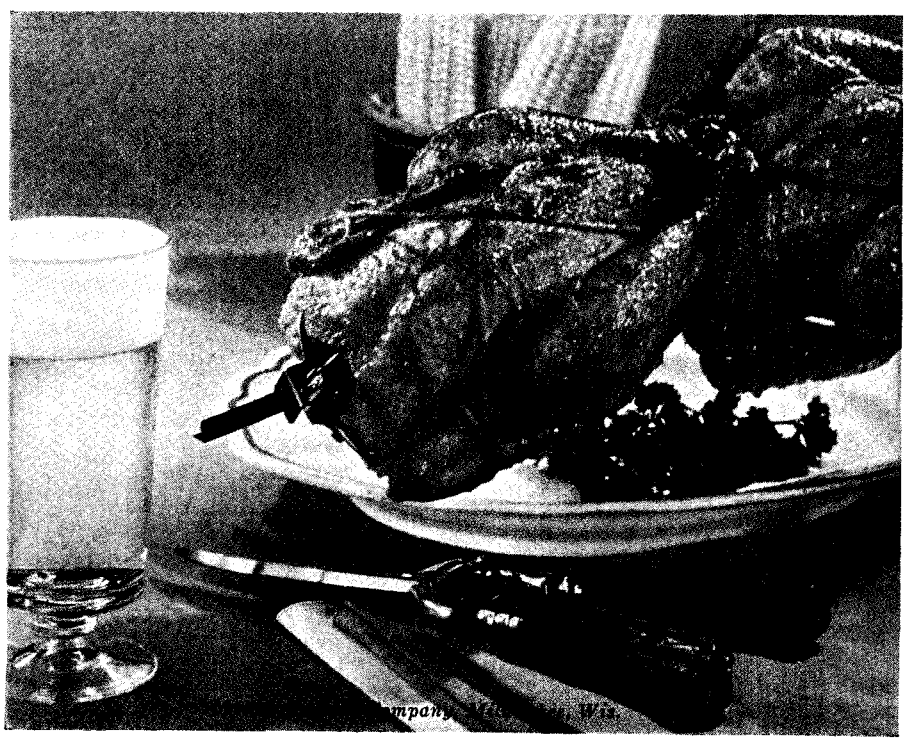

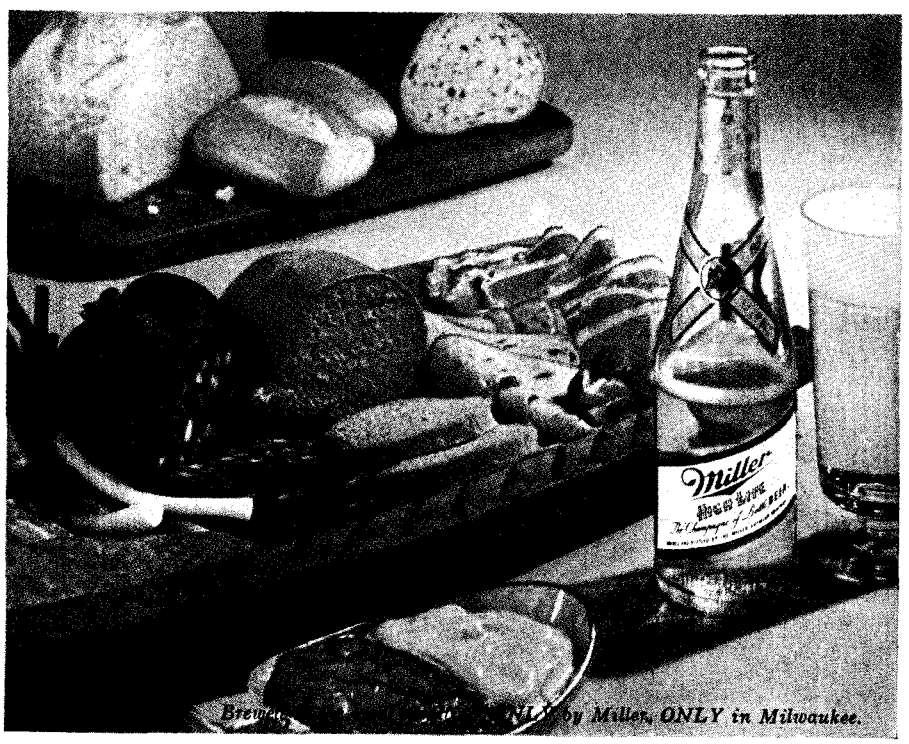

Brewed ... Only by Miller, ONLY in Milwaukee.

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(*Continued from Page 90*) When men start talking about what "we" think, they're hooked all right.

"Louise? Let me tell you something else. You know what first attracted me to Harriet?"

"She reminds you of your mother," I was going to say.

"She reminds me of my mother," he said. "I know that sounds funny, but you remember that day mother came roaring into the *Telegram* about Celeste's picture? She's really a shy, timid little woman on the outside, but inside she's all fire and sparkle. She's a regular tiger where the people she loves are concerned. She just needs somebody to go along with her sometimes and, and—" plainly that soft soap was choking him "—well, that's what I am, Louise, a good guy to go along with somebody. Call it knowing my limitations, or whatever you want. But I'm what Harriet needs and I need her too—to depend on me, and—say, are you still there?"

"Wringing out my hanky," I mumbled. His story was almost too corny to be made up, especially by someone who had never written a thing but a letter to the New Haven *Register*.

"Then you do understand? Harriet said you would, but I . . ."

The rest was lost on me. So Harriet, the sugarplum fairy herself, could presume to know what a good little soldier I'd be! My heart hardened like butterscotch left on the back burner.

"Then you're not all upset? You do understand?"

I thought a minute—carefully. "Charley, I understand perfectly." I hung up softly and on Harriet's picture I blacked out one of her front teeth.

Maybe you think it was easy, going down to the *Telegram* the next day. The only thing that steeled me was knowing that sometime Harriet and I would meet again and the better girl would win. Meanwhile, nobody was going to read Disappointment all over me in thirty-point type. I'd be brave and gay and such a good sport they'd probably send me to cover the Olympics next time. The second person I ran into, right at the elevator, was Harv Nystrom. If I ignored the big news, that would be a dead giveaway, so I said it before he did.

"Oh, Harv, weren't you surprised about Harriet Sloane and Charley Paisley? Everybody was stunned." I implied everybody but clever me.

That shook him. "Well, I hardly know them, of course," he hedged, eying me closely. "You mean you knew all along?"

I might as well go all the way. "Oh, it was practically my idea." Now, how had Charley put it—the greatest love story since the Montagues and Capulets became in-laws? "She's not so mousy at all. Harriet's really all fire and sparkle inside, and Charley sets her off like the Fourth of July display at Jackson Park!"

"Yeah?" He was still giving me the close look. "What are you sending them, a hook-and-ladder company?"

I must have flushed, because Harv softened around the eyes, grinned and took my arm. "Come on, I'll buy you some coffee. Conflagrations make me thirsty."

But I untangled myself. With half a chance, I'd probably lose my nerve. "Not now, thanks. I have to get to the department. I'm late as it is—and just terribly busy these days."

He shrugged. "O.K., I'll drink alone." Then he looked back and winked. "But if you need me, call. I'll tell all comers it was a real inferno that night out at the Sloanes'."

Cheeky male ego. A wink was too personal for a thing like that. It implies that two people like knowing something nobody else does. I cut him down coldly. "Don't bother. They'd know it must have been, or you wouldn't have felt so much at home."

From the reception I got in the society department you'd have thought I'd just been wheeled in from major surgery and might not last the day. Miss Weems and the girls were positively tender, and you wouldn't dream they'd ever heard of the Sloanes or Charley Paisley. Finally I had to mention the subject myself or burst, but I'd learned to be more casual.

"I could see it right away. She makes him feel needed, and he makes her feel sure of herself." I tried to think of the Psychology Two patois for all this.

"Which makes him the confidence man of the year," somebody offered, but one look from Miss Weems squelched that.

I never cracked once under the strain of being a friend of the bride-to-be and future benedict, as we call engaged couples, but I was careful to avoid them too. I heard enough, though, about their plans for a small, quiet wedding in three weeks. I could just see it—intimate as a doubleheader at Wrigley Field, with the Sloanes verging on hysteria because they finally had a son-in-law.

Then, I actually *was* going to see it—at least the reception after the ceremony. I had ignored the note from Harriet saying that only her parents and Charley's mother, sister and brother-in-law would be at the wedding, but she hoped with all her heart I'd come to wish them luck right afterward. But when Miss Weems put it as both an assignment and privilege, what could I say, being their big friend-in-law?

"We'll send a photographer," she added; and I felt I'd been right to bide my time. Not Harv Nystrom, but Billy Weaver drew the assignment. Then I knew my revenge would be sweeter than last year's output of Dinner Deelites.

Maybe you think newspaper photos just happen. Frankly they're not all as candid as they seem. Usually somebody has composed them by moving people into place, giving them something to do with their hands, urging them not to stare into the camera and encouraging the impression that things worth buying papers for are happening. It isn't fakery, just facing the fact that without help, too many pictures would look as if they should be in the post office under a sign saying WANTED.

If this system works to public advantage, it can also be used, or sometimes ignored, to make people look pretty foolish—and that's what I had in mind.

When I got through with Charley and Harriet, there wouldn't be a wedding picture good for much but starting a lawsuit. It was little enough for that sly pair, and foolproof, since it certainly couldn't be their dear chum's fault if everyone looked slightly ridiculous. Billy Weaver was still so awed by socialites he'd take any picture I suggested. I felt like Raffles about to pull another brilliant job.

On the big day, though, I felt a little sad—or maybe only scared—roaring up

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Having raised funds successfully, officials of Ivy College applied for a permit to build a new sixty-student dormitory. The city turned them down on grounds that the area was zoned for one-family residences only. The college sued.

"The proposed dormitory is a one-family dwelling within the sense of the zoning law," the college's lawyer contended. "The law defines a dwelling as 'a building containing complete housekeeping facilities for one family only,' and then it defines a family as 'one or more persons occupying a dwelling unit as a single, nonprofit housekeeping unit.' We're a nonprofit institution, and our students will be just one big, happy family."

"Not so fast," the city attorney replied. "The law clearly contemplates a family in the ordinary, normal sense of the word. Sixty persons is a small tribe, a couple of understrength platoons or a dozen basketball teams, but hardly a family."

If you were the judge, would you ban the dormitory?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The college won. The court pointed out that the law in this instance placed "no limitation on the number of persons constituting a family, nor does it require that the members of the family be related by blood or marriage." It added that the court could not impose any restrictions not in the law.

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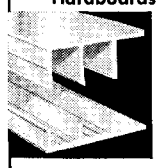

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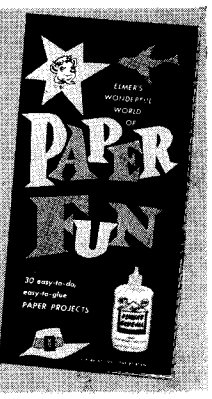

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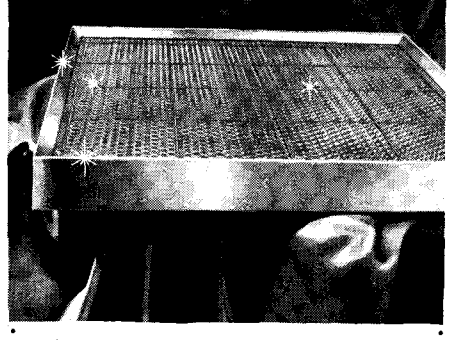

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the Sloanes' driveway alone in a taxi. But that mood vanished inside, where the gardener must have duplicated the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Billy wasn't there yet. The ceremony was just starting in the conservatory wing, but reception guests, especially relatives, were zeroing in like bees to the hive.

"Talk about opportunities!" I breathed, looking around. Those three fragile old ladies on the love seat—a nod to Billy at just the right time, and they'd look like harpies deciding what to prey on next. And that judge—posed just right at the guestbook, he'd come out both shifty and illiterate. And with only a little urging, I'd have the Sloanes' best friends appraising the wedding gifts like dubious pawnbrokers. Then there'd be Mrs. Sloane with her little round chins, and Mr. Sloane with—but Harriet and Charley, that would be the one. I'd get Harriet at her equine best, tossing her head the way she did, and looking as though they were about to throw the horseshoe of roses over her neck. It would be perfectly obvious why Charley married Harriet. Now first ——

"Hey, there, dreamer!" Someone whispered behind me. "Any time you're ready."

It was Harv! Dark-suited and black-hearted, he was giving me a level grin.

"You! Where's Billy Weaver?" I demanded suspiciously.

"Printing my White Sox pictures, I hope. Assignments were changed."

"Mrs. Sloane asked for you?" I was calculating rapidly.

"Maybe I managed it myself." He was almost serious. "That so unbearable?"

I was all out of words and all in from thinking. "Only if you catch the bridal bouquet," I offered feebly, but Harv took that as a truce and squeezed my hand as he steered me through the crowd.

It would take some doing to get the shots I had in mind, but time was on my side. With an early picture deadline for the Sunday society insert, we'd have to work fast; and if I set up pictures quickly and firmly, Harv might not catch on.

He didn't seem to for the first one—guests looking at the wedding gifts—but at the second try Harv balked. It was the judge at the guestbook.

"Head up, please, your honor. I seem to get you reading over your glasses. Oh, and don't point, sir."

At the three wispy dowagers Harv threw me a sharp glance, though he spoke softly. "No huddle, ladies. Try it looking over that way—toward the bride, let's pretend. You're smiling because you're seeing her—well, you know—with love." He didn't even flush, but I did.

It got worse. By my fourth attempt I was shaking slightly, my hands were cold, and Harv's mouth was a straight line. He knew what I was doing.

"Proud of yourself?" he muttered and yanked me into the corridor toward the conservatory. He turned me around squarely.

"You never give up, do you?" He glared at me. "Well, I'll get these pictures myself. Just keep out of my way and I'll keep out of yours—for good." Then he turned back. "No, there's something else. Know why I pulled strings to get here today? Because I thought you might want me around, might need me. Surprised? Well, you don't need any man, Louise. And you know what keeps a man from needing you?"

"Who c-cares?" I stammered, caring terribly all of a sudden.

"Self-preservation. You know, the same instinct that keeps people from falling under busses or setting themselves on fire. It warns them not to get too involved with you, because maybe there's no heart under that slick little shell of yours, no way to give back any love if—" he broke off as people came crowding toward us, but finished hoarsely "—if anybody were dumb enough to offer you some."

I was stunned, I guess, then burning and freezing and pushed along with the crowd as Harv disappeared. The ceremony must be over, since sounds swelled louder and louder—Mendelssohn and mirth. Then with someone's "Here they come!" the conservatory doors swung open, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Dunn Paisley stood there smiling, then rushed forward together and held out their arms to a happy world.

I felt so odd. Something was happening to my face! Try as I would to quit, I dimpled like a perfect cupid and I smiled and smiled.

I couldn't stop. Nobody could. Flash bulbs popped, and people laughed, and my flowerpot hat was about to blow off like a champagne cork. Smiling was the only relief for the melting ache I felt. This was love with all the guards down, and radiation sickness wasn't something that only came from rearranging atoms in a laboratory. Everybody was exposed that day, and nobody worried a bit.

Harriet and Charley finally noticed me flanked by their next of kin, and then I remembered I was the viper in the bosom of the family. We rushed together and, as I glimpsed the three of us in a big mirror, beaming and hugging and saying nothing intelligible, I wondered why I didn't look like Dorian Gray's picture on one of its bad days. Dragging my tangled web of schemes, I was certainly the most loathsome form of life.

I was going to add cowardice to my other lovable traits and get out. I almost made it too, but Mrs. Sloane saw me and started urging me on people like vintage Châteauneuf-du-Pape. Anyone who didn't want to meet The-Girl-Who-Introduced-Them should have gone home. I was feeling worse and worse, but at least I didn't have to talk to Harriet and Charley—or think of Harv.

Finally I was even being introduced to some people twice when Mr. Sloane took pity on me and got me under that potted palm again. With a horrible flash of *déjà vu*, I knew what he was going to say as we sipped and smiled.

"Miss O'Brien, I don't understand it. You're every bit as pretty as Harriet. Now, why isn't a nice girl like you married?"

I was bawling inside, howling with frustration and shame. My jaw was shaking, but I managed, "I guess I just haven't met the right man yet." But that was a lie. Maybe there wasn't a "right man," but there was a "right man" type, and I'd met lots of them—even one with red hair. The only reason a nice girl like me wasn't married was because I wasn't a nice girl. Somehow men could tell. Self-preservation, Harv called it—the thing that said to steer clear of girls like me. Mean, pushy, jealous, phony—I was starting to catalogue when Harriet touched my arm, but spoke to her father.

"I'm going up to change now, but we'll see you in the library before we go." Then she smiled at me and slipped something into my hand. She didn't look especially horsy. She didn't look like anything but a really nice girl just married to a really nice guy. "I wore it in my shoe—for luck. But, Louise, you brought me all I ever need." And on my palm there winked a brand-new dime.

Tolstoi or Chekhov or somebody could have made a real thing of that kind of irony. Harriet Sloane, who already had a million dollars, ended up with the husband who might have been mine, and I ended up with a ten-cent picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt. I thought about it halfway back to the Loop in the taxi.

Then, you know what I did? I had the driver stop at the next drugstore. I got out and dropped Harriet's dime in the pay phone and I meekly asked Harv Nystrom if he'd want to take me to a movie or maybe just for a walk that night.

He didn't say yes or no or anything at all for a minute. Then he sounded hoarse, but like a man who'd know what to do with a secret. "Any time you're ready, Louise."

I was luckier than anyone. You see, I figured that if you only get what you deserve in this world, I was already too late. But on the other hand, maybe sometimes, when you really want it most, there is a second chance. Then you can try to deserve the wonderful things that you can get. THE END

"Well, I just wish I had his knack for making friends."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Return to Terror (Continued from Page 42)

Drake. As soon as you called me in Vienna, I took a plane to Zagreb. From Zagreb I went by car to Barcs. In Barcs I went to see Laszlo's wife who, as you can imagine, was in no condition to say anything much or add to the information I had already gathered about her husband. He had been in splendid health except for sudden pains in his stomach. They all thought he had eaten too much cabbage. He didn't seem to be worried about it either. Still, next time he was in town, he went to see a doctor. Frankly I think it was a perfectly natural death."

Kendeffy started pacing the room. "Was it a ruptured appendix? Did you see the doctor?"

"I just told you—I saw the doctor. But you know what doctors are like. They don't want to discuss medical matters with laymen. And isn't it really asking too much of a man to expect him to admit his own incompetence?"

"Is it? Is it really?" Kendeffy scratched his head so violently that his wig threatened to get out of place. "I do not share your opinion, Mr. Meier-Schmitt. I think we are far too lenient when we permit everybody to cover up his shortcomings and downright idiotic in our acceptance of their explanations." He cursed.

Meier-Schmitt coughed. He had never met Kendeffy before, who had been introduced to him as a Professor Montel, a former teacher of literature in Paris. He glanced at his watch.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, but if you don't need me any longer—and I really don't see of what possible use I could be right now ——"

Now that he was here, he wanted to get out to the fair, which he had not yet seen. It would be ridiculous to go back to Vienna and have to say he had been neither to the Hall of Science, the Russian pavilion or the Atomium. Besides, somebody was waiting for him in the café around the corner.

Suddenly Kendeffy exploded. "Good heavens," he cried. "If that is all the news you had, why couldn't you have phoned? Why did you make us lose time?"

"Laszlo was a close friend of Professor Montel," said Jed apologetically.

"I understand," said Meier-Schmitt, smiling at Jed. Jed smiled back—two lawyers who were used to temperamental clients. "But you see," Meier-Schmitt went on, still addressing Kendeffy, "Mr. Drake asked me to come. One can't be discreet enough in times like these."

Jed saw him to the elevator. There was nothing more Meier-Schmitt could do for them.

When Jed came back into the room, Kendeffy did not seem to notice that he had re-entered. He was sitting on the narrow, uncomfortable couch, staring into space. And when he spoke, it was more to himself than to Jed.

"I knew him when I was a little boy. He used to work on my father's estate. We went hunting together many times; and long before I got my own gun, Laszlo had shown me how to handle one. He was three years older than I, and I trusted him."

Jed did not answer, but walked over to the window. He opened it wide. It looked out onto a courtyard, and he could see vague outlines of people behind the lighted windows. *And we don't even know*, he thought again, *if Laszlo has been murdered or died a natural death. In a way, we are worse off than before.*

"Laszlo, dead," said Kendeffy. "And I am to blame for it?"

He sounded utterly dejected, and Jed watched him raise himself heavily from the couch, walk over to the dresser and reach for the bottle of gin to pour another drink for both of them. But the bottle was empty, and Kendeffy picked up the receiver of the telephone. "What will you have, Jed? Nothing? . . . Make it a double Martini," he ordered. "One." Then he sat down on the bed and closed his eyes.

"It's not dying that you mind—it's dying before you've done what you set out to do, not to be allowed to pay your debts, to die without having fought for the thing that seems worth fighting for."

"I know," said Jed. "But you cannot go now—not before we have found out precisely what happened." *I should have gone myself*, he thought. *I could have got the truth out of the doctor, or at least found somebody who could have. Maybe I'll go tomorrow.*

"They're waiting," said Kendeffy. "I cannot let them down." His hands formed fists. "I must get there."

The light in the lamp next to the couch began to flicker, went out and came on again, then went out altogether. "Don't bother," said Kendeffy. "It did that before you came. I told them about it. They're going to fix it."

They sat in the dark, both speculating about what might have happened to Laszlo in the doctor's office. Jed's mind was spinning with the effort to find a way out. To let Kendeffy go under these circumstances would mean certain death. He had to find a way. But what could he possibly do now?

The telephone rang into the silence. The two men looked at each other in

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You could surround yourself with insurance booklets and text books . . . then try to make the right choice. But after hours of study, it's a good guess you'd still need the personal guidance of an experienced agent to work out the coordinated insurance program you want.

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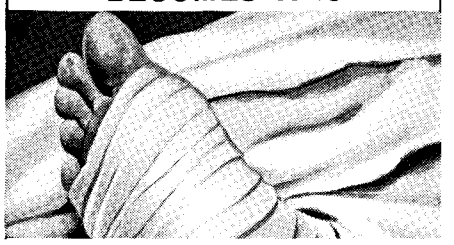

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surprise. Then Jed picked up the receiver. Kendeffy, watching Jed's face, saw it tense with surprise. "What is it?" he asked when Jed put back the receiver.

"Miss Bettigole. I've been asked to come to Ghent tomorrow morning at eleven, and to bring my friend—to meet a priest."

The two men looked at each other. "It can only mean that he knows something that concerns us," cried Kendeffy, his eyes alight with anticipation.

"It could also," Jed answered slowly, "be a trap, an attempt to lure you from your hide-out. Remember—Laszlo is dead. He couldn't have sent a message."

"Why not? Surely he saw a priest in the hospital before he died. How far is Ghent? When must we leave?"

"Around ten. Not quite an hour if we take the express highway."

"We'll go," said Kendeffy.

"Not before I've checked on it." Jed smiled. How sharply time had reversed their roles. Instead of Kendeffy taking care of him, now he had to be wiser than the older man.

Kendeffy frowned. "What else did Bettigole say?"

Jed shrugged. "That's all. Nobody but Bettigole could have conveyed that much of a message without actually mentioning anything that should not be overheard. But"—he rose—"that's why I want to talk to her. There must be things she couldn't say. Perhaps I can call the priest. I'll be back in a little while."

The corridor was dark, but Jed could see an electrician working by candlelight in the pantry, almost opposite Kendeffy's room, fussing with the fuse box; then the light went on—dimly—flickered and went out again. Jed moved cautiously and slowly in the dark. He had gone a short distance along the corridor when he heard a door close and, turning, saw a waiter coming from the pantry, closing the door behind him. He had set a small candle on his tray that wavered in the draft. Its light was mirrored in a high-stemmed, tulip-shaped, slightly chipped glass. He was raising his hand to knock on Kendeffy's door.

Suddenly Miss Bettigole's horrified voice rang in Jed's ears. "*Oh, no, not gin. It's even in the papers. Several people have been taken to the hospital because of wood-alcohol poisoning. There were a couple of deaths.*"

True, he had felt no bad effects from the drinks he had taken, but then he had ordered them in a first-class restaurant. *I'll bring him a bottle of gin*, he thought and waved the waiter away. "Too late," he said. "I don't want it any more." Even if the rumor were not true, he could not afford to have Kendeffy take any chances of getting sick at a time like this.

Jed went on down the corridor, and the waiter waited until he saw Jed turn into the passage that led to the elevator before he quickly opened the door to the utility closet and disappeared inside. It was not often these days that one got a drink for nothing and a double, at that. There was a thud as the waiter fell to the floor.

Jed heard it. He withdrew his hand from the elevator door. *And Kendeffy didn't lock the door behind me*, he thought. *And I didn't think of it either in my excitement over the unexpected call.* He felt for the spare key in his pocket. As he turned back into the corridor, the flickering lights went out completely, and Jed was forced to halt his steps. And as he stood listening in the dark, his ears detected the soft opening and closing of doors.

And then he was running, pushing open the door to Kendeffy's room, bursting into it.

By the vague light of the city's glow he could see Kendeffy lying on the floor, held down by another man. At first it seemed as if the element of surprise had rendered the attacker immobile, but then he moved with terrible speed, striking with enormous power at Jed's chin, hurling him through the whole length of the room. But as Jed braced himself for the man to come after him, to pin him to the wall, he realized, horrified, that the intruder was not concerned with him, but was dragging Kendeffy, who seemed to be unconscious, across the floor toward one of the windows.

To Sandor it was as if Jed were flying through the air, like an animal jumping from some unknown height onto his back. Hands like claws cut into his throat, strangling him. All he could do was let go of Kendeffy to shake off the man whose hands were pressing on his windpipe and to run as fast as he could out of the room and into the corridor, down the stairs to the fourth floor.

"What happened?" said Sarolta. "What happened, Jed?" She was staring at Jed's pale face, the cut lip, the way he was holding his chin as if it were broken.

Jed tried to smile. "Nothing much, Sari. Don't look so horrified. Believe it or not, I was in a brawl."

"Where? Why?" Sarolta put down the evening bag she had just been changing her things into.

"At the fair," said Jed and threw himself onto one of the twin beds. "At the Merry Belgium. There were a lot of drunks around when I passed through."

"At the Merry Belgium?" repeated Sarolta. She had taken a look at the Merry Belgium. She couldn't imagine Jed visiting the place at a time of day when it was known to be rowdy. *With whom?* she wanted to ask.

"Yes," lied Jed. "And apparently they resented it when I came to the assistance of two young girls. Ring for some ice, would you, please? Just ice, a bucketful."

Sarolta looked at him again, wondering if she should believe him; then she picked up the telephone, ordered the ice and asked for an ice bag. When it came, she applied it gently, making a little pile of towels to keep it in place, deeply aware that this was perhaps the last time they would be so close.

"Nothing broken? You're sure? Don't you want to see a doctor? You should, you know."

"We'd better call a doctor," the manager of the Hotel Urania had said when he had taken a look at Kendeffy, moaning on the floor. But Jed had said no—no doctor, no police, no publicity. And he had tried to appear casual.

"A burglar, no doubt. Someone who tried to take advantage of the lights' being out of order. How can you help it with thousands of strangers coming here? No. Nothing had been taken. Just a few bruises. And please explain to the gentleman in the room below what it was all about. He rang to complain that his ceiling light was going to come down if we didn't stop dancing on his head."

The manager had smiled, relieved, and smiled even more broadly when Jed told him that he would take Professor Montel with him to a friend's house. An empty room was a precious commodity.

"No doctor," Jed said now. "Don't worry, please."

"Miss Bettigole left this for you." Sarolta handed him a sealed envelope. "She said it was important."

It contained the information Miss Bettigole had been too cautious to give over the telephone—the name of the priest, Father Ambrosius, his telephone number, his address and a note saying she had checked and that Father Ambrosius was above suspicion.

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Jed looked at his watch. It was too late to call the priest now. He would do it first thing in the morning. But he picked up the receiver to call his garage and told them to have his car delivered at the Métropole tomorrow morning at ten o'clock sharp, with the tank filled and with a map. Then he lay back on his bed.

"You shouldn't go anywhere tomorrow," said Sarolta. "You've had a shock. You should stay in bed."

"I'll be all right," he told her. "Oh, I forgot to ask you—would you mind if I slept in your room tonight? June, I understand, has been put out and has no place to sleep. I offered her the couch in the living room."

Put out? thought Sarolta. *Well, what does it matter?* "Of course not," she said. "Where is she?"

"Still in her room, packing. She'll come in later." This was no lie. He had brought Kendeffy to the Métropole as soon as he had been able to move again. He was now up in June's room. Presently Jed would leave Sarolta and join Kendeffy. Until then Kendeffy was in good hands.

"Did you have a good day?"

"Yes," said Sarolta. How could she tell him about Pista's asking for her ring? One didn't tell on old friends, even if one did not like something they had said or done. "The paintings were wonderful," she said. "I really would love to see them all again and again."

Suddenly he noticed that she was in evening dress. Was she going out with Pista? "Where are you going?" he asked. "You're all dressed up."

"You said last night that all of us might be going to the reception at the French embassy if you got through in time."

"Did I?" He had forgotten it. It seemed so far away. His thoughts were of Kendeffy's plan—doubtless it had been betrayed. Laszlo's death might not have anything to do with it, for it would have been stupid to commit any act that might warn Kendeffy; but the attempt on Kendeffy's life proved that somebody knew what he intended, knew that he had not gone back to the States but come to Brussels. Who? Farkas?

Sarolta was looking at him. *She doesn't believe me*, he thought. *She thinks I made up the whole story about the brawl. But she must not know. Nothing can be gained by telling her about Kendeffy, and it would upset her terribly. More than anything in the world, I want to protect her.* Then he remembered what he had forgotten during the last few hours—that Sarolta wanted a divorce. In only a little while he would no longer be able to take care of her.

He watched her sit down in front of the dressing table. The dress she wore was of the palest green. It set off her dark coloring and made her look very young and innocent. *How lovely she is*, thought Jed, *beautiful in a way that is rare.* But he could not bring himself to tell her so. *Perhaps*, he thought, *when I have fulfilled my duty to Kendeffy, there will be a chance to talk to her. I would like her to know.*

"Why don't you go to the reception?" he asked.

"You want me to?"

Jed smiled. "No, my dear. You do whatever you like. You don't have to put in an appearance for my sake, if that's what you mean. Where is Pista? He could take you."

"He had to go back to Bruges."

Her voice sounded a little sad, as though she were disappointed. *Forget it*, thought Jed. *There are more important things than my personal affairs. The attack on Kendeffy. Farkas.* He felt practically sure now that the man Sarolta thought had resembled Farkas had indeed been Farkas and that the person who had tried to hurl Kendeffy out of the window had been sent by Farkas or was, perhaps, the AVO man himself. Jed had asked Kendeffy what Farkas looked like and had called the police. But, he reflected now, Farkas—like Kendeffy—might have chosen to hide his features behind a false beard or to wear a wig. He debated if he should not ask Sarolta for a detailed description of the man she had seen, then decided against it. A man could change his appearance so many times.

"You look very tired," said Sarolta.

"I am," he told her. "I'll sleep for an hour now, then I'll have to go out again.

With whom? Sarolta wanted to ask again. *With June?* But she controlled herself and said stiffly, "That's too bad. I hope you know what you're doing."

An executive is a man who sees that it's done right the second time.

DAN BENNETT

It was impossible for Farkas to look upon the strange coincidences of life with a philosophical point of view, nor was he accustomed to the fact that anything he had planned down to the smallest detail could go wrong. Besides, he knew that with every hour lost, his chances of apprehending Kendeffy before he crossed into Hungary grew less and the danger of his own discovery, now that Drake and Kendeffy had been alerted, greater. This made him decide to drop all plans to make Kendeffy's murder look like an accident.

"Tomorrow morning Drake is going to drive to Ghent to see a priest," Farkas said, repeating to Pista what Sandor had overheard at the Hotel Urania. But Pista did not react. He was munching potato chips from a paper bag he had bought at a street corner just before reporting to Farkas. He had also brought some *geuze*, the heavy Belgian beer, with him and had stood up the six bottles between them.

"I just found out from the garage he uses that he ordered the car for ten o'clock," Farkas went on, opening a bottle of beer. "A car he rents and drives himself. With him will be a man."

"Really?" said Pista.

"His name is Kendeffy."

Pista had never met Kendeffy; he had only seen pictures of him in the papers; but he knew the reputation of the man whose integrity was legend and, like others, admired his brilliance and courage. Sarolta had mentioned him in her letters as a close friend of her husband, a man who suffered deeply from exile.

"What about him?" Pista shoved a handful of chips into his mouth.

"You'd better listen," Farkas told him, "because for once you'll be doing a man's job, not an errand boy's."

"I will?" Pista's mood of indifference seemed to be shatterproof, and for a moment Farkas was not sure if the boy had finally stopped fighting him—there came a point with every man when the sum of the acts committed against his will made for total moral corruption—or if Pista was merely putting on a show.

"I think Drake will take the fastest way to Ghent—the express highway—because the old road is heavily traveled. But if for some reason or other he should choose it, you will be told."

Farkas pointed to the map of the city which lay spread open in front of him. "You will spend the night here and you will have a very early breakfast at the Eagle." He indicated a spot on the map.

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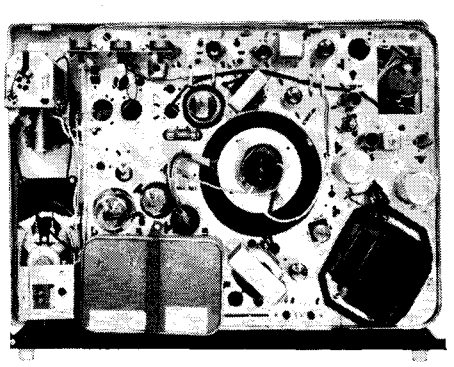

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"It is a restaurant that lies close to the junction where the roads fork. There you will be told by Sandor exactly when Drake left the Métropole and which road he has taken. You will then follow Drake—cautiously. Stay as far as possible behind Drake so that he won't get suspicious of being trailed, yet close enough not to lose sight of him. When Drake's car stops, which it will, after about twenty miles, you will pass them, then slow down and back up. They will have run out of gas. You will offer them your assistance. If Drake suggests you get him some gas, you will counter with the proposal to drive them to Ghent. You will insist on giving them a lift."

Pista's mouth went dry, and the anticipation of impending disaster stabbed him like a sudden touch on open nerve tissue. He hadn't felt that particular kind of pain for a long time, not since he had been released from prison. He looked at Farkas, but Farkas rose from his chair and, with the Chihuahua under his arm, crossed over to the window.

"A lift?" said Pista.

Yes, thought Farkas. *Drake will avoid taking any risks after the attack on Kendeffy, but if it is true what Pista has reported—and after all, the girl went with him to his studio alone—there is no reason why Drake should mistrust him.*

"Yes, a lift," he repeated. "But after about twelve minutes you will drive off the road and pretend there is something wrong with your back tires, any excuse to get away as fast as you can."

"Why?"

"There is a little gadget," said Farkas, turning away from the entertaining view on the street, "which I will explain to you in a moment. It will be lying in your trunk compartment, and you will set the timing device connected with it in such a manner that fifteen minutes after Drake and Kendeffy have got into your car, it will explode, killing the passengers and destroying the car."

All the blood left Pista's face. He gasped. "That is murder," he said, his voice barely audible. "Murder."

"You can call it that," said Farkas, sitting down again, "though I would rather you thought of it as a service to your country."

"Murder," repeated Pista.

Farkas took a second bottle of beer.

He poured it slowly, spilling some of the foam, which he let the dog lick up. "Nobody will suspect you if you are clever," he went on in the same casual tone that he prided himself on using to its best effect. "The two old sisters with whom you are boarding will vouch for your character. Your record here is clean. You yourself know nothing. Sarolta will never have any suspicions as far as you are concerned—or did you happen to mention me?"

"No," said Pista. He had not really said anything but that he simply had to get away, and now he wished fervently that he had told her everything. Why hadn't he? He couldn't understand it. She would have given him the ring; she would have helped him if she had known how terribly he needed help.

"You will say that somebody must have put the bomb in your car—perhaps you had enemies you didn't know about, perhaps it was a case of mistaken identity. And who can prove you wrong as long as you don't lose your nerve? All you have to do is to be appropriately upset."

Murder, thought Pista. *Two people I hardly know. Two people who have never done me any harm. Two men who*—he closed his eyes—*two men trusting me to do them a small favor, and I blow them to bits. This is not being a heel, a good-for-nothing informer. This is—but he cannot force me to do it*, Pista tried to reassure himself desperately. *He cannot force me to become a murderer. If I say yes now, if I pretend I am going to do as he wishes, who is there to prevent me, when I leave this room, from going to the police? Going to them and saying there is a former member of the dreaded Hungarian Secret Police here. He has come under an assumed name. He is staying at such and such a place. Heaven only knows how many death sentences he has signed and how many people he and Sandor have tortured to death. He is trying to make me kill Jethro Drake, an American staying here, husband of my childhood friend, Sarolta, and a man named Kendeffy, who once played an important role as one of the leaders of the Smallholders Party in Hungary. . . .*

"I wouldn't indulge in any senseless speculations," said Farkas. "If you are thinking of going to the police, what could you achieve?"

Pista lifted his head and stared at Farkas. *He can read my mind*, he thought. *He can even read my mind. Is there nothing I can keep from this man?* He felt as if Farkas were skinning him alive.

Farkas smiled. "You can prove nothing. And you will never be able to prove anything. It is not a criminal offense to travel incognito. The worst that could happen to me would be that I could be expelled." Pista didn't answer. "But think what would happen to you," Farkas went on. "They would interrogate you and find out all the little favors you have done me from time to time. You too would be expelled, and what country would take you? What country would want you, you who violated the asylum granted you as a refugee? Can you name one?"

Pista could not.

"And you must have forgotten," Farkas continued, with the fatherly concern that made Pista want to wring his neck, "what would happen to you once the Belgians are through with you. I don't even have to take you back to teach you a lesson. We could get you anywhere. And who would come to your help?"

Pista knew—nobody.

"Or to the help of your mother?"

"You swine!"

"I beg your pardon." Farkas set the dog down and shook his head at Pista pensively. "You are making a big mistake. I believe in what I am doing. I believe that men who don't see eye to eye with us constitute a danger and I act accordingly. But you? You believe in democracy, in individuality, in a freedom of spirit which is the ruination of any successful organization. But you haven't got the strength of your convictions. You are yellow. *You* are the swine."

He rose. "And now," he said, "I would like to show you how to work the clock connected with the bomb. By the way, you'd better have your car thoroughly checked so that everything is in working order."

Pista sat motionless. *If only*, he thought, *Sari had given me the ring.*

Sarolta awoke with a start. Her traveling clock on the table beside her bed showed twenty-five minutes past ten, and she stared at it disbelievingly. It couldn't be that late. It seemed as if she had only just gone to sleep.

She glanced at the empty bed next to hers. A pile of towels lay neatly folded on the pillow, next to an ice bag. And then she remembered Jed's white face, his aching jaw, the faraway look in his eyes. He had left her after dinner, and she had tossed restlessly most of the night, wondering what was behind the story of the brawl which she could not believe.

She jumped out of bed, flew across the room and tore open the double door to the living room. June was supposed to have spent the night there, on the couch, but the room looked as tidy as if it had never been occupied. *He is gone*, she thought, *gone without having come back, without saying good-by*. She had better get used to it. A little while from now and they would be divorced.

She heard a key turn in the lock and looked up. It was Miss Bettigole. "Good morning, good morning," she said brightly. "And what are your plans for the day, Mrs. Drake? Will you need me? Shall we go to the fair? Or do you have an appointment with Pista? Or we might ——"

At last Sarolta interrupted her. "Have you seen Mr. Drake this morning?"

"Just for a moment."

"And how is he?"

"Very well." Miss Bettigole walked past her to the desk to open the mail she had brought up from downstairs.

"He was in a brawl last night," said Sarolta. "Or didn't you know?"

"He mentioned it."

Impossible to find out anything from her. Sarolta stared out the window. There was a piece of blue right over the huge clock opposite the Métropole, but the rest of the sky was dark with heavy clouds. At some time or other it would certainly rain. And where was Jed going? With a car that had to be delivered with its tank full and a map of Belgium? Miss Bettigole would never tell. June, though, might not be so tight-lipped. June? Why wasn't she here since she had had to give up her room?

"Has Miss Howard gone with Mr. Drake?"

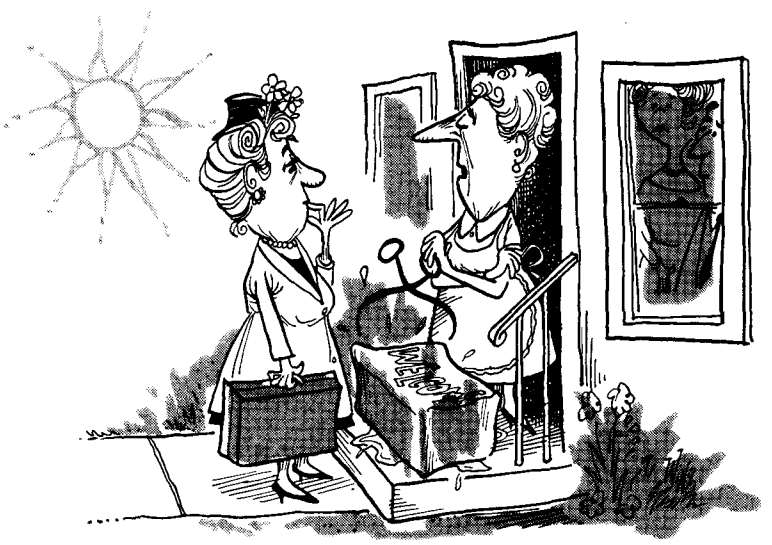
"Miss Howard?" Miss Bettigole looked up from a typewritten sheet of paper. "No. I imagine she's up in her room."

"But ——" Sarolta grew abruptly silent. Here, she realized, was something even Miss Bettigole didn't know. Miss Bettigole had obviously not been told about the confusion in reservations that had made it necessary for June to sleep in the Drakes' living room last night. "Up in her room? Well, I'll go and see her then for a moment."

Sarolta dressed quickly. Not quite five minutes later she rushed up the stairs and knocked on June's door. June, in slacks, was sitting on the floor, surrounded by newspapers, clipping whatever was of interest to her with a pair of scissors.

"I only came up to tell you, in case you want to use our room. . . ." Sarolta was still breathless.

(*Continued on Page 100*)



The Perfect Squelch

Robert came of a well-to-do conservative New England family. While in the armed forces in California, he met and married a girl in that state. Later they settled down to live there.

Although the girl herself impressed everyone as a fine person, her family disapproved of the marriage and were uncordial to the new son-in-law and his relatives. Robert's mother, who was unable to attend the wedding, did what she could to promote better feeling, but her cards, letters and gifts went virtually ignored.

Finally, learning that Robert and wife expected a baby, the mother journeyed to California to visit them. The wife's mother received her coldly and soon remarked, "So, you didn't want to spend the money to come to California until the baby was due?"

"That isn't it," Robert's mother replied. "It's just that I thought a grandmother would be more welcome than a mother-in-law."

Elmer Whittaker

Address Perfect Squelch contributions to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Phila. 5, Pa. They should be original, unpublished and typewritten. Decision within a month. Only those accepted can be acknowledged. Payment is $100 upon acceptance.

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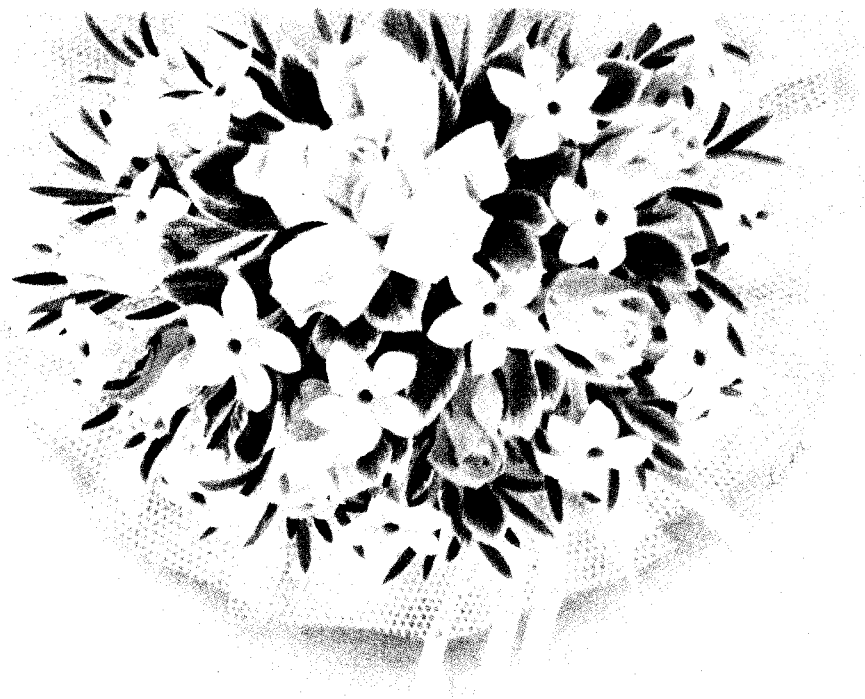

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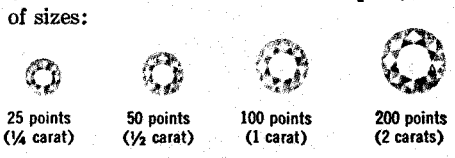
In choosing a diamond, *the rule of the Four C's* will help you buy your dollar's worth. These Four C's are: *carat weight, cutting, clarity and color.* Each of the C's has great significance in determining quality and cost.

There is also another C of importance to you. This is the C that stands for confidence in your jeweler. A reliable retail jeweler takes interest and pride in advising you honestly and will stand behind his recommendations. As a specialist in gemology, he can show you just how quality is judged, help you choose a diamond you'll be proud of all your life, proud to pass on to your children, too.

A diamond is forever

What is carat weight? The size of a diamond is measured by weight, in points and carats. The carat is composed of 100 points, just as a dollar is made up of one hundred cents. If a jeweler shows you a diamond weighing 85 points, it is between three-quarters and a full carat weight.

So you'll have an idea of what to expect, here is a range of sizes:

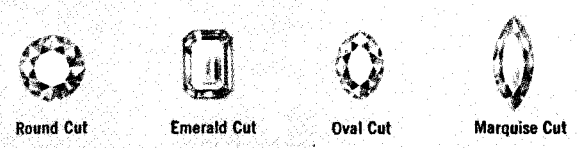


Often, you will find superior quality in a small diamond. Such a diamond may be worth more than a considerably larger one of less choice description.

Larger stones of fine quality are more rare than smaller ones and they cost more per carat. For instance, if two stones are of like quality, but one is twice the size of the other, the larger stone will probably cost you more than twice as much.

What is meant by cutting? As a price-setting factor, cutting refers to the quality of the workmanship. How well is the diamond cut? A well-cut diamond is at its brilliant best when every facet has been placed on the stone at the correct angle and in correct proportions. Diamond cutters are highly skilled craftsmen and highly paid, for this is one of the most painstaking trades and there is scarcely any margin for error.

Cut also refers to the shape of the stone and the arrangement of the facets. The most popular style for the engagement ring solitaire is the round brilliant-cut with 58 facets. There are, of course, other shapes, too, so that you may choose according to your own taste.

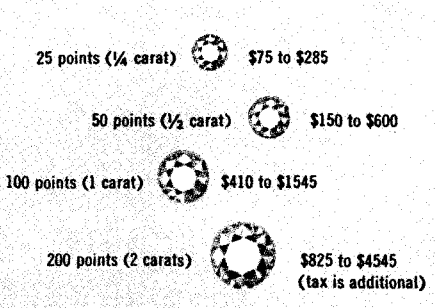


What is clarity? This is the absence of carbon spots, bubbles or other blemishes. Under Federal Trade Commission rules, a diamond may be described as flawless only if it shows no such blemishes to a trained eye when magnified ten times. A tiny inclusion that cannot be seen with the unaided eye may have little effect on the brilliance and beauty of a diamond, but the price you pay should be less than for a flawless stone.

What is meant by color? While a diamond breaks up light so that it gives off every color in the rainbow, the material of the stone itself is ideally free of any color —a crystal-clear white. However, really fine whites are extremely rare and very valuable. The term "blue-white" is considered inaccurate today and is seldom used by reputable jewelers. The variations in color in diamonds are so delicate they can rarely be detected, except when one diamond is compared with others.

What does a diamond cost? The cost of a diamond varies widely, according to the qualities mentioned (cut, clarity, color) as well as size. For your guidance, price ranges below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1960.

Published by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to help you in your selection of your engagement diamond.


25 points (¼ carat) $75 to $285
50 points (½ carat) $150 to $600
100 points (1 carat) $410 to $1545
200 points (2 carats) $825 to $4545
(tax is additional)

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(*Continued from Page 98*)

"Oh, I'm perfectly all right. Very sweet of you."

"I'm glad you got your room back."

"It was only for one night, until they got things straightened out at the desk."

Without being asked, Sarolta sat down. Unlike their living room, this room had not yet been tidied. The double bed had not been made up. Empty soda bottles stood around on the mantelpiece, and a tray with three coffee cups had not been removed. *Three!* Sarolta counted again—three cups, three plates. And one of the cups showed the same color lipstick on its rim that June was wearing. If June had slept downstairs, she had certainly breakfasted up here. Sarolta sniffed. Somebody had smoked a pipe. The smell of stale tobacco could still be detected. Jed smoked a pipe. Had Jed been up here? But a third person had been here. Last night? Or only this morning?

"What beautiful flowers!" Sarolta rose again and wandered toward a small table in a corner, on which stood an enormous vase with dozens of roses.

"I love flowers," said June. "Thank heavens, they're cheap here."

"Yes, aren't they?"

Next to the vase lay a couple of dice—small, white ivory dice. Sarolta picked them up and held them in her hand while her eyes searched the room; and her heart was beating so fast she could hear it humming in her ears. A second or two later she spotted what she was looking for—an oblong case half hidden by a couple of books. It was of red leather, and nobody had to tell her that it had a large spot on one side, a spot made by some oily lotion she had used early this summer while at the Vineyard. Kendeffy and she had played backgammon for endless hours on the wide beach in front of the house. Why hadn't she been told that Kendeffy was here? Why the secrecy?

All the blood seemed to leave her head, and she felt dizzy. In a moment her mind cleared, and she could think coldly, logically —— *That is why Farkas is here, in Brussels, under an assumed name. Because of Kendeffy. That is why he said I must not mention his name. He knows I know Kendeffy. He knows Kendeffy and Jed are friends. To protect Jed from Farkas's threat I have* ——

"Where is Kendeffy?"

"Who?" June looked up. "What did you say? Ken—I didn't get it."

"You know who I mean." Sarolta pulled out the case from behind the books and flung it on the table. "Here. His case. I gave it to him for his birthday this spring. Stop pretending."

June looked at the case which had opened, spilling its red and white pieces. They had played last night to take their minds off their problems. Kendeffy was a master at backgammon.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Sarolta knelt down beside her. "Listen, June. This is important. This is not just curiosity. He is in danger. He must be warned. Where is he?"

Warned? June stared at Sarolta. *Warned? Of what? But anyway, we can't reach him now*, she thought. *By this time they must be almost in Ghent. All I can do is call the number in Ghent that Jed gave me, Father Ambrosius, and ask to have Jed call me back. But I cannot tell Sarolta. I cannot tell her what Jed has seen fit to keep secret from her.*

"Stop shaking me. You're hurting me, Sari."

"But you don't understand. How could you understand? There is a man here—an AVO man. I am certain he is after Kendeffy."

Oh, no, thought June. But there was nothing she could do. "I have no idea what you mean," she said.

How can I make her understand? thought Sarolta. And her eyes filled with tears of despair. "I should have told Jed days ago. The day I arrived—I saw Farkas then. I saw him again the next afternoon, after we all had lunch together. He threatened me. He said something would happen to Jed if I mentioned that I had seen him. June, don't you see? Don't you understand? Don't you realize that Jed and Kendeffy may both be in danger this very minute?"

Why didn't you talk before? June wanted to say. *The whole affair would have been handled differently. Kendeffy was almost murdered yesterday, and Jed might have been killed.* She tried to control her trembling. If only Sarolta would go. Then

... ...

Night Before Harvest

By Stella Weston Tuttle

One last time
My apples flare
Down corridors
Of frosty air

Like candles swaying
At the sound
Of footsteps treading
Holy ground.

For underneath
Each weighted limb
The orchard spreads
Cathedral-dim

Until a drift
Of starlight dapples
These last moments
With my apples.

... ...

she could pick up the receiver and call Father Ambrosius and tell him what Sarolta had revealed.

"June, don't pretend any longer. You know where he is. You know where Jed is. Tell me, I beg of you."

"I haven't the faintest idea," said June.

Kendeffy was very tired. The mental tiredness sprang from days of tension, the physical exhaustion from the events of last night. The least of it all was the blow on his head which had rendered him unconscious; most of it came from overexcitement, which had made it impossible for him to sleep. He sat next to Jed, trying to keep his eyes open, but every now and then he dozed off, and each time, on awakening, the landscape looked the same, as though they had made no headway at all.

"I must have fallen asleep," he said now, looking up, but Jed was not sitting beside him, and Kendeffy became aware of the fact that the soothing hum of the motor had stopped. They were no longer on the highway proper, but had pulled over on the shoulder. Kendeffy turned down the window and stuck out his head. "Anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Jed, filling his pipe as he came around to the side of the car. "Not a drop of gas; and they had orders to have it full, so that we wouldn't have to stop. I checked everything, of course." He pointed to the gas indicator on the dashboard. "Almost full."

"These rented cars," said Kendeffy. "There's always something wrong with them."

"And the patrol just went by."

Kendeffy remembered having seen one of the motorcycle patrols—outfitted with a yellow sidecar containing emergency tools and first-aid equipment—pass them.

"I don't know when the next one's due, and there isn't a gas station for miles." Jed looked at his watch. "I hate to be late."

Kendeffy lighted a cigar. He made quite a business of it, taking it out of its case carefully, sniffing it and inhaling its aroma before he struck a match. "Don't worry. I'm quite comfortable here."

Several cars passed without stopping, although Jed hailed them. Suddenly an old automobile came along, passed them, slowed down, stopped and backed up to them.

"Well, thank heaven," said Kendeffy when he saw a young man stick his head out of the car window. "Here's help."

"It's Pista," said Jed.

"You know him?"

Jed nodded. "A young Hungarian refugee—a friend of Sari's."

Pista got out of his car. "Mr. Drake. I thought I recognized you. What's the trouble?"

"Out of gas," Jed told him. "Where are you going?"

"I'm on my way home. I live in Bruges, remember?" said Pista. "How long have you been here? And nobody stopped, eh? It's that mysterious murder case early this summer. It's made people leery. A couple were driving back from Ostend in the late evening. Well, they were discovered murdered, shot, both of them. No money taken, nothing touched—just shot. And they haven't found the murderer yet. Anything I can do?"

"How often does the patrol pass?"

"Oh, about every forty-five minutes," Pista lied. "Where are you bound for?"

Jed looked at his watch again. "Ghent. And I hate to be late. If you would stop at the next gas station you pass and ask them to ——"

"Nonsense. I'll drive you to Ghent. It's on my way. And you can send somebody from a garage there and have the car brought to you."

"That would be very nice," said Kendeffy. The cigar had roused him—the first one always did—and he was impatient to meet Father Ambrosius and to avoid any more delay.

"Just let me make some room." Quickly Pista removed an easel, fishing tackle and an old pail from the interior of the car and transferred them to the trunk.

I must not think, he told himself. *It will get me nowhere. All that matters now is to get it over with.* But his hands trembled as he manipulated the timing mechanism connected with the bomb, and he hit his head as he shoved down the trunk top.

"Only one can sit in the back," he said, pointing apologetically to the seat that was broken.

Kendeffy laughed. "Young man, if you knew how much more uncomfortably I have traveled."

Jed climbed in beside Pista.

It was extraordinary how fast such an old car could go. They were racing within seconds after Pista had stepped on the accelerator. "Take it easy," warned Jed.

"There's no speed limit on this road."

"Really? Still, I'd like to get there in one piece."

Pista paid no attention, but continued to drive as fast as before, as if he enjoyed showing off. Jed put his hand gently on Pista's arm, and Pista jumped as if something had bitten him.

"Sorry, but you startled me."

"I'd like you to slow down, that's all."

Pista slowed down. He glanced at the clock on the dashboard. Had only four minutes passed? They seemed like eternity. He speeded up again.

I hope he doesn't drive like this when Sari is with him, thought Jed. *What's the matter with him anyway? This isn't the jolly boy who joined us in the restaurant. Or have I misjudged him? Is he really more nervous and tense than I thought? Is his easygoing, flippant manner only a defense?*

"Sari tells me she admired very much the work you've done lately. How lucky you are to have been born with such talent—to be able to create beauty, something of lasting value; because it is beauty that matters. Beauty and harmony make living worth-while."

Pista did not seem to hear him. He sat, his shoulders hunched, his hands clinging to the wheel, his eyes narrowed, his full mouth compressed into a thin line, as concentrated and tense as a driver in a race, taking his car around a treacherous curve. But this road was straight.

Suspicion assailed Jed. How could it have happened that his car had run out of gas when he had given orders to have the tank filled? Was Pista's coming along the highway at that precise moment a coincidence? Or had it been planned? Hadn't Sari said last night that Pista couldn't join her, that he had to go back to Bruges? Then why was he coming from Brussels now?

The questions raced through his mind. He looked behind them, past Kendeffy, through the back window. No. No car was following them. But why was Pista driving at breakneck speed again?

And all this might be nonsense, Jed told himself. *I may be accusing Pista unjustly. But the attack on Kendeffy yesterday. If they had found out that Kendeffy was in Brussels, staying at the Urania under the name of Montel, they might also have found out* ——There was no time to lose. He had to make sure.

Jed shifted in his seat, his right hand shot forward, turned the key in the ignition and pulled it out. And as his left fist hit Pista's chin from below, his right hand grasped the steering wheel, straightening it. The car swerved, then coasted until Jed, pushing Pista against the door, pulled over to the shoulder and stopped.

"Thank you," said Kendeffy. "I was just beginning to wonder myself. I hope you haven't hurt him too badly."

But Pista was already coming to. For a moment he looked dazed, then he began to fight like a madman. "Let me go, let me go."

"Not before you tell me what all this is about. It wasn't just by chance that you picked us up, was it, Pista? Where were you taking us? Under whose orders are you working?"

Pista stared at Jed, his eyes blinking rapidly. "Of course, it was just by chance. What are you talking about? I was on my way home."

"I know what you told me," said Jed. "But who told you to tell me that?"

"Let me go," said Pista, trying to struggle free from under the powerful hands that kept him pinned down in his seat. *I must get away*, he thought, *as quickly as possible. Nothing else matters. I must get out of this car.*

"You're mad," he cried. "Mad. What are you implying? Why should I be under anybody's orders? Why should I pick you up and give you a lift except because I feel like doing it? Nobody is giving me orders. You are out of your mind, Drake. But then, you always have been, marrying a woman you don't love, just out of the goodness of your heart. What kind of a man are you? You've got it all wrong. Beauty, harmony—where are they? Let me go, I tell you. I don't know what you're talking about. You don't make sense. You don't, Drake."

(*Continued on Page 102*)

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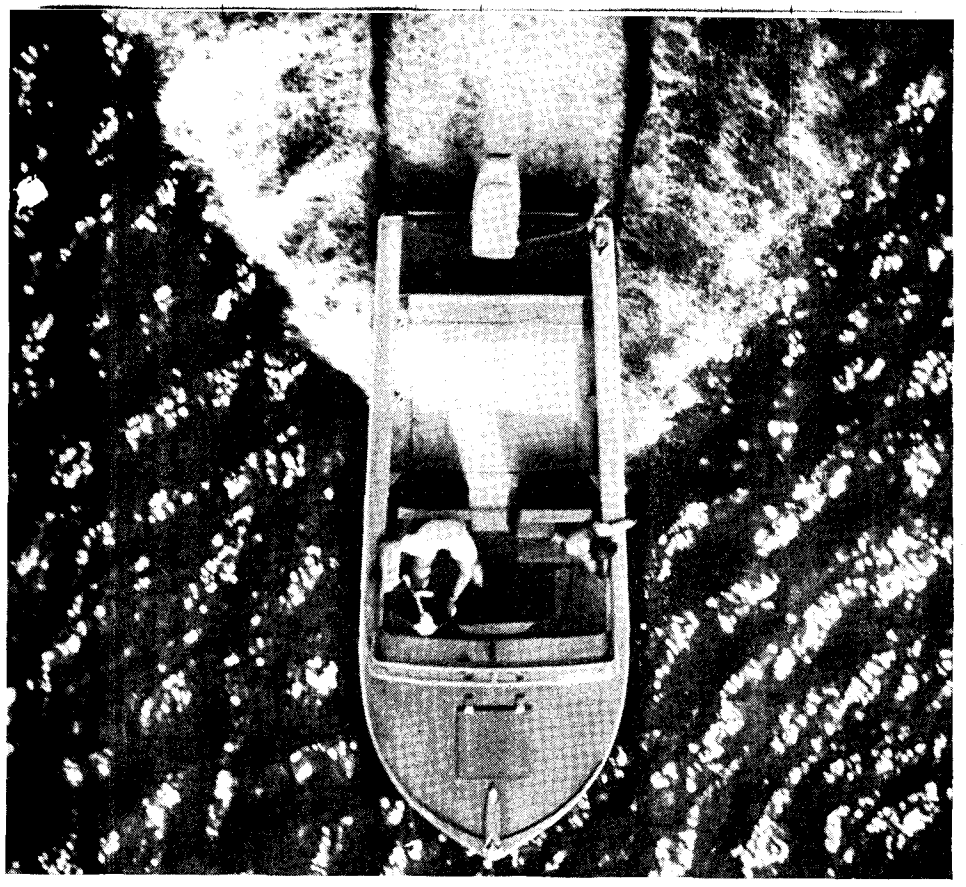

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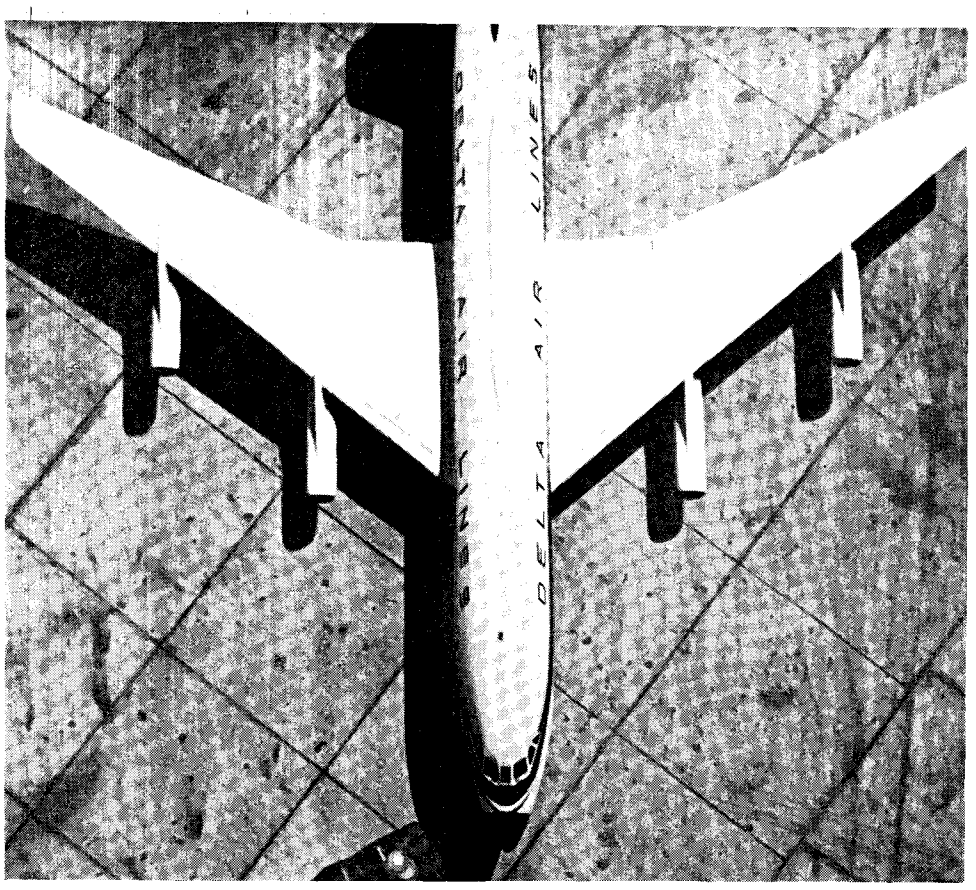

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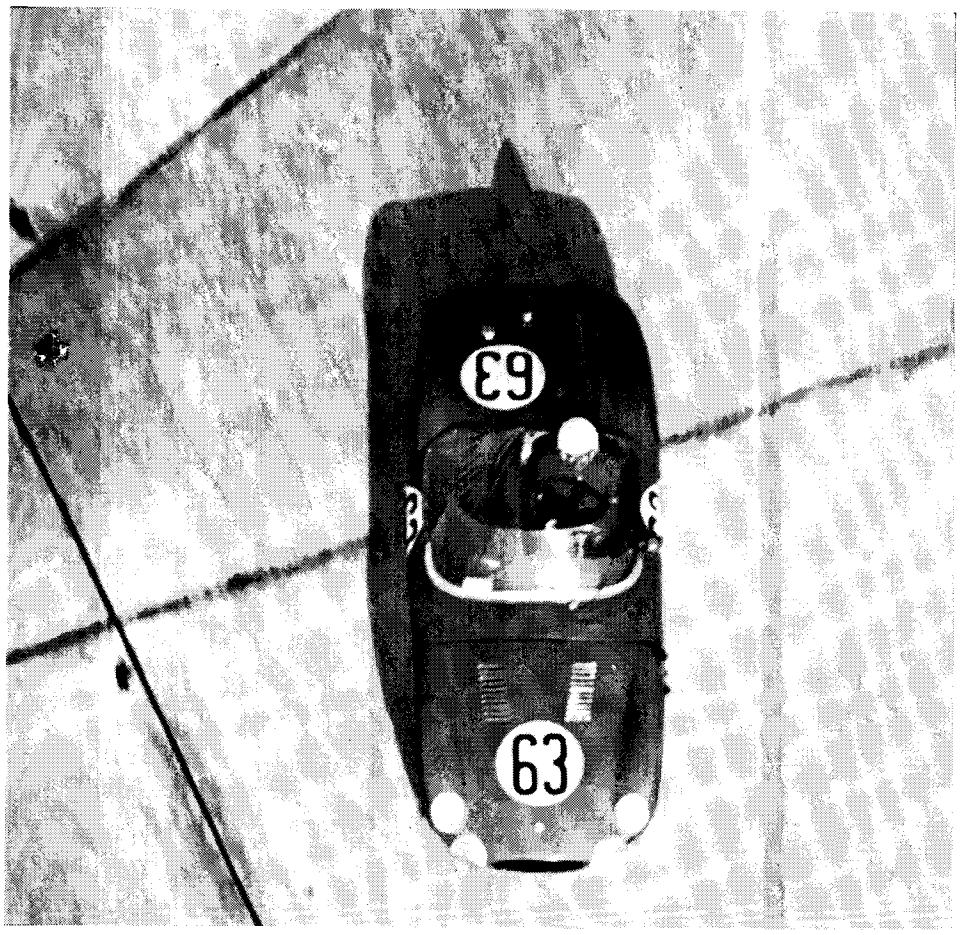

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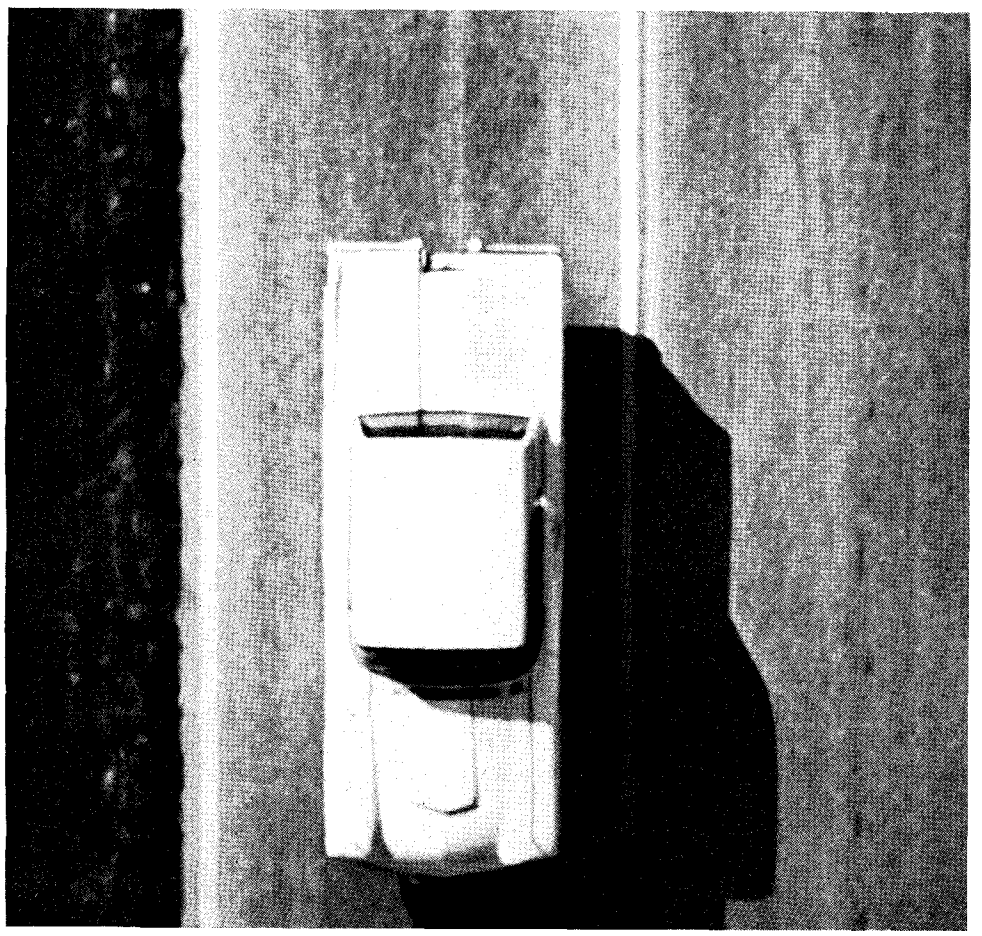

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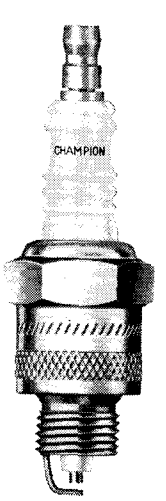

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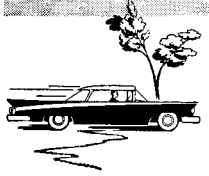

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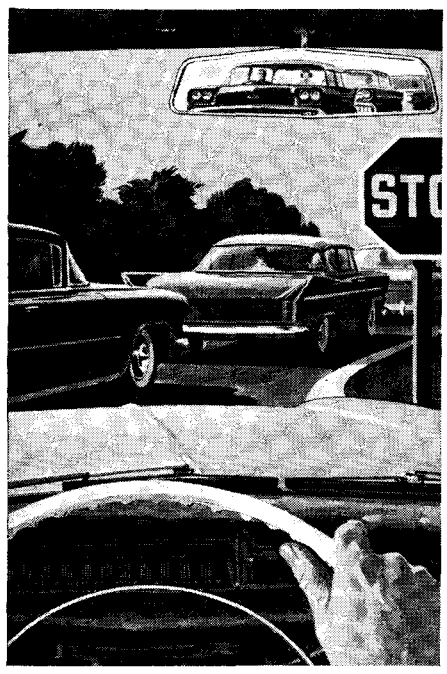

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BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION SOUTH BEND IND.

(*Continued from Page 100*) "This man here," said Jed as calmly as he could, "is a man who once played a big role in Hungary. His name is Kendeffy. You may or may not have heard of him. He is trying to go back to Hungary, to your country, on a mission. There can be little doubt that he is risking death in doing so, but he has got to get there."

Going back, thought Pista. *Going back. . . .*

Again he managed to shift his body, this time so that he could glance at the clock. Three minutes more, and it would be all over. Beads of sweat began to form on his forehead, on his upper lip. If only he could struggle free.

Why does he keep looking at the clock? thought Jed. *He isn't paying any attention to me. And he keeps looking at the clock. Why? Is there a time limit? And if there is one——*

Still holding Pista, he said to Kendeffy, "Get out of the car. Get out, I tell you—fast." He saw Kendeffy open the door and jump out, a question in his eyes.

"There is a bomb in the car, isn't there?" Jed, letting go of Pista, who had suddenly gone limp, swung around and pressed down the handle of the door on his side. It didn't open. It was jammed.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Measurement Pinch

(Continued from Page 36)

more powerful than in our operational models. This suggests that they may be able to measure thrusts accurately in the million-pound range. We can measure such forces fairly precisely up to one hundred and ten thousand pounds. After that we begin to run into errors which, at a million pounds, may reach a half of one per cent—which means an error of five-thousand pounds of thrust."

He went on to discuss more abstruse phases of measurement in terms of electronics, microwaves and billionths of a second. This took me far beyond my depth, but as I thought about it later my interest and curiosity rose. Was it possible that the future direction of civilization might turn on millionths of an inch or billionths of a second? This made Hairbreadth Harry, the comic-strip hero of my boyhood, look like a play-it-safe conservative. Or was it that my friend, the quality-control engineer, was hipped on the subject of precision?

Accordingly, I began to check up among R. and D.—research and development—experts in industry and the armed services. Everywhere the answer was the same: Advancing American technology is in critical need of finer precision. Scientists and engineers call it "the measurement pinch." The Army, Navy and Air Force are all working hard to improve their measurement procedures. They are training more engineers and technicians in metrology (the science of measurement) and in calibration (checking instruments against a known standard in order to detect variations in accuracy). They are setting up new calibration centers, and equipping planes and ship tenders as mobile measurement laboratories. And they are begging the National Bureau of Standards for the ever-finer precisions which only basic research can develop.

Air Force engineers, meeting in March with scientists of the bureau, gravely studied what they call "measurement-problem areas." There are dozens of these, ranging literally from A to Z, from angle blocks to zener diodes (whatever they may be). To some of these problems the bureau has the answers in sight; others can be solved only by profound research in chemistry, physics and mathematics.

The National Bureau of Standards (NBS), a civilian agency under the United States Department of Commerce, is staffed by some 1600 scientists and engineers, assisted by a similar number of technicians, skilled artisans and mechanics. The NBS is America's ultimate authority on exactitude; its researchers are the pioneers pushing forward our frontiers of precision. The R. and D. men I talked to, in defense and in industry, generally agree that the NBS is a brilliant and devoted outfit. But they emphasize that the bureau can't solve the measurement pinch, can't meet the upsurging demands of space and missile technology, without more men, money and facilities.

Early this year a committee of the American Ordnance Association met at Huntsville, Alabama, a key center for rocketry development. After discussing the urgency of the measurement pinch, the committee recommended that the staff of the NBS be increased to 10,000, with comparable increases in new laboratory facilities.

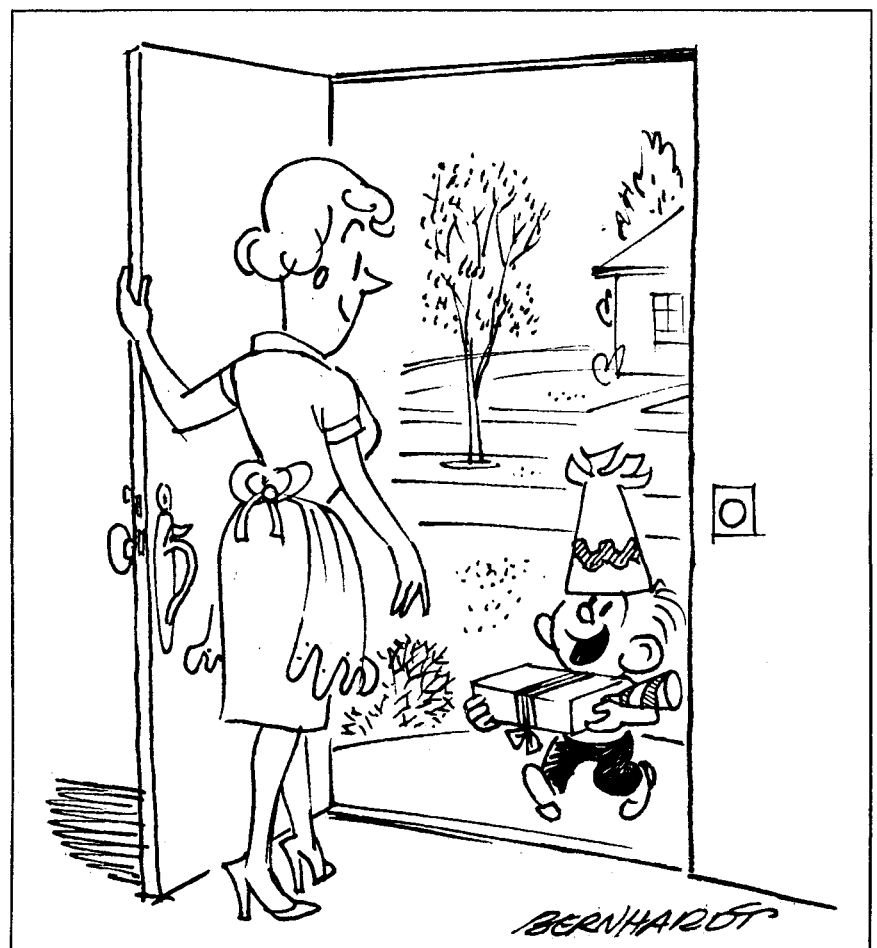
In industry the measurement pinch hurts most in companies making missiles, air frames, electronic devices, guidance systems, computers and so forth. Such companies belong to the A.I.A. (Aerospace Industries Association). Last year the A.I.A. conducted an elaborate "calibration survey" among its member companies. Seventy-seven of these, including many of the finest technological organizations in the country, joined in the survey. Chairman of the project was Frank McGinnis of the Sperry Gyroscope Company. The answers to the questionnaires, according to Mr. McGinnis, "gave us full value—with a certain amount of shock."

The shock lay in the exposure, by the survey, of how serious and widespread is the need for better precision. The pace of American technological advance, for years so swift, is faced with a slow-down. One reason for our past progress was that the scientists at the NBS were able to develop new accuracies ahead of the needs. Now the new needs are outrunning the available accuracies. Mr. McGinnis calls the situation "a challenge which can be met only by the concerted effort of the Government, the military, industry and the American people." It must be met, he says, if we are to continue the scientific advances which have kept our country in the lead.

Industries, as well as the armed services, spurred by the findings of the survey, are setting up new calibration centers and improving measurement techniques. This is all to the good. But for the newer degrees of precision, already in demand, industry and the military must both depend upon the work of the NBS.

The National Bureau of Standards was set up by Congress in 1901, just in time to start bringing order out of chaos in America's then crude measurement standards. These often varied from one state, or one factory, to another. The Navy had to send its navigation instruments to German laboratories for calibration. Chemical and pharmaceutical companies requiring laboratory equipment certified for accuracy had to buy it in Europe. The growth of our infant electrical industry was hampered by lack of precise standards and instruments for electrical measurement.

Bright young scientists, enlisted from the universities, set out to make the NBS



"I won the prize for being the first one to go home!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the best measurement laboratory in the world. They developed precision techniques without which America's famed mass production would have been impossible. They laid the foundation for a new American industry, the manufacture of instruments, which now turns out $1,000,000,000 worth of such devices a year. And for decades they managed, despite chronic shortages of funds and facilities, to keep ahead of America's fast-growing need for better precisions. Only in the last few years have the fantastic new demands of the space age caught them in the middle of the "measurement pinch."

In talking with scientists at the NBS, I found that they had seen the measurement pinch coming quite a while ago. To them the explosion of Russia's first A-bomb in 1949 was a sure tip-off. Many of them had been involved in the building of America's A-bomb from the beginning. They knew the precisions required, especially in electronics. The popular American belief, when the Russians achieved atomic explosion years earlier than we expected, was that they had "stolen our secrets." Maybe so, but the NBS scientists knew that the Russians, even with a shipload of our blueprints, could not make an A-bomb without extreme competence in the art of measurement, which must be based in turn on a broad foundation of scientific education and research.

The scientists ventured a mild warning that, with Russian measurement skills rising fast, we had better increase our own research in this field. But budget cuts in the next four years curtailed the Bureau's "man-years" of research from 1071 to 672 per year. Only recently, nearly three years after Sputnik I, has NBS been able to get its man-years of research effort back to a little above the 1950 level.

The Russian Sputniks and ICBM's emphasized the growing Russian mastery of measurement. Dr. Allen V. Astin, the physicist who has been the Director of the Bureau since 1952, has pointed out how the new rocketry tests a nation's capacity for precision. Each of our ICBM's, for example, contains thousands of individual components which are obtained from hundreds of separate specialty manufacturers. Each of these components must so fit with the others that all can work smoothly together not only under normal conditions but—mark this—under sudden and violent changes of temperature and pressure such as design engineers did not have to worry about until a few years ago.

Insofar as we cannot accurately measure the behavior of components under these extreme conditions, our missile makers have to proceed by "cut-and-try" methods. This involves, for each stage of a new missile, a long and enormously expensive series of test firings. According to Col. Richard Stolle of the Air Force Matériel Command, one leading manufacturer of rocket engines estimates that savings of $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 would result from improving pressure and thrust measurements—and this in the test firings of just one type of rocket engine.

When I asked scientists at the NBS whether they had anything besides circumstantial evidence of Soviet progress in measurement, they said Russian scientific literature is full of it. One Russian periodical—*Izmeritelnaya Tekhnika*, or *Measuring Techniques*—is devoted exclusively to the subject. Its research reports contain references to forty-six periodicals, institutes and universities concerned with various phases of measurement.

"Then why," I asked, "is Russian plumbing usually out of order?"

"Because they consider plumbing, like most other consumer needs, a luxury that can be taken care of later," was the answer. "For the present they are concentrating their measurement and other sciences on military strength and on the technologies and industries which back up that strength."

In the Soviet Union the science of measurement is the concern of the highest level of government, the Council of Ministers, of which Khrushchev is the chairman. The council has a special Committee on Standards, Measurement and Measurement Apparatus. Directly under this committee are five research institutes devoted to improving new techniques of measurement and maintaining precise standards. The institutes supervise the work of a nationwide network of calibration centers, now numbering 129 and being expanded every year. Khrushchev himself, when he announced the new Seven-Year Plan to the twenty-first Congress of the Communist Party, emphasized the need for ever finer precisions. The plan calls for more than doubling Russia's already intense efforts in this field by 1965.

You can see the tough kind of competition our metrologists are now coming up against. In this contest the men and women of the National Bureau of Standards are our first team. They include physicists, chemists, mathematicians, engineers, linguists and electronic-computer experts. And in each field there are many subdivisions of specialists.

At first it is hard for a layman to understand why the bureau needs such a wide range, such versatility of scientific talents—just to measure things. Consider for a moment what seems the simplest measurement of all, that of length.

By international agreement the world's basic standard of length is one meter (about 39.37 inches), as marked on a platinum-iridium bar kept in Sèvres, France. A replica of this bar is kept in a vault at our Bureau of Standards. Under

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By Loyd Rosenfield

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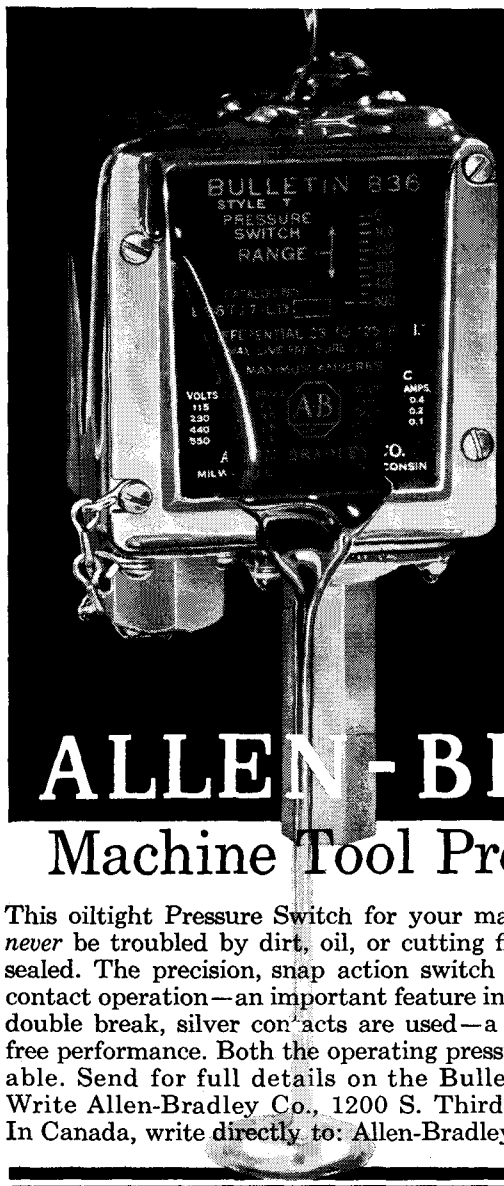
Her special spectrum chases gloom;
And when I gaze into her eyes,
I think she caused the sun to rise.
I hide my face then, in her hair,
So I'm not blinded by the glare,
And rush her out into the night
Where everything is black and white.
To me she's more than just a friend—
She represents the rainbow's end.



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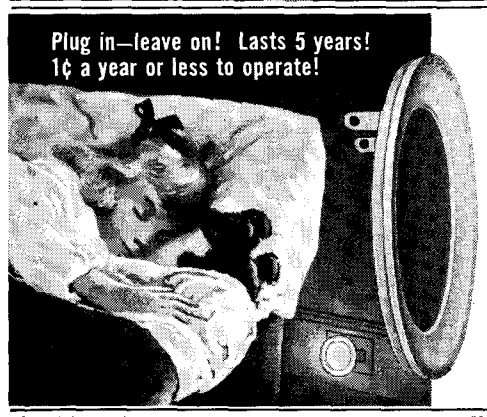

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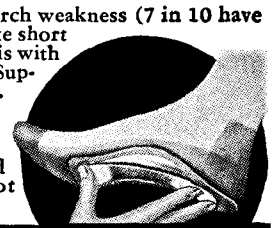
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perfect conditions, experts can read the meter bar to accuracies of better than one millionth of an inch. It was thought, when the meter bar was agreed upon many years ago, that this would provide precisions adequate for ages to come.

Then physicists began to measure light. One of these was A. A. Michelson, who in 1907 became the first American to win a Nobel Prize in science. He devised a marvelously precise instrument called the interferometer which, by splitting a beam of light, allowed its speed and wave length to be measured with previously undreamed-of accuracy. Incidentally, his experiments, aided by E. W. Morley, helped suggest to Einstein his historic theory of relativity. (See EINSTEIN'S GREAT IDEA, James R. Newman, *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 16, 1959.)

Each isotope of an atomic element emits, when incandescent, a light with an unchanging wave length of its own. Waves from some elements and isotopes can be measured more easily and accurately than others. As early as 1931 Dr. William F. Meggers of the NBS calculated that one of the seven isotopes of mercury would give extremely sharp precision. But no one was then able to isolate one from the other mercury isotopes.

The story of how Doctor Meggers's brilliant theory was confirmed reads like a scientific romance. Gold has the atomic weight 197—right next door to mercury. With the coming of the atomic age L. W. Alvarez, a physicist of the University of California, figured that if gold could be bombarded with neutrons, part of it would be transmuted into mercury 198—the alchemists' ancient dream in reverse. So in 1942 Meggers obtained from Fort Knox forty ounces of proof gold, which was exposed to bombardment in the cyclotron of the University of California. In three years traces of mercury 198 were produced, but in amounts too microscopic for practical use.

In 1945 Doctor Meggers, seeking heavier artillery, took the gold to the atomic pile in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where it was subjected to far more intense neutron bombardment. This did the trick. Doctor Meggers soon had sixty milligrams of mercury 198. He placed a bit of this in a cigarette-sized glass tube of argon gas and brought it to a glow with high-frequency radio waves. Simple, eh? This was the first model of the mercury 198 vapor lamp which, as metrologists say, "gives a lovely light." When split by an interferometer it produces a sharp "green line" with a wave length permitting measurements far more accurate than the meter bar.

The NBS and national laboratories abroad have for years been experimenting with the light wave lengths of other elements and isotopes. One of these, the orange line of krypton 86, provides accuracies slightly better than mercury 198. Therefore, when the International Committee on Weights and Measures meets in Paris next month, we will join with other nations in voting to adopt the krypton 86 wave length standard to replace the meter bar. But since the mercury 198 method requires much less elaborate procedures, NBS scientists consider it superior for practical work in American calibration centers, where more than 100 of the Meggers lamps are being put into use.

Doctor Meggers, seventy-two and now "retired," still does research on a contract basis at the NBS, where they call him "the old master of spectroscopy." I asked him how long he planned to work at the NBS. "Until they push me out," he said with a smile. "But don't worry—fine young fellows are coming along to take the place of us old boys."

He is only one of many brilliant older scientists at the NBS. These are the bright young men of yesteryear who dedicated their lives and talents to making the bureau the world's leader in the science of measurement. It is true that there are "fine young fellows coming along." But it is becoming harder to recruit and to hold enough of them. There is a national shortage of persons with the special gifts and training needed to do creative basic research. The demand is outrunning the supply in the laboratories of industry, of the Government, of the universities, of the medical centers.

The need for high-quality research brains at NBS grows as measurements "go atomic." We have seen how the measurement of length is being refined by putting to work the isotopes of mercury and krypton. The same sort of thing is happening in other measurements. In time and frequencies, previously unheard-of accuracies are being obtained with "atomic clocks." Some of these rely on the atomic beam of cesium or rubidium, and the beam of thallium promises even greater precisions. The cesium clocks can now keep time with an accuracy equivalent to the gain or loss of one second in a thousand years.

Measurements of extremely high and extremely low temperatures require the combined talents of physicists, chemists and mathematicians familiar with nuclear reactions.

As early as 1957 Doctor Astin called attention to the fact that Russian scientific journals indicated an ability to calibrate temperatures accurately up to 6000 degrees Centigrade, with a goal of 12,000 degrees by 1960. At that time the NBS could measure satisfactorily to only 2800 degrees C., with less-accurate approximations up to 4200 degrees. The discrepancy, relevant to such things as new high-energy fuels, was so specific and startling that Congress was jogged into additional appropriations for temperature research. This has enabled the NBS to push beyond the 15,000-degree mark, but the Russians meanwhile may have gone still higher.

By law it has long been part of the bureau's job to measure and study the behavior of materials and of "rare substances." Here, too, the new technology is producing new demands. Design engineers can no longer work with the familiar "catalogue materials." They need rare metals, exotic fuels and new alloys in quantities and qualities hitherto unknown. They are calling for highly purified ceramics to serve as protective coatings for space vehicles which can operate in literally out-of-this-world conditions of corrosion, radiation and temperature.

"In high purity," says Doctor Astin, "we find the basis of all knowledge of materials." The next step is to add to the ultrapure material certain minute foreign constituents—sometimes as little as one part in a million. This can produce dramatic alterations of behavior. For example, the addition of two parts of boron to a million parts of steel greatly increases its strength. It was by adding infinitesimal amounts of other elements to pure germanium that research scientists of the Bell Laboratories discovered the transistor, the tiny device which has revolutionized the electronics industry.

The NBS is uniquely qualified for the vital task of perfecting such ultrapure materials and ultraprecise alloys. As these are produced they will be added to the "standard sample" materials which the NBS has developed over the years. They will then be available, by sale or loan, to laboratories throughout the nation. They will serve as the indispensable building blocks for the new technology.

Here again the NBS runs into the talent shortage. It is true that the bureau is this year getting an appropriation of $23,000,000 to begin construction of its long-needed new laboratories and facilities just outside Washington. But its operating budget, which pays for the scientific talent and research, is still below $20,000,000 a year. To the layman this seems a lot for "mere measurement." But compare: Defense this year is getting $5,800,000,000—300 times as much—for research and development projects. And NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) is getting $600,000,000.

The big money for defense and space technology is proper and necessary. It comes more easily because both agencies have popular appeal. They produce the glittering hardware, the spectacular rocket shots, the visions of men in space, which all of us can marvel at. Yet these very projects, according to the industrial and military experts I have cited earlier, are handicapped and made more expensive by the lack of finer precisions which only NBS research can provide. This seems to show a dangerous lack of proportion. By neglecting the loose nail, we are risking shoe, horse and rider.

I discussed some of these problems with the director of the bureau, Doctor Astin. He is a quiet, philosophical scientist who has served the NBS and his country for thirty years. From his gentle manner you would not suspect that his chief task from 1940 to 1945 was work on the proximity fuse, which proved so deadly to enemy troops and so life-saving to our own combat men.

Doctor Astin is acutely aware of the need for money to maintain and build the quality of the bureau. He is not inclined to blame Congress, but rather the public opinion which Congress naturally reflects. "Americans admire the products of the new technology," he said. "They find it hard to understand that technology cannot move forward except on a foundation of new discoveries made in all fields by basic research. The future of basic research, in turn, rests upon the young scientific talent discovered and developed by our educational system. Thus the problems concern not just legislators and budget makers, but all our people—right down to the parents, the school boards, the taxpayers."

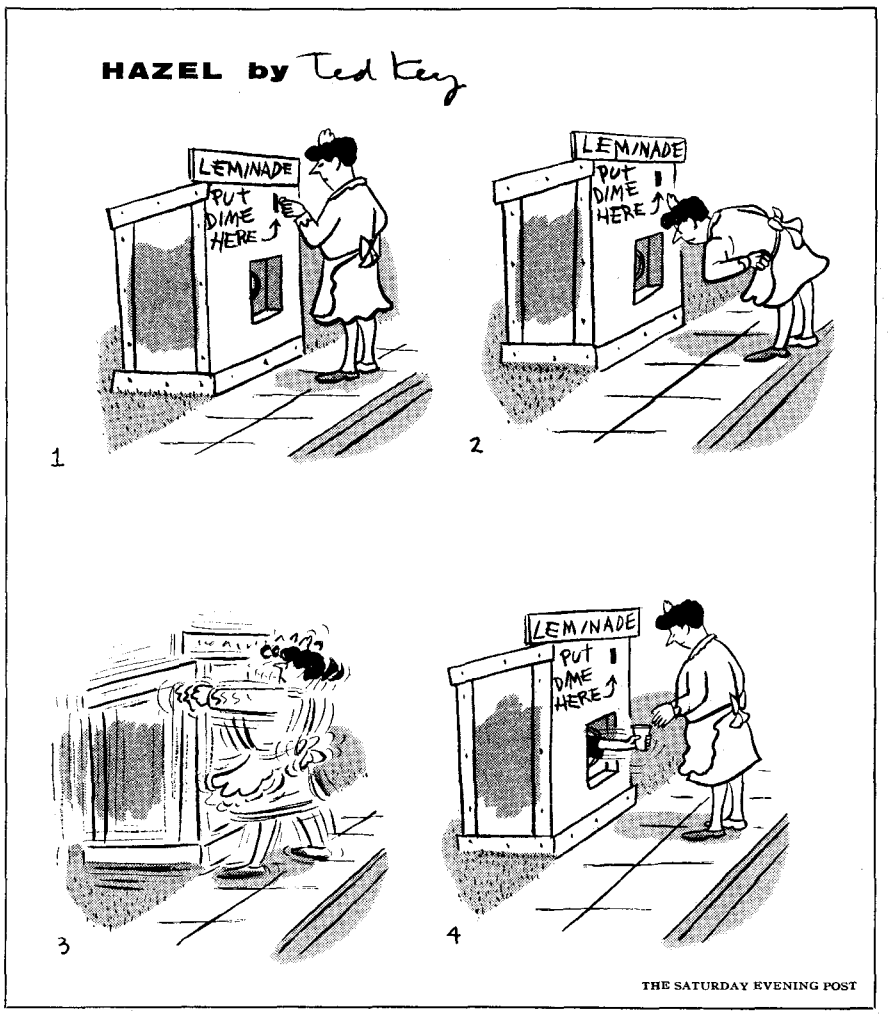
Since *The Post* has recently published a number of articles dealing with such problems of science and education, I will content myself here by quoting briefly from certain high authorities, modern and ancient.

Dr. George Kistiakowsky, the eminent scientist who is special assistant to President Eisenhower for science and technology, spoke to the point in a recent talk: "If that ultrarealist—Casey Stengel—were surveying our country's scientific talent, would he not conclude that we have got to build up our farm system if we want to keep winning pennants?"

If my emphasis on one of our weak spots in the science-technology race seems on the pessimistic side, it is intended to counteract a perilous overoptimism. Americans generally, after the shock of the first Sputnik, have returned to a comfortable complacency. How can the Russians, with their low standard of living, ever catch up to mighty America? Yet the President's Science Advisory Committee, in its report to Mr. Eisenhower last year, quoted an earlier warning by the great British mathematician and philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead:

> In the conditions of modern life the rule is absolute: The race which does not value trained intelligence is doomed. Not all your heroism, not all your social charm, not all your wit, not all your victories on land and sea, can move back the finger of fate. . . .

And finally, to return to our Bureau of Standards, I refer you to the admonition in Deuteronomy: "A perfect and just measure shalt thou have: that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." THE END



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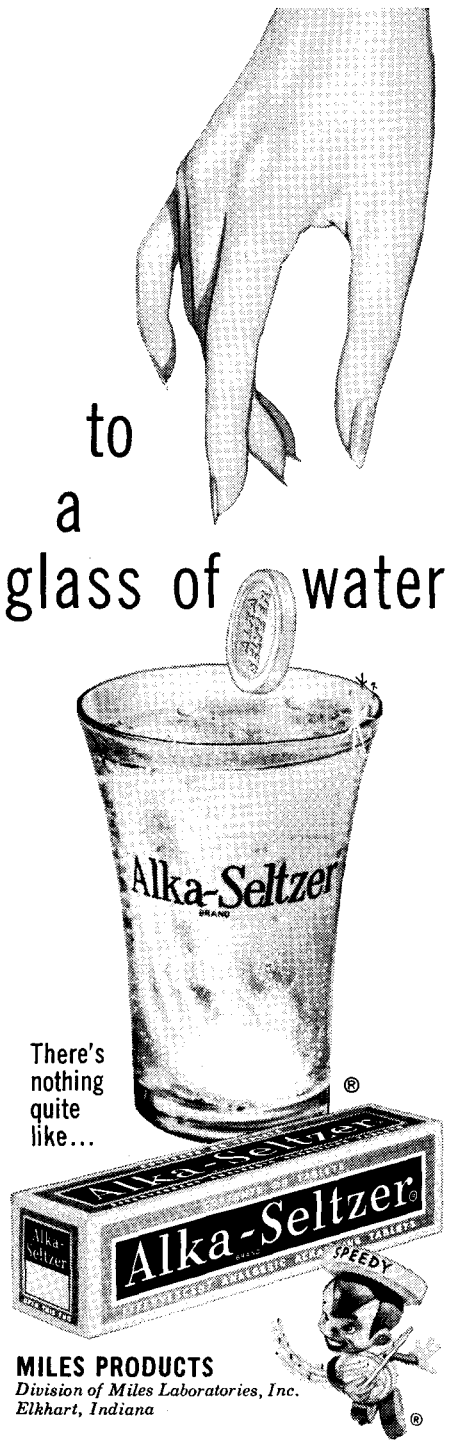

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Keeping Posted

He Knows Boys

Edward T. Hall began teaching boys as a teen-ager, when he was assigned to tutor a few of his fellow students at St. Mark's School, Southboro, Massachusetts. At age twenty he was director of a boys' camp. He served overseas as a military-intelligence officer during World War II, and has been a faculty member at St. Mark's, Yale (his alma mater) and Phillips Academy at Andover. On his thirty-fourth birthday (August 1, 1952) he became headmaster of The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, where he also teaches an honor section in English and coaches the hockey team. This past June Yale conferred on him an honorary Master of Arts degree.

Early this year the Rev. Dr. Arthur Lee Kinsolving of New York's St. James' Church wrote us regarding Hall, "I have become increasingly convinced that no headmaster in this epoch is closer to boys and understands better what is going on in the minds of the younger generation." After reading Hall's article on page 31—WHY DO THEY MISBEHAVE?—we agreed that his views are significant.

Headmaster Hall of The Hill.

Lee, Yang and Leonardo

A treasured souvenir of Washington Editor **Beverly Smith Jr.'s** work on THE MEASUREMENT PINCH (page 36) is the fragile glass swan he's holding in the photograph at left. It was made for Smith and his wife, Grace, by Leonardo Testa, a glass blower who builds laboratory equipment at the Bureau of Standards. "His art is as old as Egypt," says Smith, "yet it is essential to experiments which check the most modern theories of physics. For example, he fashioned the complicated glass apparatus used to check the new theories of 'parity' advanced by Tsung Dao Lee and Chen Ning Yang—theories which won them the 1957 Nobel Prize."

Word-arranger Smith with glass-blower Testa.

The work of Lee and Yang, we might add, is discussed in J. Robert Oppenheimer's "The Mystery of Matter," a chapter in our *Adventures of the Mind* book published last year by Knopf. That book has had an astonishing sale—some 54,000 copies, plus an additional 110,000 through the Book-of-the-Month Club. (It was an alternate selection.) We are pleased to announce that a paperback (Vintage) edition of "this splendid egghead chautauqua" (as *The New York Times* called it) will go on sale September nineteenth at $1.25.

Maiden in a Man's World

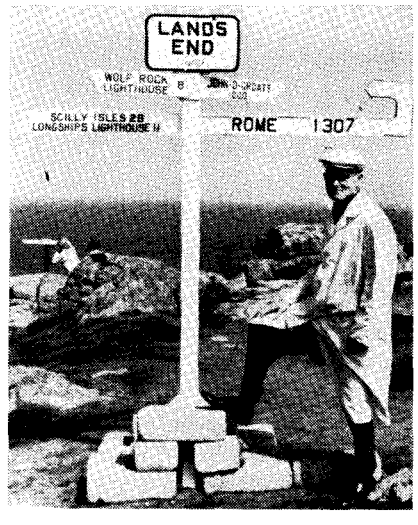
LITTLE MISS HOLDOUT, of page 37, is our first story by **Marian Pehowski,** of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, who writes: "I have little of the exotic or Bohemian background readers expect of writers. If morality plays were still being produced I'd be up for the part of Everygirl (career division)." Maid Marian (yes, she's single) shares an old white house with two parents and a cat. In 1952–3 she studied at the University of Copenhagen under a Fulbright grant. "I've been a newspaper reporter, society editor, radio copy chief and publicist," she says, adding, "but I think it's a man's world, and that suits me fine."

On the Move

Making his circuitous way to Rome and the Olympic Games, **Fred Russell** posed momentarily at "the toe of England" (below). Russell, sports editor of the Nashville *Banner* and author of our annual PIGSKIN PREVIEW (page 32), had a special reason for visiting Land's End: "I was scouting for a spot where football prophets may be exiled if their predictions go too sour."

The first man to arrive in a Homburg hat at Camp Century, our Army's subsnow base in Greenland, was free-lance writer **Walter Wager.** So reports photographer **George Burns,** who helped Wager produce LIFE INSIDE A GLACIER, page 24. New Yorker Wager, thirty-six, has worked as a writer-producer for NBC-TV, a diplomatic adviser (on air policy) to Israel and an editor for the United Nations. He has law degrees from Harvard and Northwestern and has published two suspense novels. His one earlier appearance in *The Post* (THEY BURY HIM TWICE A DAY, July 21, 1956) also concerned men who work underground.

Wager tells us he had difficulty adjusting to Camp Century's superabundance of daylight—twenty-four hours' worth per day. He felt guilty going to bed while sunlight was pouring into his room and didn't rest comfortably until roommate Burns covered the windows with parkas. "George is a great fixer," says Wager. George is a rather good model too. (See him on sample escape-hatch staircase, below.)



Prophet Russell: going into exile?

Photographer Burns: going nowhere?

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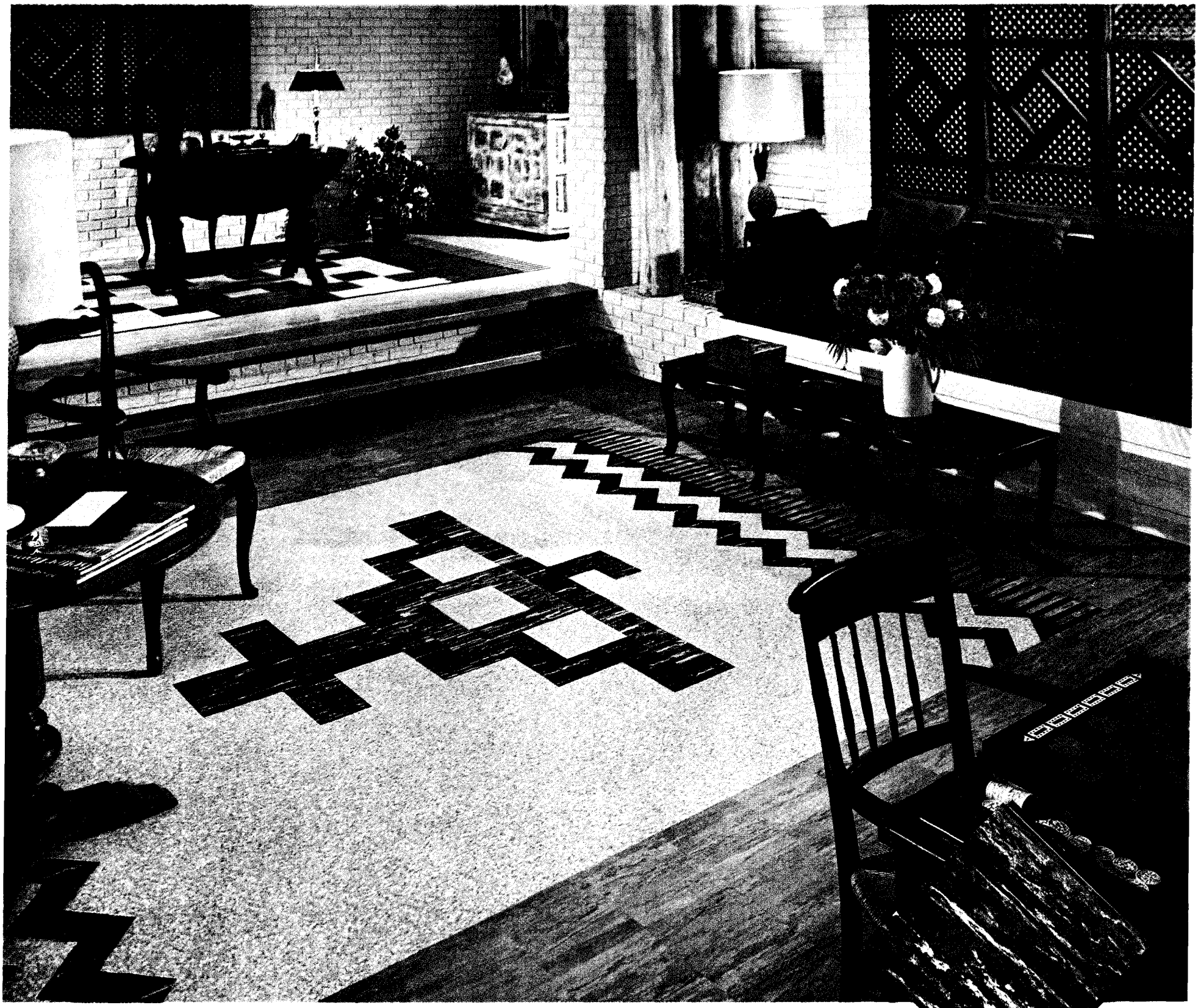

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